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CHRIS VON WANGENHEIM

COVER: The cool, clean look of Cher!—superstar start to our here-comes-summer issue—in Ralph Lauren's bright yellow cotton jumpsuit. \$200, Bloomingdale's. Monet earrings. Aurea Jewelry Creations twist-of-gold-chain necklace. . . . Makeup—Skin Life Deep Moisture Eye Shadow Creams (Lapis Blue, Buttercream)—stands for a whole new kind of beauty thinking at Helena Rubinstein: products that not only look good/feel good, but do good as well; in this case, nonstop moisturizing. Hair, makeup: François of Suga Salon.

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The Way Some Women Remove Eye Make-Up Is A Crying Shame

How you take it off can be more important than how you put it on

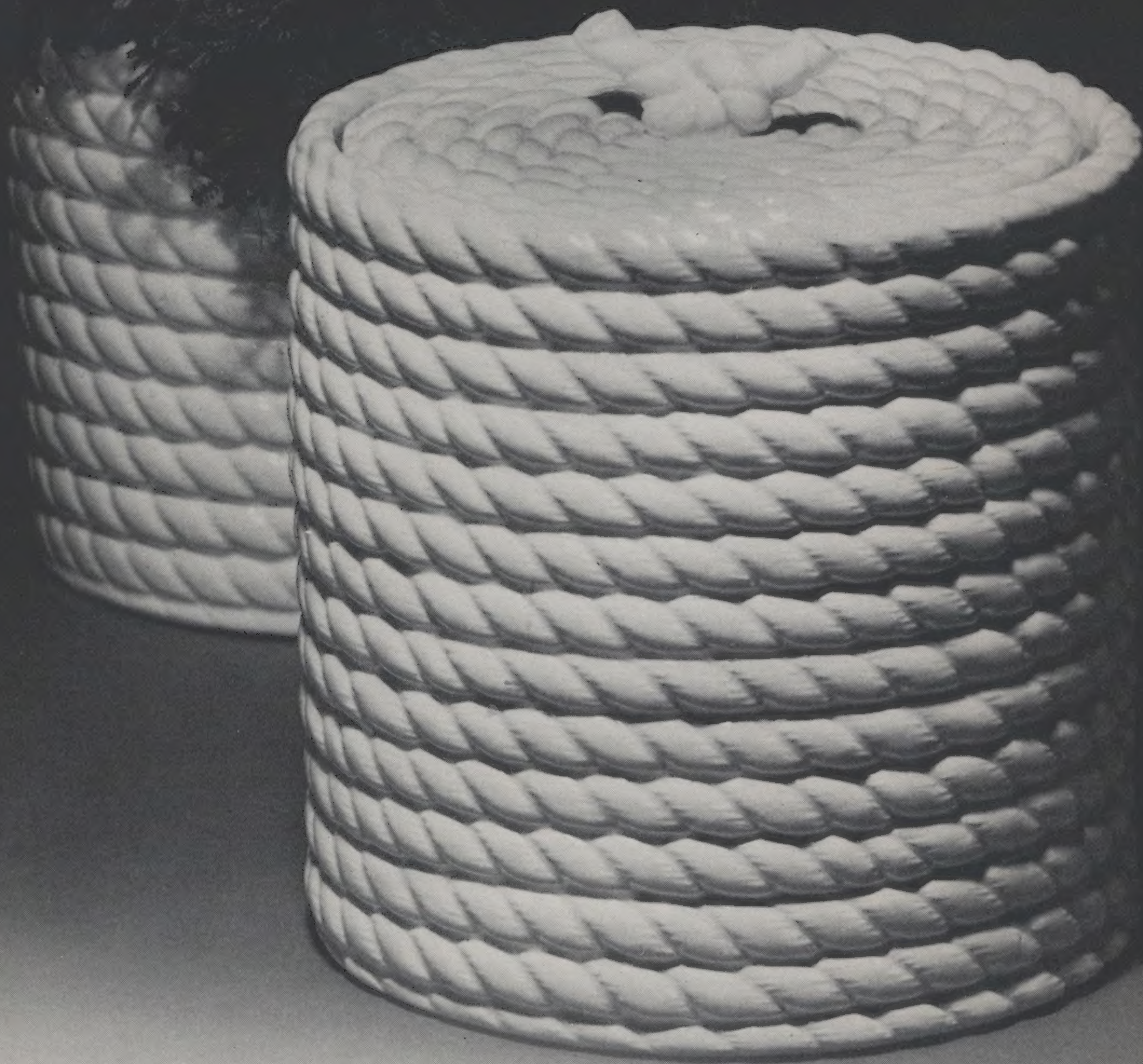
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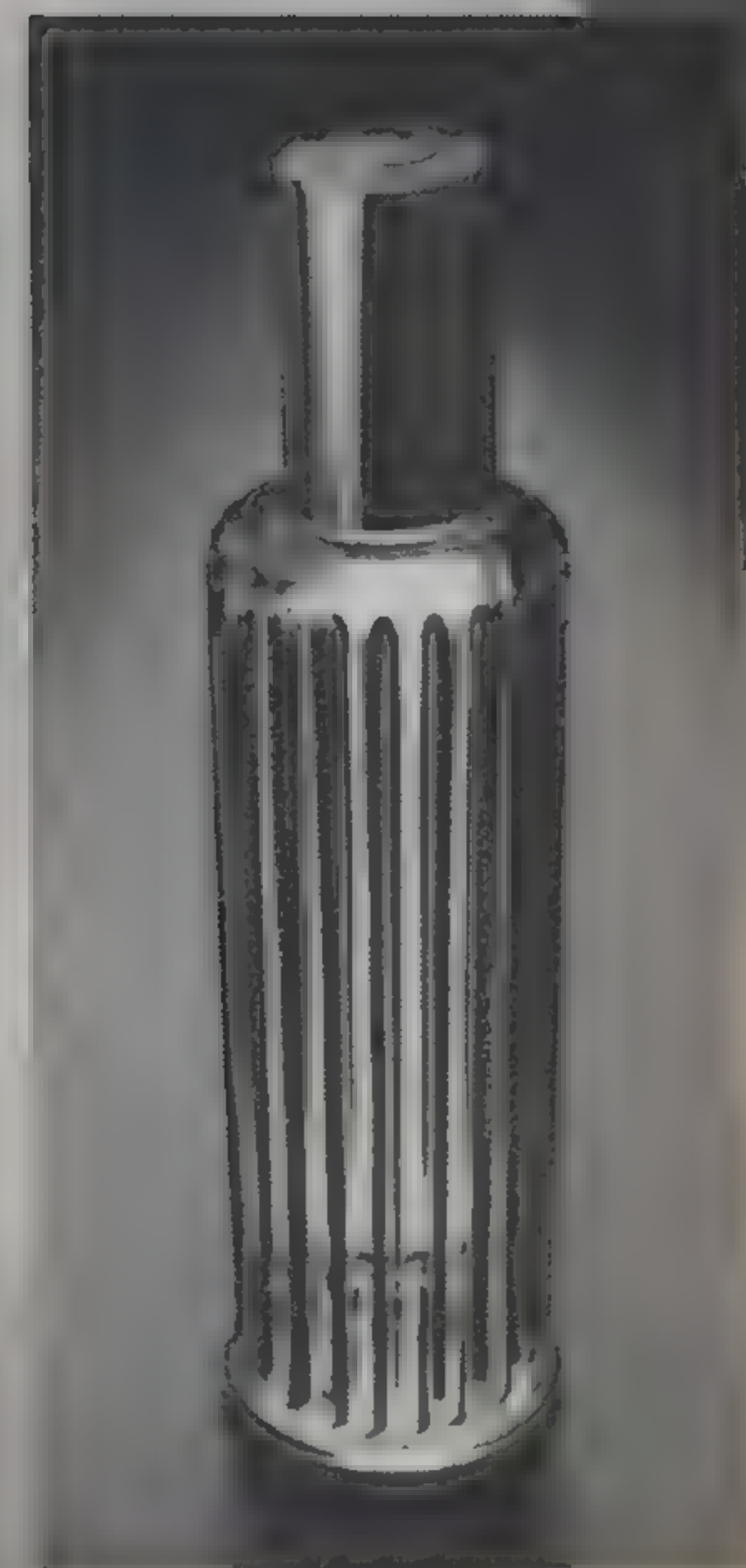
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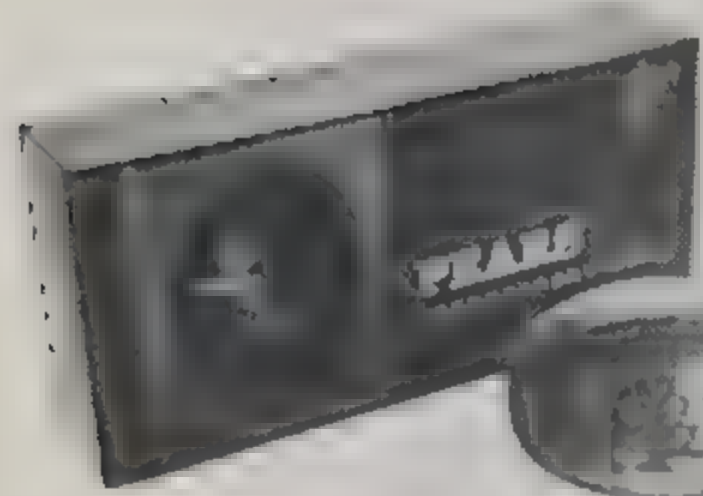
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Text by Howard Moss
Drawings by Edward Gorey

VOGUE **BOOKS**

Funny speculations on ways famous lives might have been lived

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Found*—a writer with skill and humor to equal the wry and nearly shocking cutting edge of cartoonist Edward Gorey's wit (which has kept us laughing and shivering ever since *The Unstrung Harp* was published in 1953); he's Howard Moss, distinguished poet and essayist, poetry editor of *The New Yorker* magazine, and now author of these nontruths taken from a book of thirty-four such satiric biographies (*Instant Lives*, to be published by Saturday Review Press/E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.), twenty-five of them with direct-hit illustrations by Gorey. This month, there are two exhibitions of Gorey drawings: one, a large retrospective at Yale's Sterling Library; the other, at the Graham Gallery in New York.



EL GRECO

"The boy was his own distorting mirror and his life would be a fun fair . . . or a horror show"

"Why not make a virtue out of a defect, El?" the kindly eye doctor asked, bending over the artistic boy. Or should it be "autistic," the doctor thought to himself. The boy's eyes were not only hopelessly astigmatic but a peculiarity, unique to the doctor's experience and probably genetic in origin, had elongated the lenses of the irises so that El Greco saw every object in the world attenuated to the point of emaciation. It was as if some abstract giant had pulled the taffy of reality out as far as it would stretch from both ends simultaneously, and then let it snap. The boy was his own distorting mirror and his life would be either a perpetual fun fair or . . . a horror show.

"Virtue out of a defect? Do you think I *can*, Dr. Visione?"

El Greco responded eagerly. He was only twelve at the time.

"Indeed I do," Dr. Visione said, and he handed El Greco a stick of the Byzantine candy *Muerte del dolci* (variously translated as "death from sugar-sweetness" and "the sweetness unto the death"), a favorite of children at the time.

Years passed and El Greco had almost forgotten the incident, especially since he no longer thought of his difficulty as a defect. In fact, he was proud of it for it was the source of his unique vision of the universe. Why should everybody be alike? His paintings had gained notoriety, and he was not far behind. The only person unconvinced of his greatness was Inez Miguelez, the gypsy (Continued on page 38)

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hard to be soft**



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Left to right: From the Ventura Ms. Collection: Slim Garment Bag, Gro-Duffel (closed and expanded), Sholda-Tote and Jr. Pullman. At better stores exclusively. About \$30 to \$175. For free "Tips on Packing," write: Ventura, Dept. WBV, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101. Also available in Canada. ©1973

dancer who had aroused his ardor. Of scant stature—some claimed she had been deliberately miniaturized by the forces of evil—she danced like mercury on tabletops. Too tiny to chin up under her own steam, many is the night the exquisite hands of the genius painter, El Greco, were used merely as a kind of hydraulic lift to get Inez from under the table, where she was so often found, to the top of it, where she was so often left.

"I am Flamenco through and

through," Inez kept repeating. But because she was so small no one could hear her.

In Spain, the Church and the State are one. The authorities wanted El Greco's paintings—they were their chief weapon in the long battle they were waging against the secularization of art (*el segulizionariola del arte*)—but they insisted that Inez must go.

El Greco and the authorities clashed.

Six months later, Inez became the tiniest nun in Spain.



MOZART

**"Wolfgang,
what is the matter
with you?"**

**"I can't reach the keys
when I sit down"**

"I won't play," he said and stood there in his velveteen doublet, tense and troubled, a small figure set against the seemingly vast background of the empty auditorium. He was five and had just completed the first six Woodwind Quintets (K. 348-371). (Köchel's habit of giving extra numbers to the pieces he *likes* has not made the musicologist's task any the less formidable!) The boy was exhausted. It had been one *schloss* after the other.

Leopold, his father, said, "Wolfgang, what is the *matter* with you?"

"I can't reach the keys when I sit down," Wolfgang replied.

"Is *that* all!" Leopold sighed with relief. "Termagant!"—he addressed their manager—"either lower the stool. Or cut off the legs of the instrument."

"I can't," Termagant protested. "It's a glass piano."

Many Sacher tortes had been consumed the evening before in honor of the Emperor's name day. It was 9 A.M. and half of Vienna was still asleep. What peltings with cake there had been! What drag races through the Vienna woods! In their attempt to wake each other up, the Viennese had committed the ultimate atrocity: they had allowed commerce to grind to a halt. A drizzle had settled over the city, ruining who knows what quantities of pastry! Mozart gazed silently into space for a moment and then, standing up, launched into the

haunting melody that begins the andante movement of the Seventh Piano Concerto (K. 395). It was to have its premier that night. At the end of the rehearsal, the entire orchestra got up and applauded Mozart to the man, except for the harpist, a transexual.

At the evening performance, Emperor Albert himself occupied the State Box. With him was the infamous Serbian police-spy, Countess Rimini, rumored to be his mistress. (The Empress had pleaded cholera.) Addicted to costumes, Countess Rimini was got up as a rubber plant.

After the concert, the Emperor, who was not without his sensitive side, came up to the composer. "Mozart, you've done it again!" In tears, he handed Wolfgang a check for 3,000 groschen.

3,000 groschen for the *Seventh Piano Concerto* when Mozart had expected 5,000 florins! He was desperately short of cash. He had secretly entered Vienna's Annual Baking Contest (Toddler's Division) and had spent a fortune on imported mocha. He was about to protest, but the press of his admirers separated him from the Emperor.

Leopold came to the rescue. "Could you double it, Emperor?" he shouted over the heads of the crowd. But the Emperor turned aside, overcome by emotion. Wolfgang noticed that one of Countess Rimini's leaves was taking down everything they said.

(Continued on page 42)



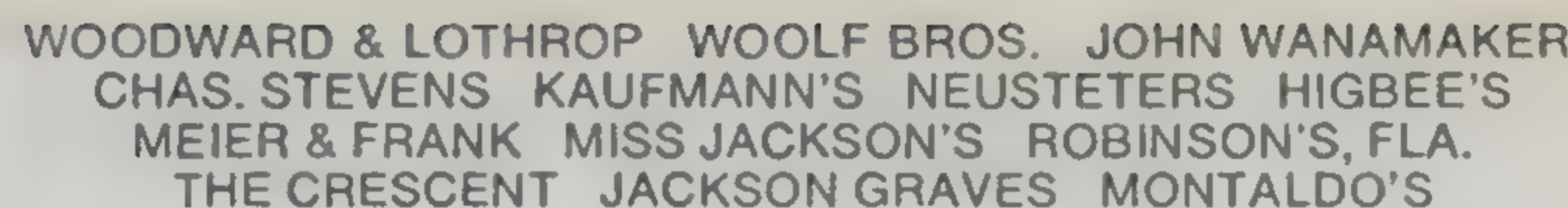
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LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

**"I'd rather spend
the day with my hamster
than a night with
the Alcott girls"**

Louisa had had Concord. Still, she felt a sense of loyalty, dim to the point of evasiveness, toward Karen, Lupe, and Olga, her madcap sisters, in whose eyes attainment and sluggishness were so uncomfortably abed. They all seemed to be of the same age. How could that be? Louisa often wondered. There they were, messily engaged in another spontaneous fudge-making contest that had turned the front of the house a lively brown—Karen with her fierce talents as a sculptress, Lupe with her good looks and imperturbable manners, and Olga with her cooking ability and school-of-hard knocks brilliance. Only Louisa among them had been educated. In fact, none of the other girls could read or write, though they were, in an amateur, outdated way, tremendous talkers. Lupe, inexplicably, spoke nothing but a Spanish demotic at best.

"I'd rather spend the day with my hamster than a night with the Alcott girls," Mr. Crockett, the postmaster, had said. He was later arrested as a firebug.

Yet in spite of Louisa's many local attachments—not the least of which was to Lance Ruefrue, the handsome fidget who lived next door—she felt it was time to go. The scope of her talents could not be measured on the small field of Concord's prejudices.

And this—this was the last straw! *Little Men* had been condemned by the Library Vice Squad as "a vile pit of unseemliness for minds under twelve and a jungle of ugly sensuality for those thirteen and over. . . ." Louisa, characteristically, had opted for confrontation and faced Mrs. Fortress-Rondeau, the squad chairwoman, on the steps of Caldecott High.

"Mrs. Fortress-Rondeau . . ." Louisa began.

"Don't speak to me, you disgusting girl," Mrs. Fortress-Rondeau replied. She swept past Louisa into her brougham where, drawing the curtains, she took a deep swig of Campho-Phenique, her one indulgence. (One year later, she was to meet a tragic death. Outraged by a passage in Tennyson, she attempted to expunge the offending lines with her soap eraser and died of apopleptic fury. In her extremity, she fell on top of her husband, a tiny mouse of a man, who perished in the attempt to aid her. A memorial statue, "The arrival of the Gnomes at Kittyhawk," a tribute to the Rondeau family, still stands in the public square at Sodoma, Mass.) "Little frump," Louisa shouted after Mrs. Fortress-Rondeau, anticipating, in the singular, the title of a novel she was never to finish. But her words were as wind-music and to no avail.



THE BRONTËS

**"I say that Heathcliff
was my character,
that I wrote his name
down in this notebook
four years ago"**

The moon-sulphured lightning zigzagged across the moors. The weather spoke aloud—snare-drum and kettle. It was the worst storm in Yorkshire's history. Charlotte sat in the schoolroom staring at the window, as if to be

stamped by the landscape like a brand. Emily had just come down, afloat as from shipwreck. Total immersion. She had been working on "something"—*what* Charlotte refused to ask. Might one (Continued on page 200)



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VOGUE TRAVEL

The Great Train Necessity: U.S. railroads, Vogue-rated

Where have all the choo-choos gone? The huffers? The puffers? The luxurious mighties of the rails? The Twentieth Century Limited? The Bar Harbor Express? The Florida Special? The Lark with its yummy salads to munch all the spectacular way from L.A. to San Francisco? . . . To some choo-choo heaven they've gone, the luckiest locomotive of them all being The 1401, now intact in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C., roaring on schedule, surrounded constantly by hundreds of young faces agape with wonder and joy at the power and the glory of an iron monster such as they have never seen. But wait! All gone? Not by a long shot. And they're coming back because there's a demand, by the people, by politicals (although there are villains seeking to debilitate rail-power potential).

There's a burgeoning feeling for going places U.S.A., getting there at a more leisurely pace, with time to unwind and long, long breathers nourished by the vastness and variety of our prodigious, prodigal land. Here then is a rated sampling of trains in service right now . . . short-haulers like the Blue Ridge, from Washington, D.C., going pret-ty, pret-ty all the way to Cumberland, Maryland; long, looooooong-stretchers like the Super Chief, smooooooth from Chicago to L.A. All a - bor - ad!—L.L.

TEN TOP LONG-DISTANCE TRIPPERS

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The Super Chief. Chicago—Los Angeles.

★★★★

The same Santa Fe train that conveyed Dietrich, Garbo, and other legends of the '30's and '40's to Hollywood . . . now tended by Amtrak and still the best train in the country: Double-deck coaches (reclining chaise-longue seats on the top level; downstairs: rest rooms, baggage areas, even a hideaway coffee shop) . . . three restaurants: mammoth 72-seat dining car for coach passengers, smaller first-class restaurant, and "The Turquoise Room" for private dinner parties of up to 12 people . . . two see-out dome lounge cars—24-hour observatories for mountains, desert, stars . . . at five P.M., with the promise of a spectacular sunset looming in the western sky, hot *hors d'oeuvres* passed round the first-class dome car. The Super Chief leaves Chicago early evening every day, arrives L.A. two mornings later.

The Southern Crescent. Washington—Atlanta—New Orleans. ★★★½

Still beautifully run by the Southern Railway . . . \$35,000 spent every three years on the refurbishment of each car of this stainless-steel streamliner . . . the only U.S. train today offering passengers the long-lost-luxe of a master bedroom with shower. In the dining car: white linen, heavy silver, fresh flowers, Southern-style grits with breakfast . . . everywhere on board: Southern hospitality . . . dome car added for the Atlanta—New Orleans leg. The Southern Crescent leaves Washington daily in the early evening, arrives in Atlanta the next morning, and continues to New Orleans three times a week.

The Broadway Limited. New York/Washington—Chicago.

★★★½

A brand-new train with a classic name—the first train of the '70's to be completely refurbished by Amtrak . . . Mod deep-purple and burnt-orange lounge car with cushy swivel parlor-car seats and feature films . . . first-class roomettes and bedrooms . . . low-cost mini-rooms called "slumbercoaches." For passengers starting out in New York and Philadelphia: peaceful Pennsylvania Dutch pastures rolling by . . . passengers on the Washington section wend along a rarely used route up the Susquehanna River until Harrisburg where they and the New York section become one. Not to miss: the gathering of late-nighters in the rear observation car for drinks and to watch the eerie rounding of the 180-degree Horseshoe Curve outside of Altoona—you see your own train directly across from you. The Broadway leaves New York and Washington late afternoons, pulls into Chicago's Union Station the next morning, with connections to the West Coast.

(Continued on page 90)



Such a simple thing as soap...

but I have visited the best gardens of Europe to find the most pleasurable fragrances for these Ben Rickert soaps.

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SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

VOGUE BEAUTY CHECKOUT

Advice from a world-famous hairdresser—what Alexandre of Paris can do for hair, for you

"Before doing a haircut, I want to see the whole woman—feel her type, hear the voice, look at her neck, ears, nose, her posture. The form of the hair is the face's language. I can make a nose go in or out with the sculpture of a cut. Bangs point up eyes, but they must be the right bangs. I move and mold, according to the features I most want to accent or diminish."

This is Alexandre's approach to a haircut—an approach that goes far beyond hair and ends up shaping the entire woman. Personalities—and lives—have been sculptured in his salon. By now, he is where he wanted to be—on top. And he always knew he'd be there. "I am astonished to be Alexandre, but I knew because a witch told me long ago. She predicted it all—laid out the tarots when I was still Louis Albert Alexandre Raimon, a young lad from St. Tropez."

Filling in where the witch left off, Alexandre's success started right after World War II in Cannes where he was assistant to Antoine. There he was discovered by the Duchess of Windsor—and then by every other important woman of the day. His next move was to Paris with the Carita sisters, and eventually he opened his own place. Now, in his new white Paris salon with walls of abstract art, a laboratory, and a special *étage* devoted to hair-care treatments, he is still a dedicated worker, totally involved in every aspect of beautifying hair. Up at seven, on his feet working from eight to seven-thirty, running to a client's house for a last-minute comb-out, finding new ideas for couture collections, developing new ways to improve troubled hair.

About hair-fitness, Alexandre is emphatic. "When I see unhealthy hair, I want to cry." But instead of crying, he has done something much more constructive—developed a cream treatment called *La Moelle* (marrow) which is meant to encourage hair growth, make fine hair—or any



MARY RUSSELL

"The exact formula is my secret," laughs Alexandre as he massages actress Romy Schneider's hair with one of his remedies for hair health.

hair—look fuller and healthier. The treatment is given by "marvelous Marina" who presides over the new white *étage* for hair care, where every hair problem is tackled.

Describing his new treatment step by step, Alexandre's enthusiasm grows. "Marina massages Moelle into the scalp and into each tiny strand of hair, using a fine-tooth baby comb that spreads the cream down to the very ends. Moelle smells clean and tart, slightly aromatic, has a slightly gritty emollient texture. The exact formula is my secret—but I can say it's ground-up vegetable matter with marrow, herbs, vitamins. The whole treatment takes almost an hour, but women and men—I can't tell you their names—are flocking to it." According to one nameless client, "After only one treatment, my hair was extraordinary for a month."

Moelle treatments are specially recommended when the hair has been colored—and color is another area where Alexandre's mastery is renowned. "Almost all

women need color change—only about 1 percent is born with the right hair color. We do what the sun does to hair. I like to call streaks *brandilles*—sparks, like light hitting the hair. After forty, black hair is dangerous, hard, aging. I soften it, put stars in it. For blondes, I do several tones of blond together. The more lines in the face, the lighter the hair. This is a great trick. For red hair, I like Venetian reds, golden reds, not harsh hennas that one sees on young girls now in Paris.

"If a woman is doubtful about style or color, she should try several new looks first with wigs. She should lighten her hair in two or three stages, not all at once, not for a big party, not when unhappy. This is too much of a shock, for herself and for her friends. Very few women can get away with 'pepper and salt'—the cut must be perfect, she must be *soignée* at all times. A bit of 'cheating' with paler blond streaks helps. Nothing is worse than the steel-blue rinses one sees on white or grey hair—this is hideous, artificial, very old. Makeup for grey hair is important. And the texture of grey hair is different. Most women don't know how to cope with this new color and texture when it comes. They need help—from an expert hairdresser."

There is a sense of theater in Alexandre's salon—he is ON every minute, and everyone loves it. Along with his excellent work, his good hard advice about hair, his kitchen for lunches stressing good nutrition, his amusing gestures, there are also his running comments about life. "Women must try very hard these days—they have to be everything for everyone. Good wife, mistress, mother, businesswoman, sports-woman. They have to steal time off for beauty. But the time a woman spends on herself is very important. The most famous women did everything after the age of forty. The Duchess of Windsor, Madame de Pompadour, Garbo, Dietrich. Real beauty starts then."

paco.....

to his friends



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Unscented cosmetics are getting more popular. What are their advantages—and their drawbacks, if any...

Fragrance can be a troublemaker when included in cosmetic formulas, causing allergies and spoiling the cosmetics' effects. For that reason, fragrance-free beauty products have been around, in some cases, for as long as forty years. In their earlier days, if they were ever thought of as less glamorous products meant for a limited audience of demure little ladies who sneezed a lot—all that has changed. In the last couple of years, fragrance-free cosmetics have gained new popularity, and the business of making them is booming.

Spokesmen for the leading unscented-cosmetics companies have many reasons for the increased success of their products. They all agree: natural fragrance is the leading cause of allergic reaction. According to Nathan Ziskin, vice-president of scientific research and development at Almay, "Since fragrance is a leading cause of allergic reaction, we omit it from nearly all of our products. We do not feel that fragrance adds to a product's cosmetic effectiveness. However, we have developed synthetic hypo-allergenic fragrances for just a few items which are very lightly scented. All Almay products are formulated and tested to be free of known irritants and are designed to minimize the incidence of allergic reaction."

Why women wear unscented products

Today many women without allergies are also using unscented cosmetics as a matter of choice, not necessity. The main reason: unscented cosmetics provide no conflict with the perfume a woman chooses to wear. If every cosmetic she used—on cheeks, lips, eyes, hair, body—had a noticeable scent of its own, it would certainly distract from her perfume and blur its effect. Without interference, a perfume's message comes through as it should—clearly, unimpaired.

Another angle is the sun-angle

The inclusion of perfume oils in sun preparations—or in any cosmetics worn in the sun—can intensify the sun's effect on the skin. Now that we're all into more natural things—purer air, basic nutrients—the idea of something just smelling clean is attractive.

Producing fragrance-free versions of the ever-evolving fashions in cosmetics is a continuing challenge to manufacturers. Not adding perfume means that there is nothing to mask or cover the natural smells of the other raw materials—and these natural smells are not necessarily the most pleasant. So choosing suitable raw materials takes more care, sometimes more money, and their blending must be meticulous. "It takes more sophisticated chemistry," says Richard Lockman, president of Marcelle—a company that has concentrated on making products as non-allergenic as possible since the early '30's. Today, Marcelle makes about 400 different products, all fragrance-free. "We are limited to certain ingredients and have a severe regimen. Every compound must be lab-tested, then we try it on our own panel of people with known allergies. Even if we just change a shade of lipstick, we do it all over again."

In factories where unscented cosmetics are made, the entire operation is antiseptic and exact. Two of the newer plants are those of Clinique, founded in 1968, and Etherea which started a year later. The Clinique plant is in Melville, L.I.; and Carol Phillips, their vice-president and director, described some of their procedures. "For certain formulations, a master chemist must be there supervising every minute, checking temperatures and conditions. One product involves two rings of stirring in different directions. Another product becomes cloudy

unless poured from a certain height—the amount of air that gets to it causes this."

At the Etherea White Room in Phoenix where the products are made, technicians work in a sealed environment, wearing NASA-like uniforms. Each batch of a product is coded to maintain control of purity and to guard against irritants and allergens. There's a difference between these two, as explained by Dr. Earle W. Brauer, top dermatologist for Revlon and their Etherea division: "An irritant causes reaction in at least 80% of the people who use it, and it's dose-related—a lot of it will irritate more than just a little. An allergen might cause reaction in only one person in a million and is not dose-related—the tiniest amount is enough to cause allergy."

The purpose of all these labors is to get the products fresh, pure . . .

and uncontaminated and then to keep them that way—this requires the use of certain preservatives which, again, must be screened for any undesirable qualities. Remember, every time you use your fingers to apply a product, you are, in effect, adding some bacteria present on everybody's skin. The formula has to overcome this, too. . . . About preserving all this freshness and purity, you can help: after you buy unscented cosmetics, keep them in a cool, dark place (it can be the fridge, although it's not necessary) and don't buy the largest sizes—unless you use them voraciously and they're gone within weeks. These ideas are good for scented cosmetics, too . . . and have you noticed, over the past few years, even the scents of many scented cosmetics have become more delicate and altogether more natural?



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Cadoro

By Kathleen Madden

VOGUE

COPING

How to un-kink your life: get straight with plants, showers, dinner guests

Take your shower in a suitcase

Summer means long afternoons at the beach, tenting trips, sports of all kinds. It also means dirty, sticky, sizzle-hot days. Instead of grumbling over sand in your shoes (and in your car, carpets, and kitchens), take a shower *to* the beach, campsite, or breeze-way: not the garden-hose variety but rather a complete portable fixture with shower curtain, spray nozzle, mini-tub to stand in. This summer companion for cleanliness freaks is called the Anywhere Shower (by Mininome, Inc., of Commack, New York), costs approximately \$100, folds up into a plastic medium-suitcase-sized container, and weighs about twenty pounds (without the water). You add the water (a five-gallon jug for a five-minute shower—the water can be recirculated for longer washups); a foot switch sets off the spray and the pump-out of water when you're finished. A plug-in to your car's cigarette lighter or a twelve-volt battery pack is all that's needed to power the bather-safe pump and provide a few moments of grime-time respite.



Behind a circle of striped curtain, you handle the sand-in-the-suit problem right on the beach, using this tote-able shower.

What to do when your plants go wrong

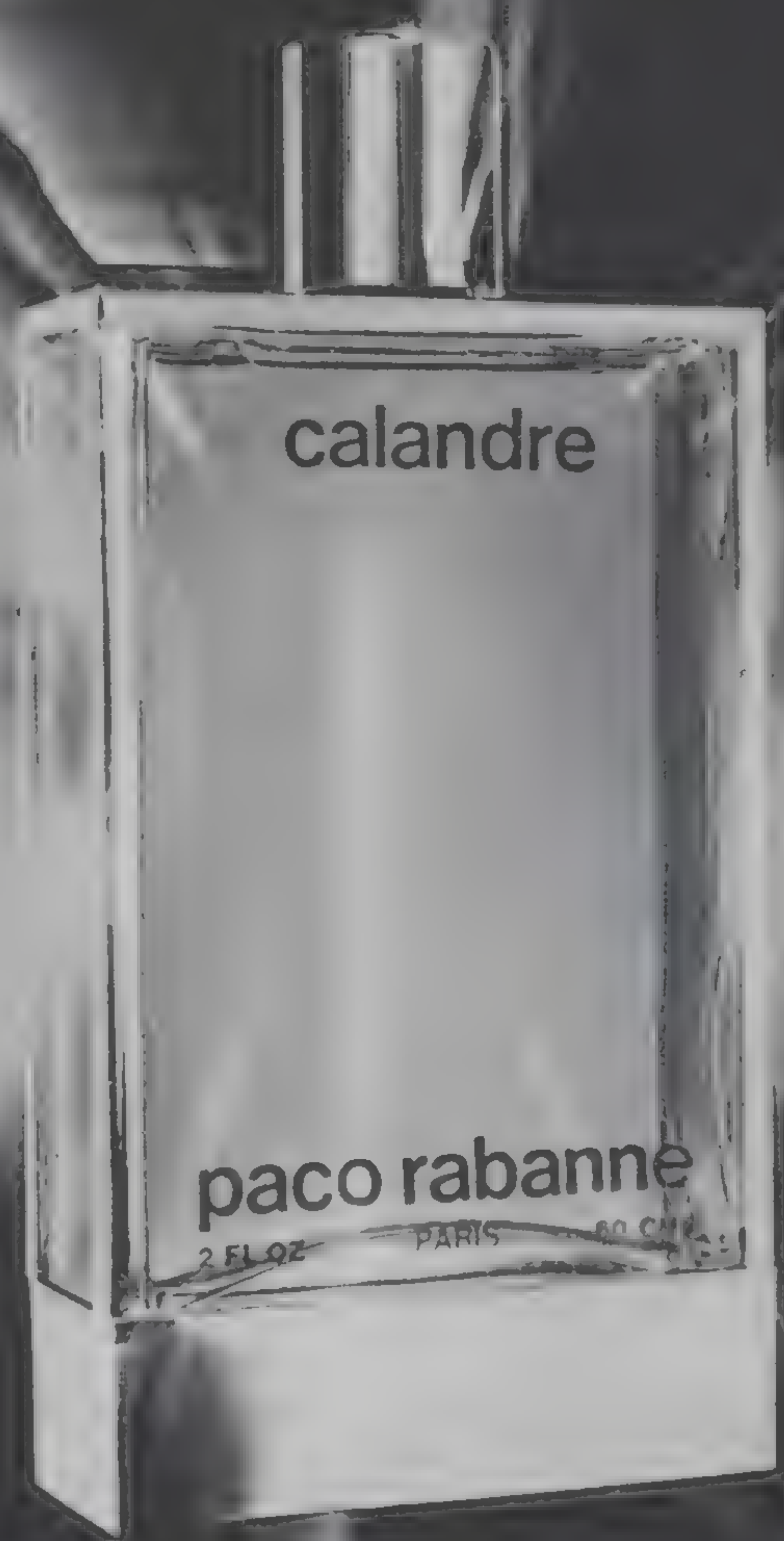
What can you do when your rubber plant has lost its bounce? Your philodendron has the bends? Your weeping willow is outside sobbing? Pleading with a palm gets you nowhere? Your fiddle-leaf fig is having fainting spells? Your trailing ivy is so far behind it will never catch up?

You can get emergency help at any level: from the family G.P. (green professional) to botanist to the holder of a Ph.D. in horticulture. The most basic (and often the most useful) hints come from nurseries, florists, or plant shops. Develop a friendship with a local dealer and you'll get tips on almost anything. If the plant was sick when you bought it, you'll al-

so have better luck in exchanging it for a healthier specimen.

For heavier help, look to local farm organizations, state colleges and universities; most publish catalogs and brochures you can send for. The Agriculture Extension Service (usually based at a local state university) or the county agricultural agent can give more extensive data on local planting problems, from rocks in your rosebed to soil-acidity levels.

Botanical gardens will often give advice by mail or telephone. In New York, the Brooklyn Botanic Garden has a special plant hot-line (212/622-4440); if you call any weekday between 1 and 4 P.M. and describe your plant's symptoms, they'll suggest a possible cure. If it's not a matter for inten- (Continued on page 54)



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VOGUE COPING Continued from page 52

sive care, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Plant Information, Brooklyn Botanic Garden, 1000 Washington Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11225.

If your case is more desperate, any number of plant specialists (large plant shops, landscapers, professional maintenance services) will make house calls, even on an emergency basis. Mother Nature, Inc., in Hartford, Conn., and Boston's Plant Parenthood are two of the most accommodating: Plant Parenthood even provides a form of insurance for your green things.

Finally, don't forget the little lady next door whose plants always seem to thrive though yours may be doing a slow wilt. Your neighbor may be just waiting for you to ask her advice; and more and more people with growing talents are taking to plant care on a business basis. In New York, there's a wonderful "grey lady" for green plants named Constance Athas (212/249-4527) who will come to your home, cure the sick, water, fertilize, give loving care for \$10 an hour (\$15 for the first visit). College and highschool students, bored with babysitting, are organizing care centers for the ill or vacation-deserted; for a higher fee, they'll come to your home to plant-sit.

If all else fails, consult *The Secret Life of Plants* (by Peter Tompkins and Christopher Bird, Harper & Row, \$8.95).

Size the recipe to fit the diners

GUY BILLOUT



What to do when the meal is a dinner for twenty or a supper for two and your favorite recipes are all for a serviceable six? Don't haul out your handy abacus or pad and pencil and start multiplying or dividing the amounts. Simple arithmetic doesn't always work when expanding or shrinking dishes. A switch from king to

mini size needs changes of equipment, altered temperatures and cooking times, a different balance of ingredients.

Now there's a computer-in-a-book that deals with this facet of cookery: *The Cookbook To Serve 2, 6 or 24* by Barbara Kraus (\$8.95, Quadrangle/The New York Times Book Co.). The title may not be too lively, but the dishes are—favorites from restaurants around the country, including the original Lindy's cheesecake, Sardi's meat sauce, orange wine cake from the Williamsburg Lodge. You'll find detailed instructions for altering each recipe to feed almost any-sized crowd, with special tips on freezing and refrigerator storage just in case your mass-meal should deflate to dinner for eight.

Sound off to your alarm clock

Good news for early-morning grouches: you can now tell your alarm clock to be quiet and it *will* be quiet—time enough for a quick roll-over, at least. Then it nags again—every two minutes—until you finally stop speaking and rouse up to flip its switch. (The alarm adjusts to tune out normal nighttime sounds—a snore's not sufficient to call it off.) This perfect servant is called Vox-clock, produced by Vox Industries, Independence, Iowa. For \$69.95, at last you can get *someone* to listen to you.

How to pass the word along for 8 cents

Fight the high cost of communication (the U.S. Postal Service kind) with postcards—we've seen them bearing invitations, quick notes and reminders, even *billets doux*. Some of the handsomest also help serve a good cause: clear-eyed color or black-and-white photos of architectural details of New York's historic buildings. On sale at The Brooklyn Museum and The Museum of the City of New York, the cards can also be ordered from Cranford Wood Inc., 310 East 75th Street, New York City 10021. A pack of twenty cards (two each of ten subjects) costs \$3, postage and handling costs included.

One photograph is worth a thousand phone calls

To prepare for the usual "difference of opinion" between tenant and landlord over repairs to rented or leased property, photograph the apartment or house before you move in. Focus in on details: blistering paint, tired appliances, anything you and the landlord are liable to throw punches over later. Make sure your photos show enough of the room to be easily identified. Have the film developed immediately; you'll have a dated record of moving-in-day conditions and self-protection for the inevitable battle over who did what to the kitchen sink.



hands that work have nails that need help

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VOGUE FOOD

Salad: any way you want it—quick, easy, lavish, spectacular

Salads bring out the competitive and inventive instincts in cooks. This month is particularly good for salad invention . . . the stores are full of fresh greeneries . . . we open up summer cottages and race to the Farmer's Markets . . . delight in crunching on *really* fresh raw things again . . . a stalk of celery or a baby carrot still with the faintly peppery taste of fresh earth.

May often brings a gathering

of the clans for a wedding . . . weekend parties . . . living space is expanded by a clement outdoors . . . and is soon invaded by hungry friends. Who wants to slave over a stove when the sun is shining . . . the brooks are running . . . and one's dog is rolling in the grass? Instead it's more fun to make a pretty salad . . . a microcosm, in a crystal bowl, of all this wonderful spring world of color, scents, and flavors.

Nan Kempner's Portable Salad

Discard outer leaves from 1 whole head lettuce; loosen large leaves enough so that you can remove heart; chop lettuce heart, mix with diced chicken or beef, diced celery, grated carrots, a little mayonnaise. Pack inside lettuce shell, tightly close leaves, wrap in plastic, chill.

The Basic French Dressing: Vinaigrette Sauce 1 cup

12 tablespoons ($\frac{3}{4}$ cup) safflower or olive oil
6 tablespoons wine vinegar
8 teaspoons capers
2 tablespoons very finely chopped onions

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely chopped parsley
8 teaspoons mixed dried herbs, or add herbs later as indicated in following recipes
Sea salt and freshly ground black pepper

Combine all ingredients in a jar; shake well before using.

Salad team-ups . . . and their dressings

two servings

$\frac{2}{3}$ cup sliced cooked beets
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup onion slices, fried in oil, drained

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinaigrette sauce with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard and 1 teaspoon mixed herbs

$\frac{1}{2}$ head young red cabbage, spines removed, leaves shredded
1 tablespoon crushed walnuts
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pear, sliced
2 tablespoons coarsely grated Swiss cheese

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup heavy cream with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar, squeeze of lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Dijon mustard, salt, and pepper

$\frac{1}{3}$ cup cooked lentils or split peas
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup chopped onions, fried crisp in oil, drained
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup sliced dried figs, fried in oil from onions a few minutes

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sesame-seed oil, with 2 teaspoons mixed herbs, salt, pepper (no vinegar)

2 medium-to-large potatoes, boiled, peeled, sliced, marinated 2 hours in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup dry white wine (poured on potatoes while still hot)

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinaigrette sauce with 1 teaspoon chopped fresh dill

[Continued on page 60]

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Richard Sloan, "Scissor-tailed Flycatcher," Plate 28, \$50, collection appreciation - 4 yrs - 325%



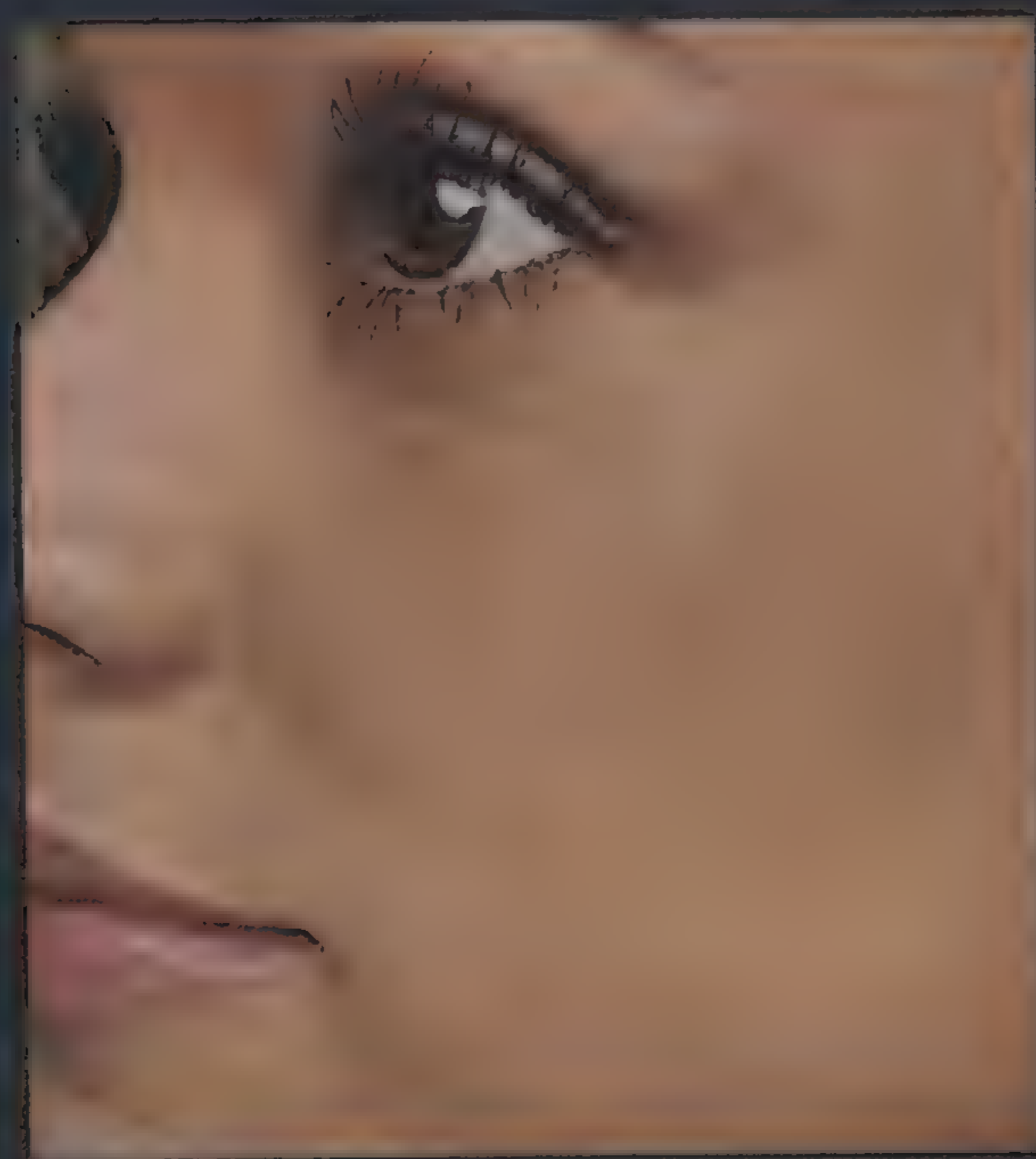
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For the name of the dealer in your area and free color material about these artists, write:

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It isn't arid New Mexico. It doesn't have anything to do with prohibition.

It's the dry state your skin enters...slowly but surely...as you get older. It's inevitable. The older your skin gets...the less moisture it can hold.

Don't misunderstand us. Your body continues to produce plenty of moisture for your skin.

The problem is...your skin can't hold it as well. Aging has depleted much of the natural oil that keeps the moisture from getting away.

Germaine Monteil's® Acti-Vita® is a complete dry skin collection. An entire line of fine cosmetics designed to help you cope with the dry state.

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Whipped Cleanser, Pure Cream Toner, Enriched Moisturizer...all of them...even our emollient make-up...is formulated to help your skin hold water.

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So is The Beauty Register,® Germaine Monteil's way of letting you sample our fine cosmetics on a regular basis.

Sign up when you drop in...to learn how to live in the dry state and like it.

Germaine Monteil

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Salad team-ups . . .

and their dressings

2 large apples, cored, most
of pulp scooped out
Pulp from apple, chopped
4 tablespoons diced cooked
chicken
2 teaspoons chopped celery
2 teaspoons slivered almonds

2 tablespoons whipped cream
or mayonnaise with
1 teaspoon lemon juice;
mix with ingredients,
refill apple. Serve each
with ½ lettuce heart

1 grilled sweet pepper, peeled,
sliced
¼ cup diced cooked chicken
¼ cup frozen green peas,
lightly cooked and chilled
¼ cup cold boiled rice

¼ cup vinaigrette sauce
with ½ teaspoon
tarragon mustard

1 endive, slivered
½ large potato, boiled, peeled,
sliced
¼ cup chopped drained herrings
or anchovy fillets

¼ cup vinaigrette sauce
with 1 teaspoon chopped
fresh dill

½ cucumber, peeled, very
thinly sliced
8 asparagus tips
4 cauliflower flowerets
½ cup mixed chopped lettuce
and watercress

½ cup Quick Mayonnaise (recipe
below), thinned to creamy
consistency with light cream;
garnish salad with sliced
radishes

Quick Mayonnaise

1 cup

Mix together ½ cup Hellmann's or Best Foods mayonnaise, 1 chopped hard-boiled egg yolk, 1 teaspoon Fauchon's shallot and chervil mustard. Slowly add ½ cup vegetable or olive oil and beat, then stir in juice of ½ lemon.

Tomato Mayonnaise

Flavor Quick Mayonnaise with 1 tablespoon catsup.

Tarragon Mayonnaise

Blend 2 teaspoons Fauchon's tarragon mustard into Quick Mayonnaise.

Curry Mayonnaise

Mix ½ teaspoon curry powder into Quick Mayonnaise.

Salad Stripes

This salad is a meal in itself,
can be expanded, contracted



GUY BILLOUT

to serve in a huge see-through
punch bowl or in individual
glass finger bowls. Ingredients
can be replaced by others
more available, or some may
be omitted for smaller serv-
ings. The salad can be pre-
pared ahead, with vinaigrette
sauce on the side; or one
simple trick is to use the three
differently flavored mayon-
naise-mixes (recipes above)
next to the most congenial
ingredients.

Choice of ingredients, starting from bottom of bowl up to top;
each layer except the last should be about ½ inch deep:

Tomatoes, peeled, seeded, sliced
(can be canned, drained)
Tomato mayonnaise
Thin slivers rare beef
Raw mushroom slices
Chopped watercress
Tarragon mayonnaise
Cooked chicken meat, slivered
Diced celery, shredded lettuce,
mixed

Coarsely grated Swiss cheese
Tomato or pepper slices
Curry mayonnaise
Cold cooked fish, flaked
(can be canned tuna)
Tomato slices
Hard-boiled eggs, halved
Chopped parsley and dill, any
fresh herbs (including mint)

If Gorham Sterling is your silent desire, break your silence one week before your birthday or anniversary.

Silent desires are unfilled desires, unless you are married to a man who can read your mind.

So, tell him. Tell him what you would really love for your birthday or anniversary is Gorham Sterling. If his comment is, "Gorham Sterling???", don't try to explain why you want sterling because a man will never understand that. Tell him why you want Gorham and do it before he can catch his breath.

Tell him Gorham Sterling is more than just a

pretty pattern. It is a Total Design. (He may like that.) Tell him that means a perfect balance between ornamentation, shape and function; and between the timely and timeless, so it will be fashion forever. (He'll like that for sure.)

Then tell him you've already seen the design you love at your favorite department or jewelry store. Tell him its beauty is unmistakably Gorham. Maybe he won't appreciate that, but we bet you'll get your Gorham Sterling, anyhow.



Chantilly

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Color that's also a beauty treatment.

We have used the science of biogenics to develop colors that care, that treat your delicate lips and lids to moisturizers, emollients and our unique Skin Life bio-complex called GAM.

GAM is the basis of our Skin Life biological beauty treatments, which help to get your skin looking fresher, brighter, younger.

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Helena Rubinstein/the science of beauty



Skin Life smooths away the years. Makes your skin feel renewed,

Helena Rubinstein ©1974. Dress by Calvin Klein.



We have used the science of biogenics to develop a unique beauty treatment. It's based on an exclusive bio-complex, imported from France, called GAM, made to match as closely as possible the fluid of your own skin cells. It's this natural fluid that helps maintain moisture, prevent wrinkles and generally keep skin in good tone.

Skin Life. Just a little every day will soon get your skin looking fresher, brighter, younger. And that's a promise.



revitalized.

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Her Perfume: Bridal Bouquet by Dana

Once, for remembrances, a girl would press petals between the pages of a book.

Today, the memory lingers on in a fragrance called Bridal Bouquet. A blushing beautiful scent. A natural blending of the most fragrant flowers in a bridal bouquet.

To wear happily ever after.

Perfume, \$15 Perfume Mist, \$7.50
Eau de Cologne, \$6 Dusting Powder, \$4
Spray Cologne, \$5 Bath Oil, \$5

Her Dress: White Knit

The soft, non-suit by Jane Justin for DON SOPHISTICATES. A great way to arrive at your honeymoon location. In a cool white knit of 75% acrylic and 25% nylon, punctuated in ebony stripes. 6 to 14. \$118



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PGA/Victor designers took the little sports ensemble and gave it a touch of haute couture unexpected in the sportswear world. Sporting chic, for the casually inclined woman who wants comfort and freedom in informal wear, these skirts and blouses mix or match at a whim.

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victor**

Victor Golf, a division of Victor Comptometer Corporation



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Many women make an impression.

Peu laissent une empreinte.

Few leave an imprint.

—André Courrèges

empreinte by Courrèges

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"THE LAST TIME I WORE JOVAN MUSK OIL, WE SNUGGLED UP TO A BIG FIRE IN THE DEN. AND THERE'S NO FIREPLACE IN THE DEN!"



C. BREDBERG, homemaker

SEE PAGE 95

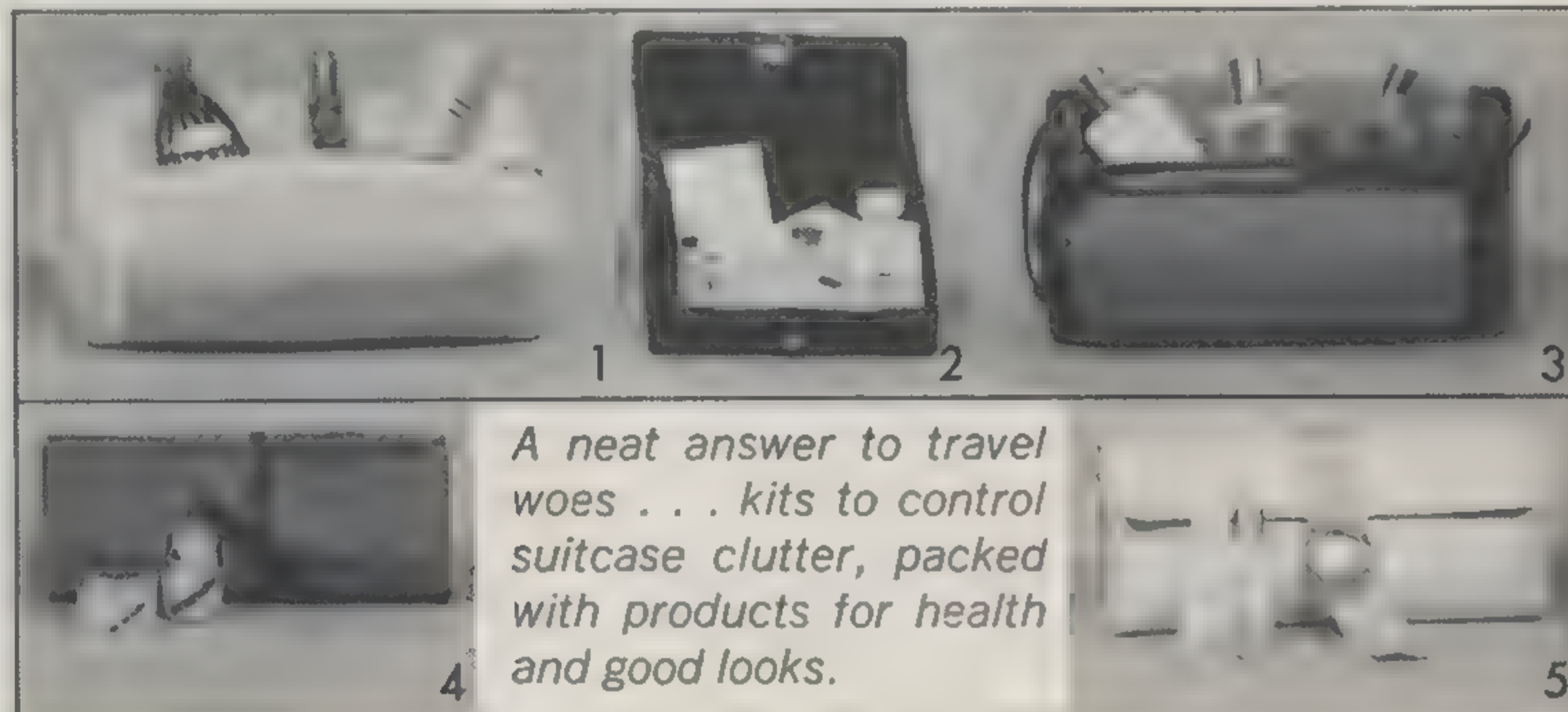
VOGUE READY BEAUTY

Travel kits—the best ones for beauty and health

Everyone has owned a beauty travel kit that was either too bulky, too small, or too homely to be useful. Now there are kits available that are compact, organized, and lovely to look at. So whether your travel plans include Bangkok or Bridgehampton, here are several suggestions to help keep you beautiful and healthy

Aramis Invigorating body shampoo and bracing Body Splash, plus Aramis Malt-Enriched Shampoo—all to keep him well equipped for any jaunt (\$25).

What's inside counts in Scandia's new kit called **The Packables (4)**. Their latest beauty program, named the Artesian Basics, is presented in a special travel-



A neat answer to travel woes . . . kits to control suitcase clutter, packed with products for health and good looks.

throughout your stay.

The Estée Lauder Youth-Dew Everywhere Kit (1) is packed for just that—everywhere. Eau de Parfum Spray, Cologne, Bath Oil, Guest Soaps, and Talc are all Youth-Dew scented and there's plenty of room in this attractive Swiss-dotted travel case for many extras (\$22.50).

One of the best medical kits for traveling we've seen was carefully compiled by a physician and a health-care expert, both widely traveled themselves. Inside are pain relievers, cold tablets, help for nausea, skin rash, and even insomnia with explicit instructions on how to use all medication until the doctor arrives. The kit (2) includes an international directory of physicians on call for IAMAT members at specified fees. You become a member of IAMAT, International Association of Medical Assistance for Travelers, automatically when you send for the kit. Available through Medi Kit, Inc., 810 Franklin Street, Santa Monica, California 90403 (\$12 includes postage).

Aramis provides the Fellow Traveler with his own handsome Field Kit (3). Safely zippered in are all ingredients for complete comfort abroad. Included are: Cologne, Shaving Formula, and After Shave; for the bath there's

size kit of vinyl denim. The Basics include Cleanser, Toner, Moisturizer, and Texturizer (a new formula for maintaining skin moisture) plus a spray concentrate of Galore perfume. The kit costs only \$3 as a "purchase-with-purchase" offer made by Scandia when you buy \$5 or more of their other products. . . .

Since one of the greatest terrors of packing is getting the suitcase to close, Elizabeth Arden has designed **The Luxury Traveler (5)** which, with all contents enclosed, folds blessedly flat. Thoughtfully including two empty plastic bottles and a little funnel for refills, The Luxury Traveler also contains cleanser, skin lotion, and moisture film. Unfolded, it can be hung by its closure to a door hook (\$13.50).

One very sizable kit doesn't travel with you but to you. It's the **Mary Quant Beauty School "Bus,"** a traveling beauty clinic headed by a team of Mary Quant makeup artists who advise and instruct on skin care and makeup. Here, the "bus" is a giant representation of the British bus that usually travels around the world for Mary Quant—whose trip, due to the fuel shortage, was cancelled. Franklin Simon stores in Missouri, Ohio, Michigan, and in the South are slated for visits this month. ▽

NANCY MORAN

Out there you need Bonne Bell.



Cosmetologist vs.

The Redken Scientific Approach; the facts and only the facts. Beauty is far more than an array of pretty bottles, an alchemist's trove of makeups, powders and creams. The cosmetologist, your professional stylist, knows real beauty has its base in solid scientific fact. It begins with the natural state of healthy hair and skin, and it was this realization that led to the Redken Scientific Approach and inspired our entire line of beauty care products.

If it doesn't look right under a microscope, it won't look right at a dinner party. Each woman's skin and hair are different, as unique as her own fingerprints. Accordingly, use of the same product (ours or someone else's) may produce different results for two different women. This is the reason Redken salons offer a unique service: hair analysis.

Acid balance and beauty.

The chemistry of beauty rests on one simple fact, that healthy skin and hair are mildly acidic by nature. In the laboratory acidity is measured on the pH scale of 0 to 14; 0 being extreme acidity and 14, extreme alkalinity. Nature maintains the hair and skin at between 4.5 and 5.5 pH, or mildly acidic.

Many soaps, including those with cold cream, measure 8 or higher on the pH scale. The same is true of many shampoos and makeups. The alkaline nature of these products can cause dryness and damage with repeated use.

Redken products are formulated at a much lower pH. Thus, they help preserve the delicate acid balance of skin and hair. And, because skin and hair are primarily protein, our products contain natural protein derivatives, emollients and humectants to enhance natural beauty.



cosmetic counter.

During hair analysis, a sample is tested to determine tensile strength

and elasticity. The hair is examined microscopically to determine structure and assess damage. The hair stylist then knows, without guesswork, just the right Redken products that will help restore brilliance and manageability to your hair.

A 25 dollar perm deserves more than a 50 cent conditioner. We're great advocates of care and education



in the application of beauty care products. An inexpensive conditioner can ruin a perm; an average soap can dry your skin. When you eliminate guesswork by using the right products, you enhance beauty and predictability.

Every Redken product is formulated to do something good for your hair or skin. That's why your Redken salon uses them. It's also the best argument we can think of for using Redken at home between salon visits. Acid-balanced, Redken products formulated with natural protein derivatives will maintain the styling you have paid good money to achieve.

Don't look for Redken where you buy candy and cameras. Redken is distributed only to beauty salons, not to drug stores, department stores or supermarkets. It's available only from the professionals, schooled in its proper use. When you see

the results after visiting a Redken salon, keep up the good work by using Redken products at home.

Your personal approach to beauty. Look for Redken beauty products at your salon. The pH Plus Treatment Collection, an entire array of skin care products with a low pH, balanced amounts of protein derivatives, wheat, emollients, moisturizers and lubricants to help keep your skin its loveliest. Amino Pon Shampoo, an acid-balanced formula that conditions as it cleanses.

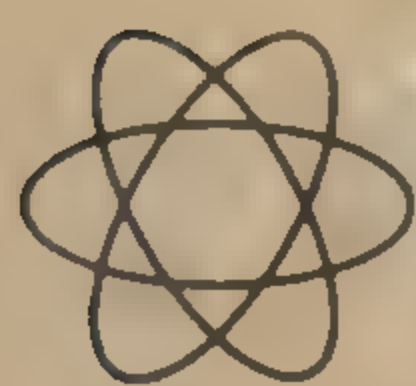


Amino Pon Beauty Bar, a non-soap that helps eliminate the drying effects you may have encountered from ordinary soaps.

Introduce Redken to a friend. If you're acquainted with Redken products, and you'd like to introduce them to a friend, ask your salon about a Redken "Gift of Beauty" certificate. If Redken is new to you, look for our products at your salon. Or, check for the Redken beauty mark in your phone directory under beauty salons.



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VOGUE

READY

BEAUTY

Project: better looks, with quick and easy tips from experts

Sprucing up one's looks is always a good idea—especially when some guidelines are laid down by ingenious image-improving experts. One group that took this idea to heart is the staff of Jaeger who decided to make themselves as good-looking as the nifty clothes they sell. To accomplish this, they sent out a call to the women from all their shops in the New York area, invited them to their showroom one recent Sunday morning, fed them delicious crab quiche, then brought on the talent—an exercise expert, a makeup expert, a hair expert. Aside from gaining their own personal rewards, the plan had another, more businesslike aspect: women who work with women—and, in their case, sell to women—face a critical audience, and it's always wise to measure up.

The exercise expert was Katie Sprague, assistant to famous Marjorie Craig at Elizabeth Arden. Katie explained and demonstrated her routines, answered dozens of questions. Participating as much as possible, everyone stood, stretched, learned, and was amused at Katie's "curl your ears" routine—meaning to stretch the back of the neck between ears and shoulders, like an alert little dog with cocked ears, all for the sake of posture.

The other two experts worked together. The makeup artist, Justine, and the hair-man, Geoffrey of Vidal Sassoon, chose to demonstrate their skills with spot transformations of some of the Jaeger ladies. Short teased hair went into a soft, clean-line cut, under-eye circles disappeared, and special tips for special problems flowed like wine.

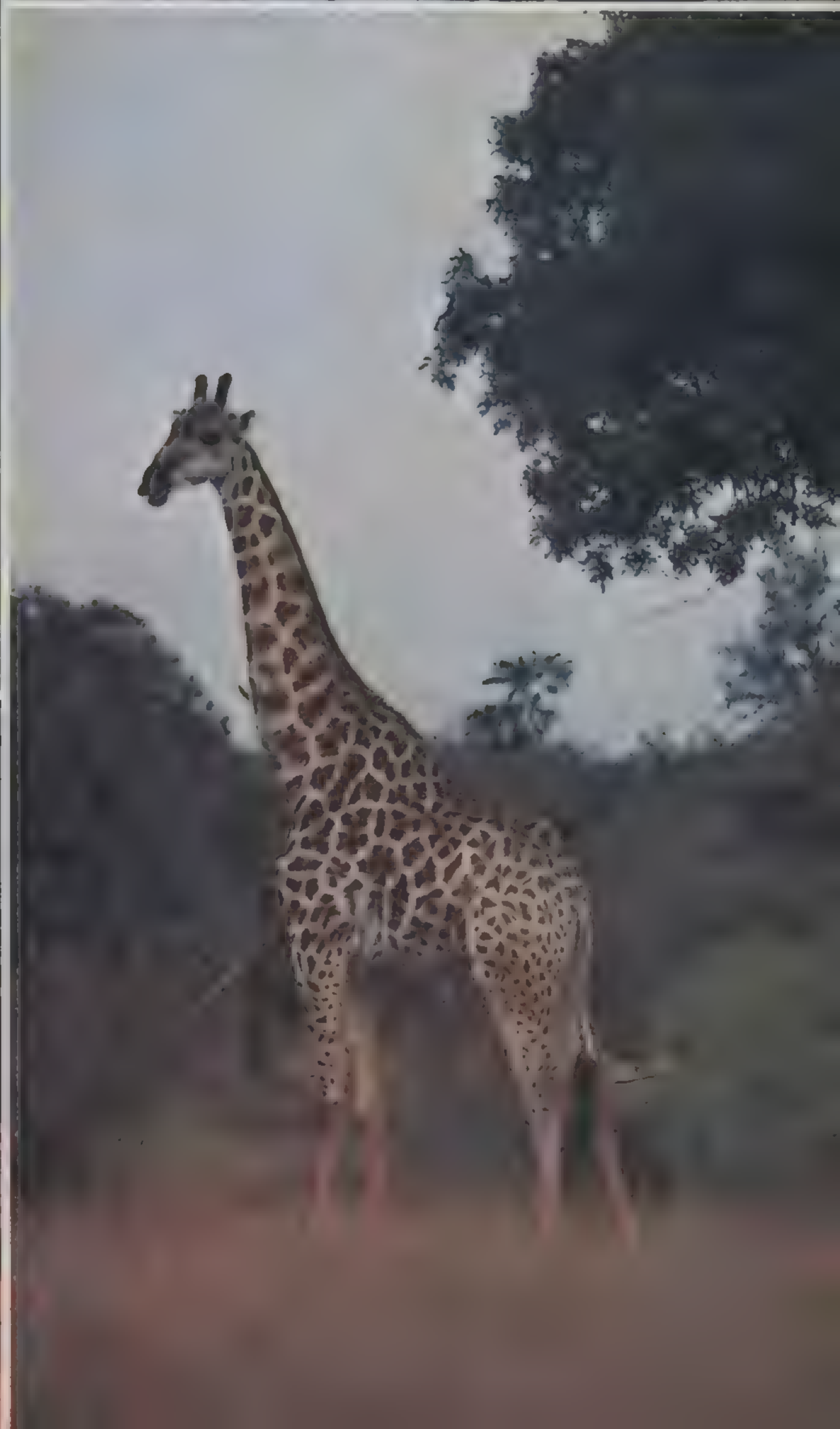
From Justine: "The test spot for buying foundation is on the side of the jawbone. Put a dab there—if you can't see it, that's the shade for you. When putting color on your face, start where you want it darkest, work out from there. Dark recedes, light brings out."

She noted the most common mistakes: Brows too harsh. Cheeks too rosy—a face shouldn't be di-

vided into pink patches, should be a smooth blend. (For better blending, Frances Denney has two new bronzers for paler sun-tans—Light Bronze for fair complexions, Deep Bronze for medium. Denney also makes new Eye Polish—high gloss for lids, with no crease-streaks.) To look more sophisticated, Justine suggested trying darker lipsticks and cheek colors—rich mulberry, deep orange, or red. Pink and peach are younger colors. For those under-eye circles: start with a layer of eye oil, add pure pink cream blusher, pat foundation over, then a fluff of powder.

Hair advice from Geoffrey—"You get a younger, fresher look with hair that's soft and easy, blown dry. Find a rounded brush with bristles and backing made all-of-a-piece, in vinyl (these are sometimes called hackles, the bristles more like the teeth of a comb). Use it to shape hair while it's blowing dry. Don't be afraid to cut—long hair is often a security blanket and women who have it play with their hair and touch it too much, which can make it greasy. Side parts are softer than center parts." Even with the distinctive clean lines of a Sassoon cut, Geoffrey styles now with new softness.

More thoughts on getting the best from your face. . . . A Makeup Workshop at the Beverly Hilton Hotel in California, where Christina—who makes up Liza, Aretha, and Cher, among others—supervises lessons in the art of makeup. The workshop does half your face, you do the other half to learn. . . . Try Johnson's baby oil to moisturize skin and remove makeup. Especially good for black skin. . . . Also good for black or olive skin: the Carib Make-Up Centre, 310 Utica Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, where makeup artist Consuelo Hailey sells and demonstrates her own line of cosmetics and skin-care products. . . . Finally, a word from Europe—all the pretty women there are letting their eyebrows grow in again. Thick, wide, glossy—like beautiful wings. ▽





JONES NEW YORK DISCOVERS DIAMONDS IN CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA.

It takes Rena Rowan for Jones New York to discover daytime diamonds for her Spring-Summer Collection. And what better place than South Africa—where diamonds began. Discover the mystical beauty of South Africa for yourself with direct flights from New York to Johannesburg on South Africa's own airline, South African Airways. And delight in discovering Rena's Jones New York Collection at fine stores everywhere. Discover the beautiful Cape... warm ocean currents that lap the miles of untamed white beaches provide a memorable study in contrast with majestic Table Mountain. The lush greenery, dotted with brilliant exotic flora as far as the eye can see, makes Cape Town one of the world's loveliest, most inviting cities. And, one of the best places to discover diamonds like these: left, circlets of diamond pavé add zest to a gold ring and matching pendant that doubles as a pin. Right, gold rings, pin, and bangles worn in clusters carry a sparkling new fashion message when studded with diamonds.



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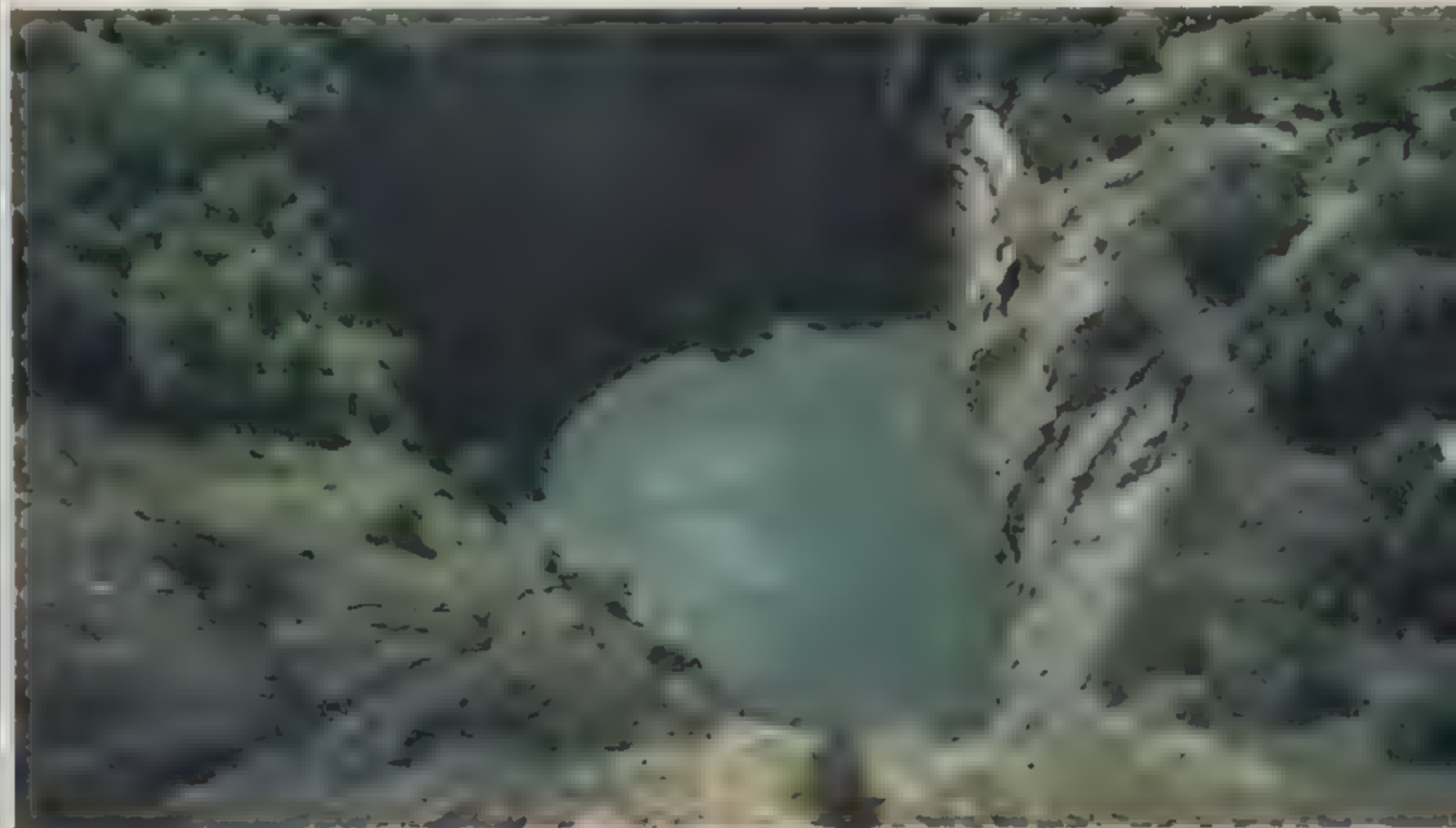
Jewelry shown to left and above available at these Fine Jewelers: ARGENZIO BROTHERS Denver/Colorado Springs/Ft. Collins • BAILEY BANKS & BIDDLE Philadelphia/Pittsburgh/Atlanta/Chicago (Woodfield Mall)/McLean, Va./Louisville/Charlotte/Landover, Md./Columbia, Md./Milwaukee/Toledo • BOSWELL'S Tulsa • BRODNAX Memphis/Nashville/Jackson • CORRIGAN'S Dallas/Ft. Worth/Houston/Austin/Tyler • COWELL & HUBBARD Cleveland/Akron/Youngstown • MAX DAVIS Toledo/Ann Arbor • DOBBINS Guam • GRANAT BROS. San Francisco Bay Area/Sacramento/Honolulu/Aiea • HAUSMANN'S New Orleans • HENRYS Syracuse/Binghamton • HERSHBERG'S Rochester • HERTZBERG'S San Antonio • HESS & CULBERTSON St. Louis/Springfield • JACOBS Minneapolis/Jacksonville, Fla./Orlando/West Palm Beach/Merritt Island • JOBE-ROSE Birmingham • KOERBERS Ft. Wayne • LAMBERT BROTHERS New York City/Smithtown, L.I./Massapequa, L.I. • LEVITT'S Wichita • MINDLIN Albuquerque • MORGAN'S Lansing • RIDER'S Baton Rouge/Lafayette/Shreveport • ROGER'S Columbus • AARON ROSE Beaumont/Lake Charles • ROSENFELD'S Oklahoma City/Shawnee • ROSENZWEIG'S Phoenix • SLAVICK'S Greater Los Angeles/San Diego/Las Vegas • SPECTOR'S New Haven • STOWELL'S Boston/Springfield/Natick/Waterbury/Warwick/Portland, Me. • WAGNER'S Amarillo • WISS Newark/Paramus/Short Hills/Montclair/Wayne/Woodbridge/E. Brunswick/Nanuet, N.Y./Staten Island • WOLF'S Topeka • ZELL BROS. Portland, Ore.



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South Africa offers its American guest much to savour. As a tourist paradise, it offers an ever-changing kaleidoscope to the eye: the animals that roam the Kruger National Park . . . the Kimberley Open Mine Museum . . . the "Big Hole", one of the world's largest man-made excavations and the background for these dazzling treasures: A diamond pavé cross set in hammered gold hangs from a cable chain or doubles as a pin. Diamond pavé streaks across a gold bracelet and is the sparkle in an oval ring. All 18K gold. Available at

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VOGUE TRAVEL

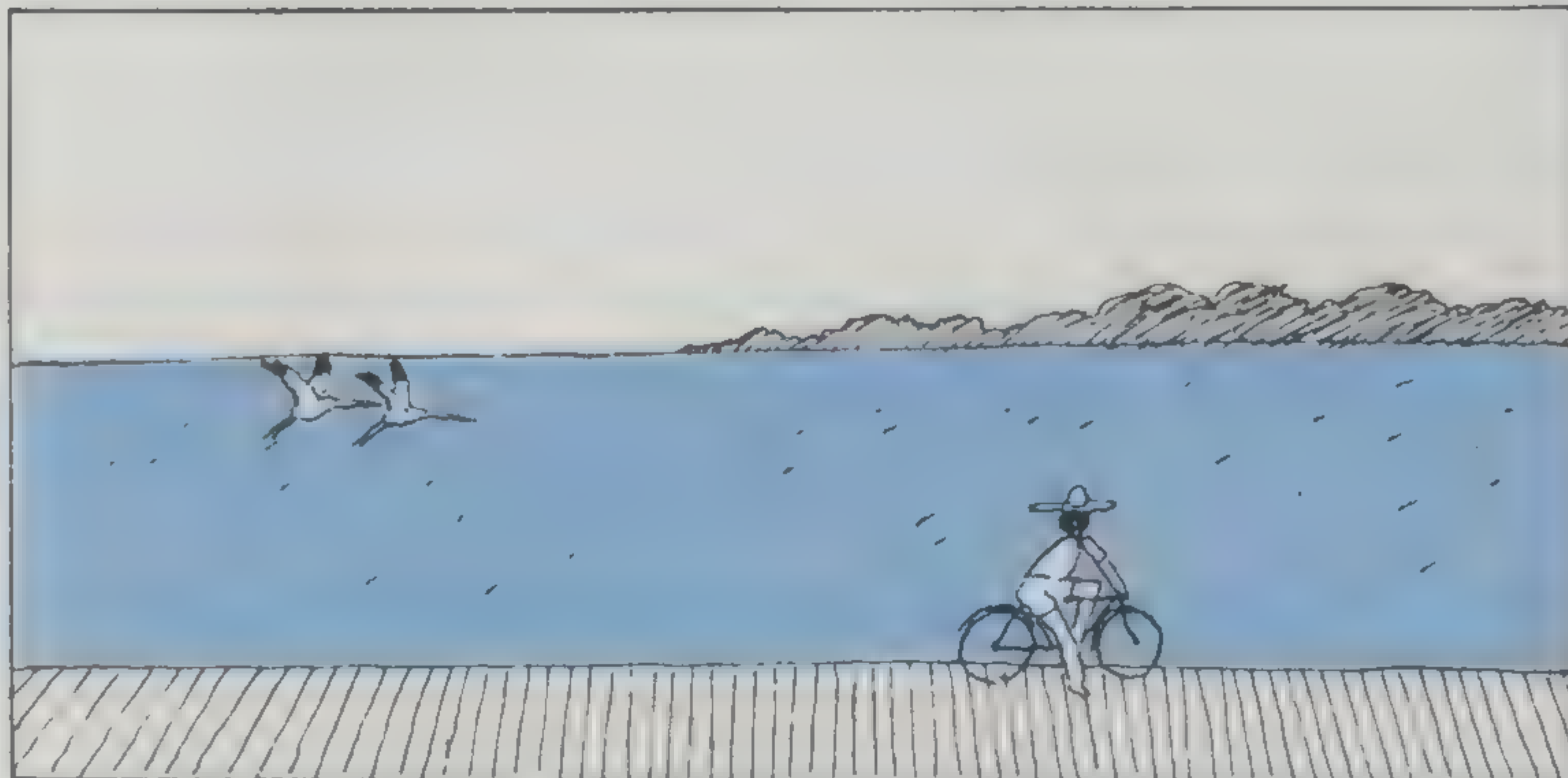
Romantic as its live oaks, Amelia Island (where Florida isn't tropical) lets nature be natural

Remarkable Amelia Island Plantation isn't just another Florida development; geographically, it's a different slice of the state. Twenty-five miles south of the Georgia boundary, sock-shaped Amelia Island, off Florida's most northern coast between the Atlantic and the Intracoastal Waterway, isn't tropical. It has four seasons. On the southern end—tongue and instep—the 2,450-acre Amelia Island Plantation—without destroying the natural environment—remains a serene preserve of tall dunes, dense forest, lagoons, and acres of marshlands spanned by a superb four-and-a-half-mile beach boomed by the Atlantic.

In this unexpectedly romantic setting, the Plantation provides all the expected: The twenty-seven-hole golf course winds through groves of live oak trees with branches like free-form sculpture silvered with lichen, skirts past lagoons resembling reflecting pools, runs along the edges of swaying marshes shielding wildlife. Below the dunes, covered in fragile sea oats and grasses bending in the salt spray, the three fairways on the white sandy beach look like billiard tables.

The Racquet Park is for tennis, the number-one sport at the Plantation. In addition to eight tennis courts and two for platform tennis (more of both to be added), around July 4, a stadium court will be opened next to the new handsome cedar-shingled Tennis House where, from the redwood deck, members will be able to watch the championship games. Other goings-on at the clubhouse will be a restaurant open from breakfast through dinner, a bar, a card room, exercise room—with saunas, massage, whirlpool baths, locker rooms—and two outside swimming pools, one for children. Of course, there are a tennis director, a teaching pro, a pro shop with pailfuls of practice balls.

Eye-catching as well as a naturalist's dream is the network of



GUY BILLOUT

boardwalks: One curls through the Sunken Forest with signs explaining the various trees and undergrowth; another at Drummond Point Park—over six acres of tidal marsh—doubles as an observatory of wildlife feeding. Some of the boardwalks run over the dunes, edge lagoons; some are for bicycling. Signposts keep you on the right track.

No special skill is needed to go crabbing, a gentle sport done with a piece of string tied to a stone, a bit of chicken for bait, and a net for scooping up the catch. Equipment is found at the Village Store. The crab catch at Walker's Landing is as phenomenal as the view of the marshes and the Intracoastal Waterway. Here, too, oyster roasts are held, using the cluster oysters you see sticking up in the sand at low tide.

High above the miles of beach, the Beach Club with everything you'd expect—angled pool, deck, snack bar, and jungle gyms—is until six at night a casual barefoot place. Guests may lunch in swimsuits in the restaurant; but to dine, they make an effort to dress up.

The formal restaurant of the Plantation will be in the Amelia Island Inn next to the Beach Club, opening in June. "All yellow and blue inside to blend with the sea outside." Equally attractive is life in the "villas," which at the Amelia Island Plantation is a generic term used for condominium apartments, town houses, bungalows. The 140 one-to-four-

bedroom villas with kitchens, the works, now ready, look out on dunes, woods, fairways, marshland. Especially quiet retreats, the one-bedroom Pool Villas overlooking acres of marshes have each a pool and deck, a little bridge for an entrance, and enormous privacy. ▽

What to know before you go

The nearest airport, thirty miles southwest of the Amelia Island Plantation, is the new International Airport at Jacksonville, Florida. (Private planes land at the Fernandino-Amelia Island Airport, five miles away from the Plantation.) . . . At the Plantation, casual clothes all year: In summer, beach and very cool things; in the fall and spring, plan for warm days, cool nights. For the sometimes freakish winters—the air can be surprisingly crisp—take woolens, raincoats. . . . Daily rates for villas including maid service range from \$50 to \$130. Weekly rates run about 30 percent less without maid service. At the Inn, count about \$60 a day for two persons in a double room.

For further information on Amelia Island Plantation, write *Vogue Travel*, Department AP, P.O. Box 3374, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.

Let there be Stallion Springs

Tucked in the Tehachapi Mountains—118 miles from Los Angeles—is a new four-season resort community: Stallion Springs.



Let there be an imposing guest lodge at the 4,000 foot elevation, overlooking an 18 hole championship length golf course, swimming pools, tennis courts, equestrian center, hiking areas and a bass-stocked lake.



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TERRY SHIRT JACKET The styling of a man's shirt. Buttons all the way down the front and on the cuffs. Stitched front placket, side slits, top pocket. Sparkling white all-cotton terry. Women's sizes: Sm(8-10), Med(12-14), Lg(16-18). **\$16.95**

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By Despina Messinesi

VOGUE TRAVEL

Mexico's desert-by-the-sea: sun-sure Cabo San Lucas, remote and rugged luxury

"The desert down to the sea, the clarity of the dry air, the promise of one of the world's great fishing banks, and privacy," is how one visitor described Cabo San Lucas in Baja California, Mexico. Baja California is that eight-hundred-mile sliver of Mexican territory extending south of the California border between the Pacific and the Gulf of California. Cabo San Lucas is the tip of the peninsula where the Pacific and the Gulf meet.

Cabo San Lucas is a conspiracy of light, air, green sea, and sand. The water, around 65 to 72 degrees, has a bite. In some hidden coves, the sea gently licks the soft, pale-pink sand. In others, the Pacific roller waves shatter themselves against the rocks guarding crescent spans of sand so coarse it works like a pumice stone on hands and feet. Wildflowers star the dry ground; scrub and twenty-foot-tall cacti grow next to bursts of bougainvillea and patches of lawns obviously planted and watered.

At Cabo, men in groups of four or six come to fish and shoot. Many, especially Californians, fly in for the weekend on their private planes. On this land's end, the only communication is a marine radio-telephone.

The newest hotel, the Finis-terra—a massive expanse of columns, arches, and broad steps—stands high on a rocky cliff above a vast stretch of sand—309 steps below. From air-conditioned suites with balconies, from the pool and the enormous terrace, you see nothing but the sea. New this year, a beach club reached by dune buggy or by car, where

you can spend the day, has a delicious buffet luncheon.

On the beach, the Camino Real hotel, standing in gardens with



fountains, combines a gentle Colonial style with a new wing built right into the dunes. Here, parents, without any strain, may watch their children at play.

The stunning Cabo San Lucas Hotel is on a barren promontory tamed by papayas, palms, and bougainvillea. Here, in addition to fishing, snorkeling, swimming—the pool is sensational—the big thing is tennis. In the evening, the place to be is on the oversized lanai terrace where mariachis play and guests sip margaritas and watch whales spouting, flying fish and dolphins playing. In the dining room, José, the maitre d', is apt to say, "We've got a wonderful catch of marlin or swordfish if it interests you." It does interest most guests along with freshly baked bread and good Mexican wine, especially the rosé. (Water, purified by the hotel, is no problem.)

GOOD TO KNOW. At any of the hotels, count about \$64 a day for two in a double room with all meals. All hotels have their own sport-fishing fleets. Take a hat with brim, dark glasses, kerchief for hair, sweater or shawl for the cool evenings. Casual, clean, unadorned clothes—shorts and bikinis for the day; caftans, pants at night. Aeromexico flies daily from Los Angeles to La Paz in 1 hour and 50 minutes. From La Paz, on a small scheduled airline, the flight to Cabo San Lucas airstrip is about 30 minutes; hotels pick up guests. By car the trip from La Paz is about three hours.

For information published by the Mexican National Tourist Council, write Vogue Travel, Department CB, P.O. Box 3374, Grand Central Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10017.

**"I'VE TRIED A HUNDRED
FRAGRANCES THAT PROMISED
ME WHAT ONLY
JÖVAN MUSK OIL DELIVERS."**



G. PLUCINSKI,
business executive

SEE PAGE 95

Most of the people who come here were recommended by most of the people who come here.

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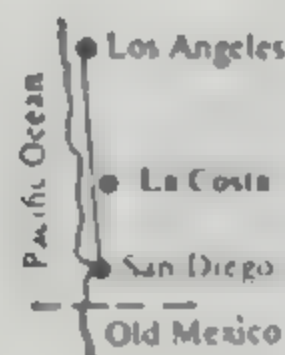
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On a Caribbean island, a brilliant Aegean sight: new resort, La Samanna



GUY BILLOUT

In the Caribbean, St. Martin is a smallish (thirty-seven square miles), green, sunlit island perpetually fanned by the trade winds, surrounded by cobalt sea and pale-gold beaches. From these, it rises to a central cluster of little green mountains—their tops decked with dollop-y white clouds—that look as though they'd just been painted by the Douanier Rousseau. . . .

Of all its marvelous beaches, the most sublime may be the one at Long Bay—a mile-and-a-half-long sweep of cool, white-gold coral sand, fringed with sea grape. Now, nestled into a crescent-shaped cove at one end of it is La Samanna, a new, enchanting place to stay.

A cluster of low, stark-white buildings with little blue towers, La Samanna looks like a small Greek fishing village, with a few Moorish overtones. It's built on many levels, with gardens, terraces, archways, steps, descending gently to the beach below (La Samanna spreads along 1,600 feet of it). It looks natural, romantic, unplanned—though it's actually been planned with great sensitivity to fit, beautifully, into its setting. . . . Its inspiration was an Aegean cruise taken a few years ago by the owner, James Frankel, and his French wife, Nicole—during which they “fell in love with Greece.” Their ideas were carried out by the famous Caribbean architects Robertson Ward Associates and Nicole Frankel herself handled most of the interior decorating.

Inside, the charm continues undimmed. Everything is bright, clean white, with a smash of pure color here and there—often,

strong blue or green (no watery pastels). Furniture is mainly natural straw and osiers. Pots and baskets of flowering and green plants are everywhere. . . . In the bar—where a giant rum punch is served in an outsize brandy snifter—the ceiling is an Indian canopy, like the top of a tent, embroidered with big, bold flowers and animals in red, green, yellow, black.

A few levels down is the swimming pool, attractively tiled, with a charming waterfall at one end. . . . And a few levels up again is the dining room, shaded by a thatch roof, open on three sides to the ravishing views. The cuisine is French, with a spicing of Creole.

La Samanna has its own tennis courts, sailboats, a boutique, great snorkeling just off-shore. The resort accommodates 180, housed as follows: in the main building are fourteen double rooms with private baths; then, scattered about in smaller buildings and villas set in gardens are forty-six other suites of one, two, or three bedrooms each. All have gleaming modern kitchens (a grocery shopping service is available); all have bright, reviving decor and glorious views. Each of the three-bedroom villas has two terraces—one sunny, one shaded. . . . Suites and villas can be rented or bought on a condominium basis. (Rental for two persons about \$60 a day without meals.)

La Samanna is on the French side of this half-French, half-Dutch island, but it's only ten minutes from the airport, which is on the Dutch side. KLM flies there direct; other airlines, via Miami or San Juan.

For further information on La Samanna and St. Martin, write Vogue Travel, Department LS, P.O. Box 3374, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.



THERE IS ONLY ONE JOY...THE COSTLIEST PERFUME IN THE WORLD

Opening up our world: Harold Prince in South Africa

The ongoing boycott of South Africa by dramatists, actors, and other theater producers seemed to Harold Prince—who brought his production of the Hugh Wheeler-booked, Leonard Bernstein-musicked *Candide* to Broadway in March to join his fourteen-month-old *A Little Night Music*—to be ineffective and unintelligent. "The Africans didn't miss the shows we refused to send to them; but, by going there, we might be able to do something positive."

The authors of two other Prince successes—*Fiddler on the Roof* and *Cabaret*—joined their producer in his plan to send the shows to South Africa, use profits to help Black and Colored artists who are members of Union Artists, an organization now based in Dorkay House in Johannesburg. Every ticket sold to the South African *Fiddler* and *Cabaret* was stamped with a statement of this intention. The six-year venture aided in the construction of the five-story building—where 135 adult students of drama, music, dance, and the visual arts have been trained—and also a project in the Black township Soweto, where 430 children have been exploring these arts.

Having accomplished all this from his base on Rockefeller Plaza, Harold Prince went to South Africa to see the results. Basing himself there in Johannesburg's lavish and modern Carlton Hotel, he saw a Union Artists' play and heard an excellent string orchestra of 111 Suzuki-method-trained musicians, none more than fifteen years old.

Food at the Carlton, Mr. Prince discovered, was elegantly French in the dining room, heartily Dutch in the coffee shop, sizzingly South American at an

open grill. Diversity comes from South Africa's international population mix—expands in the double-deck shopping center *under* the hotel, where import shopping and national foods also include Malay, Chinese . . . on and on. The young people in Johannesburg—some with motorcycles—come from all over the world, keep things jumping in the Hillbrow district, where pizzas and hot dogs can be found.

Flying down to Capetown (he found the South African national airline excellent), Harold Prince saw the city's handsome Dutch Colonial houses and enjoyed the diversity of its beaches: one can swim in the "freezing-cold" Atlantic or—a ten-minute drive away—bathe in the warm and gentle Indian Ocean on Muizenberg Beach, a twenty-mile stretch of sand that is uninterrupted by a single building.

Just outside Capetown, Mr. Prince delighted in the eighteenth-century Dutch town of Stellenbosch, restored with beautiful dignity and no cutesy costumes or silly charades. This was accomplished by Dr. Anton Rupert, who has also provided there one of the best small contemporary museums, with most selective and delicious collections of international sculpture, painting.

Off again in a twin-engine plane, Hal Prince experienced his first safari in the MalaMala Game Reserve, bordering Kruger National Park in Transvaal. This choice spot can accommodate just thirty people in private huts, gets them up at 5:00 A.M. and out by 6:00 to see the glamorous animals: they are all there—lions, elephants, giraffes, baboons, water buffalo, the myriad varieties of antelope. No better wind-up for an African exploration. ▽

Flying the South African Way

Crossing the Atlantic, from New York to Johannesburg, South African Airways flies 707's; leaving every Saturday at 7:00 P.M., stopping at Sal Island in the Cape Verdes, and landing on Sunday at 4:40 P.M. local time (it's still 10:40 A.M. in New York). Monday's flight goes by way of Rio de Janeiro in Brazil, and it's possible to return through Europe, perhaps Athens and London—or do it the other way around. Round-trip fares at the peak season, June 1–August 31: 14- to 45-day excursion (as many as six stops), \$1,073, including tax; economy fare, \$1,485. First class, all year, \$2,079.

For further information, write Vogue Travel, Department SA, P.O. Box 3374, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.



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You're Too Young To Look So Old

It can happen so easily. Your life is brimming over with family fun, a little travel with your man, rewarding community work, perhaps even a part-time job. Life is so fascinating you hardly notice your appearance. You feel vital and aglow, and you simply assume you look that way.

Not necessarily. Look at yourself closely, honestly, in the mirror in bright morning light. Really, don't you look older than you wish? Probably older than you need to. But there's no reason to panic.

Women in many distant countries have faced this problem. Then, from Australia to Sweden and beyond, fortunate women uncovered the secret benefits of a unique beauty lotion, especially formulated by beauty researchers to help women look their youngest.

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You're too young to look even one day older than you are. Especially since with Oil of Olay your complexion could so easily look younger than now.

Beauty Hints

Women who live a fast-paced life, often shower, then towel briskly. If this is your pattern, next time, pat yourself nearly dry, and apply Oil of Olay on your still-moist skin. Then ten minutes of feet-up rest. You can't help looking and feeling refreshed after such a relaxing routine.

* * *

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The Silver Meteor. New York—Miami.

★★★★½

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The Coast Daylight/Starlight. Los Angeles—Seattle.

★★★★½

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The North Coast Hiawatha. Chicago—Seattle.

★★★★

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The Empire Builder. Chicago—Seattle.

★★★★

An alternative route leading to Spokane's Expo—cutting through the northernmost part of the U.S. and passing straight through the spectacular million-acre Ice-Age leftover: Glacier Park in Montana—gigantic black, snow-covered rocks fringed by green Alpine meadows. Dome lounge car . . . reserved full-view dome coaches. The Empire Builder exits Chicago early afternoons, arrives Seattle two mornings later.

The Sunset Limited. New Orleans—Los Angeles.

★★★★

A serene all-day ride across Texas steppes, New Mexico deserts, straight into the Arizona sunset . . . carries a through sleeping car from New York (with a little assist from the Southern Crescent) . . . no dome car, but excellent equipment all the way . . . scenic surprise: the mysterious and seldom-seen bayou country of Louisiana—cypresses hung with Spanish moss, blue water hyacinths, shrimp boats on the lazy waters, drawbridges . . . leaves New Orleans Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays; arrives L.A. early two mornings later.

The San Francisco Zephyr. Chicago—Denver—San Francisco.

★★★½

No speedster, but four-star scenery much of the way. Doze off in Iowa, wake up in Colorado, and have breakfast with the Rockies for a backdrop . . . the real hair-raiser of this trek, however: the awesome crossing of California's Sierra Nevada mountains at Donner Pass—cobalt Donner Lake below, lonely Sierra summits above . . . dome car for viewing. The San Francisco Zephyr leaves Chicago late afternoons, arrives Denver the next morning and Oakland/San Francisco two afternoons later.

The Montrealer. Washington—New York—Montreal.

★★★

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(Continued on page 200)

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By Francesco Waldner

VOGUE HOROSCOPE

IF YOU WERE BORN WHEN THE SUN WAS IN TAURUS: Jupiter and Saturn's powerful alliance guarantees successful handling of all your enterprises. Business as well as domestic affairs will run with efficiency. Your financial situation will steadily improve and form a solid basis for the future. People will feel at ease in the warm atmosphere of your hospitable, comfortable home. Venus will enrich your emotional life; the happiest times are from September 10 to October and from December 14 to the end of the year. Critical periods when you need to take extra care of your health are June 10 to the end of July and November 1 to December 10.

Aries MARCH 21—APRIL 20

Venus in your sign, from the 5th to the end of the month, brings a positive influence. A love affair may develop suddenly, but Mars warns not to be over-impulsive. Don't be tempted by forbidden fruit or ignore difficulties arising on the 3rd, 4th, and the weekend of the 10th-12th. A good Mercury influx from the 13th through the 29th could help you assess the situation. Don't let delays on the 24th, 25th, 30th, or 31st irritate you; you can catch up later. **My advice:** Don't neglect your health. Make the most of lucky days on the 8th, 9th, 26th, and 27th.

Taurus APRIL 21—MAY 20

You should be able to solve all problems: a good Jupiter influence helps both economic and practical matters. Make agreements, arrangements and deal with correspondence early in the month. Don't overlook opportunities that arise the first two days, but avoid discussions on the 5th-7th. Go out of your way to show gratitude to people who help you. Be diplomatic on the 13th and 14th, even in your private life. In your emotional life, the moon brings excellent days on the 10th-12th, 28th and 29th. A good time for journeys and visits. **My advice:** Be more receptive to new ideas.

Gemini MAY 21—JUNE 21

A brilliant period with many new ideas (particularly from the 13th, when Mercury is in your sign) brings success and new friends. Be careful: Jupiter, in conflict with your Sun, may cause complications through misplaced confidence and extravagance. Don't listen to incompetent advice. Be careful with legal matters. Difficult days are the 1st, 2nd, 15th, 16th, 28th, and 29th; don't be too ambitious or get involved in hazardous projects. **My advice:** Make the most of happy Moon aspects on the 3rd, 4th, 13th, 14th, 31st.

Cancer JUNE 22—JULY 22

Due to the contradictory influence of Mars and Saturn in your sign, you will be tempted to rush to conclusions but should hesitate and think things over. Don't be thrown off course. Take the middle path, trust your intuition to guide you. The general trend is upward. Stick to your opinions on the 3rd and 4th; the 5th-7th, friends will support you. Don't worry on the 10th-12th and the 31st; everything can be resolved. There may be emotional problems. **My advice:** Avoid misunderstandings on the 17th-19th and make the most of good aspects on the 15th and 16th.

Leo JULY 23—AUGUST 23

A pleasant, satisfactory month, although an adverse Mercury influence until the 12th may give rise to slight money problems or a professional dispute. When Mercury changes position on the 13th, you will be able to make the right clear-cut decisions. With Venus in an excellent aspect to your Sun, you will also be successful in your emotional life. Make the most of happy times on the 3rd, 4th, 8th, 9th, and the weekend of the 17th-19th. **My advice:** Take care of your health, especially during the first three weeks of the month.

(Continued on page 94)

**"I WORE JÖVAN MUSK OIL
BECAUSE I THOUGHT IT WOULD
HELP ME GET MARRIED.
BUT IT GOT ME A LOT
MORE THAN THAT."**



V. KOHN,
college student

SEE PAGE 95



In 1912, rising star Mary Ashcroft attempted to smoke a cigarette during a break in filming "The Sheik Comes Home." Unfortunately, the Sheik came home.



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Confusion The reason so many women use Delfen is that it's such a simple, unconfusing form of birth control. There's nothing to be measured and no prescription. There's only one step. The only device is the applicator. There's nothing to figure out, no days to count and nothing to wonder about. Just use it every time. If you follow the instructions, it's hard to make a mistake.

Effectiveness While no contraceptive is guaranteed fool-proof, a research study conducted in ten separate centers does indicate Delfen to be highly effective. Out of a total of 857 women, only 8 became pregnant when using Delfen regularly. Even when used irregularly, only 10 more became pregnant.

Delfen coats the entire cervix with one of the most effective spermicidal ingredients known. Delfen Foam is recommended by doctors.



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VOGUE HOROSCOPE Continued from page 92

Virgo AUGUST 24—SEPTEMBER 23

Mercury, ruler of your sign, is on your side until the 12th, then his attitude will change. Take particular care in what you do, say, and write. You have powerful planets in the house of friendship so you will always have good advice, protection, and help. Don't lose confidence on the 8th, 9th, 22nd, and 23rd in an argument with your family or other people. Good days in your emotional life and for seeing the person you love are the 10th-12th, 20th and 21st. Entertain and accept invitations on the 15th and 16th. **My advice:** Take extra care of your health after the 22nd.

Libra SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23

Minor difficulties lie ahead, but you will be able to overcome them with ease. Don't worry if a good business opportunity is lost, but guard against deception, speculation, and bargains that may turn out to be the reverse. You will need all your self-control on the 10th-12th to deal with a narrow-minded person. Be very polite because that same person could be important to you in the future. Try to work with young, enthusiastic people. Don't brood on a love affair on the 17th-19th. **My advice:** Make the most of good opportunities on the 13th, 14th, 22nd, and 23rd.

Scorpio OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 22

Crowded eventful days and, for some, a sensational meeting that brings luck. A good time for new projects that bring satisfaction and attention from others. Excellent financial opportunities. Good days for meeting people and for discussions are the 15th and 16th when the Moon is in conjunction with Jupiter. Other good days are the 24th and 25th when the Moon, Mars, and Saturn are all favorable. Minor quarrels during the first part of the month; overcome your ill-founded jealousy. **My advice:** Go on holiday; you could be tense and nervous until the 22nd.

Sagittarius NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 21

Friends and relations are all helpful and everything seems set for success. It would be hard to find fault with your life and work, but in spite of that something is lacking. Perhaps Jupiter is negative to your Sun, or Mercury could hamper your plans from the 13th. Your Venus aspect is excellent and your emotional life brings great consolation. You have very hopeful Moon aspects on the 17th-19th, 26th and 27th. Don't start new projects on the 15th, 16th, 28th, or 29th. **My advice:** Be guided by your intelligence.

Capricorn DECEMBER 22—JANUARY 20

You need all your powers of concentration this month. Wise investments and good opportunities may come your way, but don't be surprised if Mars and Saturn upset your plans. There may be changes you don't like. Circumstances beyond your control hinder one of your projects. Good luck with authority and the law. Don't lose your temper on the 3rd, 4th, 30th, and 31st. Make the most of your favorable days on the 1st, 2nd, 20th, 21st, 28th, and 29th. Your emotional life shows inconsistencies. **My advice:** Look after your health and be helpful on the 17th-19th.

Aquarius JANUARY 21—FEBRUARY 18

A month of possibilities. Discuss one of your projects on the 3rd or 4th with someone who could be helpful. Consider whether you should travel and meet people in order to come to a decision. The second part of the month is better for talking things over; relatives and close friends will be helpful. Your best days for traveling and making appointments are the 22nd, 23rd, 30th, and 31st. An unexpected visit and happy days in your emotional life will bring particular pleasure. **My advice:** Use good judgment and you will be successful.

Pisces FEBRUARY 19—MARCH 20

A wonderful month for Pisceans if they can grasp opportunities. Mercury is on your side only until the 12th. After that guard against pilfering and dishonesty. Don't be intimidated on the 8th or 9th or worried that things may go wrong on the 22nd or 23rd. Minor upsets can't harm you: you are in calm waters now and doing well. Even financial problems seem to be solved, but don't lend money. Enjoyable days with the person you love on the 5th-7th, 24th and 25th. **My advice:** Take extra care in your emotional life on the 1st, 2nd, 28th, and 29th.

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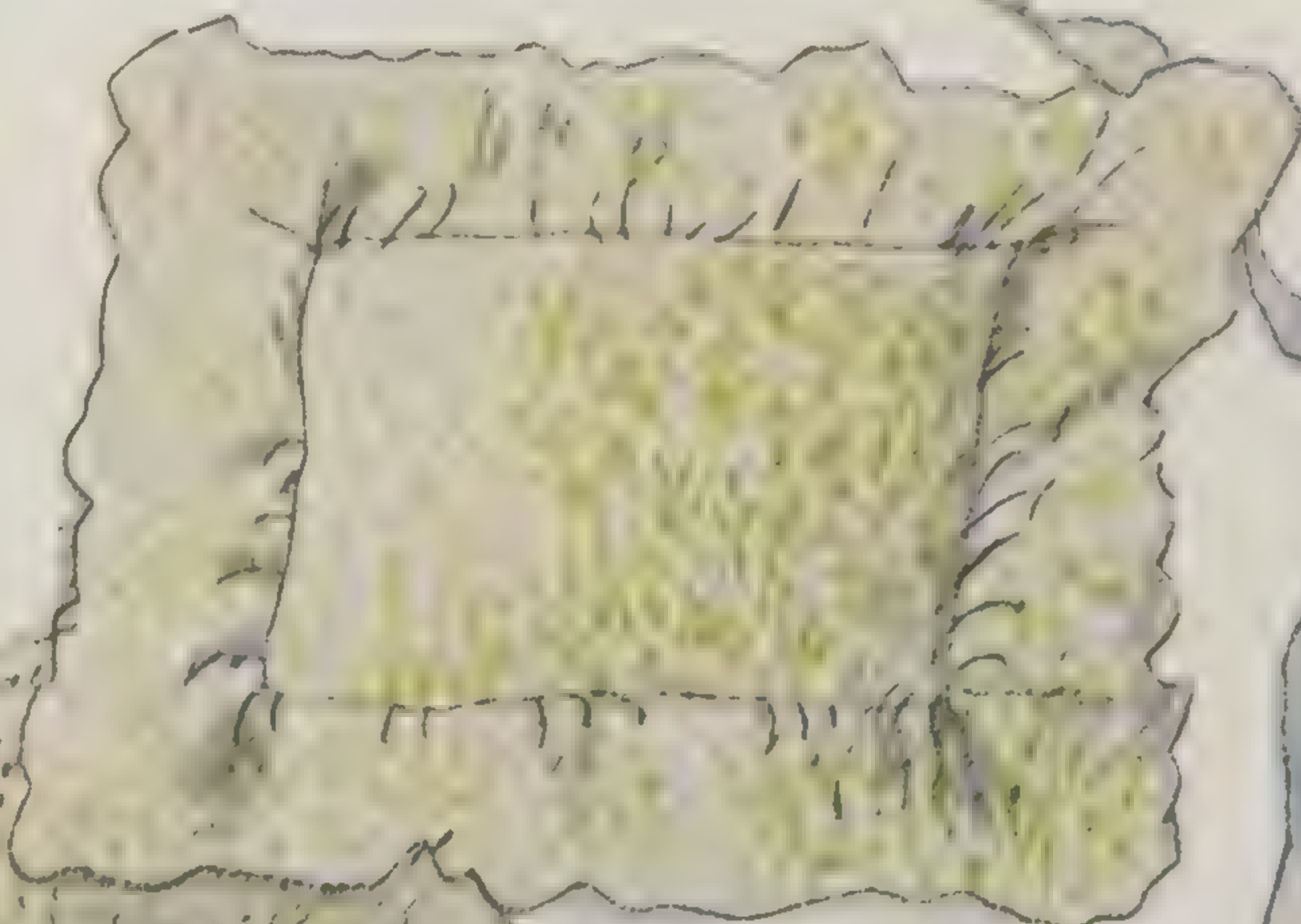
Musk Oil Perfume, 1/3 fl. oz. \$5.00. Also available in Musk Oil Cologne Spray Mist 2 oz. \$4.50 value for \$3.00.
Musk Oil Gift Set (perfume and cologne) \$9.50 value for \$7.50, Musk Bath Oil 4 fl. oz. \$5.00, Musk Oil Dusting Powder 5 oz. \$5.00

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Gloria Vanderbilt for Atelier Martex. A special-edition collection of couture bed linen.



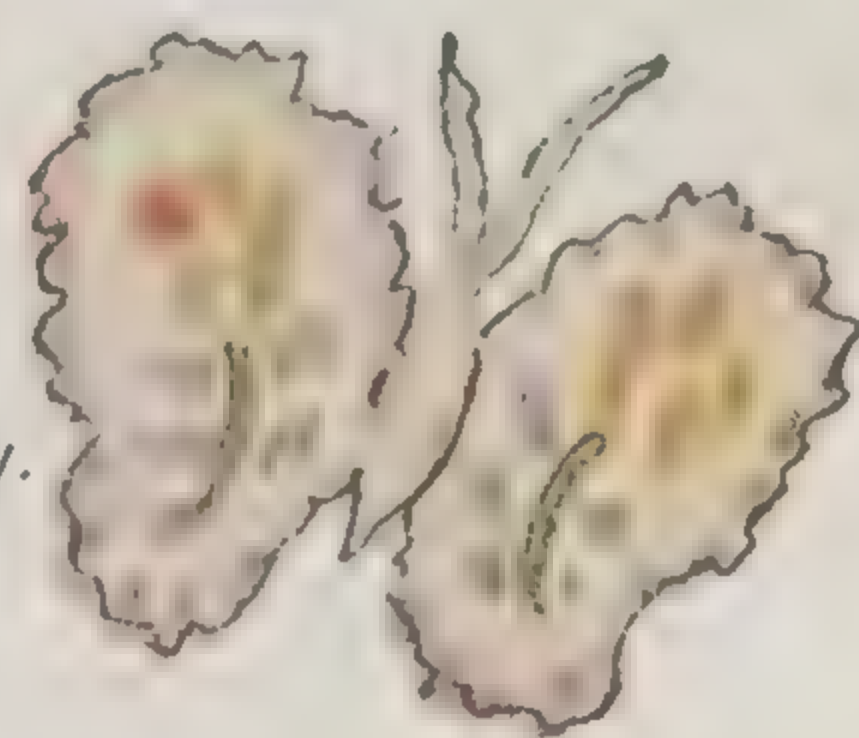
The Victorian Bouquet.



Ruffled sham
in the Flowerfield print.



Detail: A hem, softened with lace.



The Paisley Butterfly.

An Atelier bedroom.



Gloria Vanderbilt's special memories expressed precisely in an utterly fetching collection of couture bed linen for Atelier Martex.[®] A few minutes with the exquisite prints and you'll quickly get the sense of another, more gentle era. This heirloom character is achieved by contrasting clear, crisp colors against soft ecru, French rose or misty blue grounds. In a room, the look is pure romance. The complete edition is in no-iron percale of 50% Dacron[®] polyester and 50% cotton. Martex knows: your passion for the past is coupled with a cool eye for practicality.

Atelier Martex '74

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All come on super-rich, in the grand style of the roaring 20's.

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Just say Gatsby sent you.

what to
see, read, listen to,
and watch for . . .

VOGUE-RATED tip-offs UPFRONT art

★★★★ **Gris and Miró: Spanish Stars of the School of Paris:** If you love modern art, jet to Paris this month for major retrospectives of two of the three Spanish stars of the School of Paris (the other, of course, being Picasso). Coincidentally honored at the Orangerie—where *Juan Gris's* severe Synthetic Cubist still-lives are on view to July 1—and at the Grand Palais—where *Joan Miró's* prolific creativity in drawing, painting, sculpture, assemblage, collage will delight spectators from now until October 14—the two at last receive their proper accolades from their adopted city.

If you get to Paris before May 13, you can also catch the exhibition of *Edvard Munch*, the tortured Norwegian precursor of Expressionism, at the Musée National d'Art Moderne.



"Before and After, 3" painting by Andy Warhol; collection, Whitney Museum of American Art.

★★★★ **American Pop Art:** The style that started the nostalgia for the passing fancies of popular culture responsible for the current obsession with the 'fifties, its styles, fashions, and artifacts, *Pop Art* is being tested for its long-term validity in a whopping New York show at the Whitney Museum of American Art until June 16. Will Pop last? One hopes so, at least for the sake of Lawrence Alloway, who rose to prominence in London as Pop's leading polemicist and is responsible for this exhibition and its catalog. Certainly the works

on view by such artists as Rivers, Rauschenberg, Johns, Lichtenstein, Oldenburg, Bengston, Ruscha, *et al.* have been around longer than their detractors ever dreamed possible. It will be interesting to see if time adds patina or just dust to Pop's reputation.

★★★★ **African Summer:** First it was Brancusi and the Cubists who went wild for African art. Now everybody is interested in ritual and magic, and there is renewed curiosity about primitive art. This time, however, focus is on its cultural meaning rather than on its raw forms. Until September 8, New York's Museum of Primitive Art will explore the themes of *Power, Fortune, and Euphoria*—shared obsessions of primitive and today's "civilized" societies—augmenting objects with photographs and texts. Even more ambitious is the audiovisual presentation of *African Art and Motion* at The National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., where more than 150 ritual objects will be accompanied by sound films, costumed mannequins, and other razzle-dazzle displays until September 22.

—BARBARA ROSE

books

★★★★ **Evelyn Waugh and His World**, edited by David Pryce-Jones (Little, Brown). Rude, eccentric, uncivilized, but pretending and believing himself to be the very portrait of a civilized English aristocratic man of letters, the late Evelyn Waugh, with his bulgy eyes, emery-board tongue, his comic but actual cruelty, comes through as an engrossing character in this sixteen-sided image by his contemporaries. Pryce-Jones wrote in his introduction: "Towards the end of his life he was stout, a little deaf, with that famous ear-trumpet, and thoroughly intimidating. There was something phenomenal about the apparition of England's most distinguished contemporary

novelist, this cham, this sacred monster." Among other delights, the book gives this instantaneous cure for flu prescribed for Waugh, who took it: "a dozen oysters and a pint of fizz."

★★★★ **Working: People Talk About What They Do All Day and How They Feel About What They Do**, by Studs Terkel (Pantheon). Nothing holds these workers together except work. For the most part, they are also bonded by rage, miseries, and a curious freedom, their speech like that of young Thomas Carlyle, "copious and bizarre."

Terkel's workers include a housewife, farmer, jazz musician, miner, fireman, woman schoolteacher, stockbroker, airline stewardess, woman hospital aide, and dozens more. To let us understand them, Terkel wisely writes mini-profiles of each one, then lets them rip. Fury is high, contentment rare.

One of the special happy ones is Sarah Houghton, a private-school librarian in New Jersey. Ex-newspaper reporter, ex-television producer, she entered library school as "a second chance," at forty-six, spent four years there to qualify for her new life. Ms. Houghton told Terkel: "I feel free as a bird. I'm in a unique position because I'm the boss. . . . My father was a mechanical engineer, hated every day of it. . . . I don't think I could ever really retire. There's not enough time." —ALLEN TALMEY

movies

★★★★ **Love and Anarchy** is a *quattro quasar* in my opinion . . . almost a masterpiece. To think it a masterpiece, I would have had to understand Italian. As it was, just seeing the movie and reading the subtitles brought me that special high one gets when moved by a singular vision. Written and directed by a woman, Lina Wertmuller (who lives and works in Rome and is Italian), the film has strength, beauty, and political viewpoint. In making this movie set in a brothel during the reign of Il Duce, Wertmuller drew on



theater

Above, the ANDREWS SISTERS: Patty, middle; Maxene, right; plus Janie Sell, left. Mix them all together, add a boogie-woogie bugle-call score by the Shermans (masters of pastiche), string it on a book by Will Holt who can turn up the serious side of corn while making you jive with unexpected joy, get Patricia Birch to get her dancers doing it shake-shake-shake, hold-tight, the way they did it in those wartime '40's, and you know what you've got? OVER HERE! A pure pleasure of a Broadway musical. And be sure to hang around for the curtain calls: that's when Patty and Maxene give out with their oldies—and, surprisingly, so do you: whooping all the way.—LL.

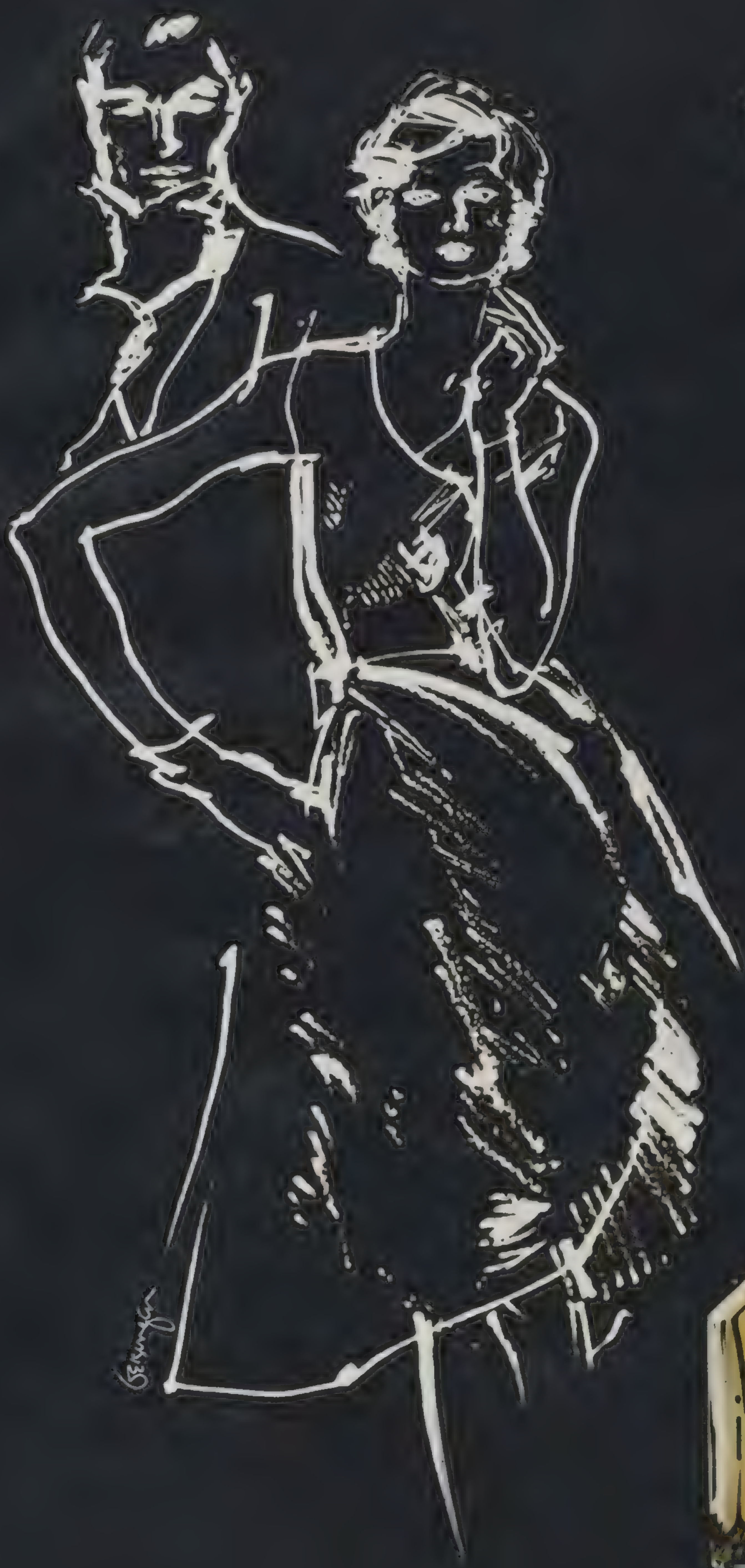
her experience as Fellini's assistant in filming *8½* to cast fantastic looking and marvelously performing actors. Giancarlo Giannini, who plays the anarchist (who comes to Rome to kill Il Duce to avenge the murder of an old friend of his), won the "Best Actor" award for his role in this film at the Cannes Film Festival in 1973. The others, who play prostitutes as human beings, are Mariangela Melato and Lina Polito. Piazzas like those of De Chirico and Carra, real but abstract, exist in *Love and Anarchy* as indifferent architecture of cold light and waiting marble from which the blood of innocent people has been mopped clean without a trace. If you haven't seen someone die for a cause lately (in the movies of course), see *Love and Anarchy*.

—ROSALYN DREXLER

CLUB COMEBACK

They say it with music and humor, these clubs which are all-a-surge, East Coast and West. In Manhattan the hubdub's most potent at RENO SWEENEY in the West Village, 126 West 13th Street. This curiously down-to-earth club has a tongue-in-cheek swank, also spawns the offbeat comer voices, comics: Novella Nelson, Ellen Greene, Lee Horwin, Linda Hopkins; Michael Moriarty, Diane Keaton, and Rosalyn Drexler have been and sung on Audition-Showcase Night, always a Monday. You can also eat: foodstuffs like "Hawaiian Chicken." Then, in The Paradise Room you can eat "more dinner-y food" and listen and look and delight.

—LEO LERMAN



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you
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VOGUE HEALTH

The facts about fat, pills that rob your food, and a red flag on choosing your own drugs

How fat is too fat?

Much propaganda about overweight goes far beyond scientific justification, says Dr. Ancel Keys, world-renowned nutritionist and professor emeritus at the University of Minnesota's Laboratory of Physiological Hygiene. People should not worry or feel guilty if they are a few pounds above "desirable" weight or the average weight for their height. Dr. Keys disagrees with life-insurance height-weight tables, which he thinks are both unscientific and misleading. For example, the majority of professional football players are greatly overweight according to such tables, but these athletes are not fat. In contrast, many sedentary people who are within "desirable" weight levels truly are overfat, when their excess adipose tissue is measured scientifically.

Another widely held belief Dr. Keys wants to put to rest is that excess weight by itself is a cause of heart attacks. Not so, says Dr. Keys. The clear-cut risk factors for heart attack and stroke are

blood cholesterol, cigarette smoking, and high blood pressure; overweight may accompany these, but by itself it has little statistical influence on the risk of coronary heart disease. The important fact: obesity very often keeps company with high blood pressure, which is indeed dangerous. And overweight people can often lower blood pressure by losing weight.

Dr. Keys emphasizes that he does not approve or encourage being fat: "Obesity is esthetically repugnant; it is uncomfortable and impedes motion; it is hard on clothes and furniture. Fat people are prone to accidents, and adult-onset diabetes is more common in those who are fat than in thin people. In abdominal surgery, a thick panniculus (an apron of fat on the stomach) causes trouble." Nuisance and burden though it is, excess body fat needs to be understood, Dr. Keys believes, not as a primary health threat but as a problem that may be associated with high-priority risk factors.

Diet pills and the risk of cancer

Don't dose yourself with diet pills unless you have your doctor's advice. Some preliminary research has shown that there may be a sixfold risk increase for Hodgkin's disease, a form of cancer, in people who have used amphetamines. Dr. Guy R. Newell and Dr. Brian E. Henderson of the National Cancer Institute, who made the study, believe it will influence doctors to judge carefully the relative value before prescribing amphetamines. Further study is required before the cancer risk factor is clear, but this early report adds another score against nonmedical use of amphetamines.

Don't become a penicillin popper

If you feel that you're "coming down with something" and have an antibiotic medicine left from an earlier illness, can you fend off the new infection by taking a dose or so? Please don't, said Dr. Robert H. Alford, chief of infectious diseases at the Nashville Veterans Administration Hospital. Repeated small doses of penicillin or other antibiotic may sensitize you so that, later, should you really need the antibiotic, it won't be useful because you will be allergic to it. If you have a serious infection and have already taken some antibiotic medication before you see your doc-

Medicines can steal from your food

Taking certain medicines—no matter how helpful they are—over a long period of time can cause gaps in your nutrition, according to Dr. Daphne A. Roe, associate professor at Cornell University. Some medications curb the appetite, causing general under-nutrition; others cause malabsorption of nutrients in the small intestine; and still others set off increased requirements for such things as vitamins.

Oral contraceptives may call for increased intake of folic acid, a B-complex vitamin, and vitamin B₆; decreased tissue levels of vitamin C may take place in women who are on the Pill, too. Methotrexate, used in treating some forms of leukemia and psoriasis, also can cause folic-acid deficiency, says Dr. Roe. Neomycin, a well-known antibiotic, may interfere with bile-acid metabolism, causing losses of fats and such fat-soluble vitamins as A, K, and D. In high doses, the antibiotic may cause malabsorption of a broad range of nutrients, including amino acids and minerals. A similar problem can arise with the chemical compound cholestyramine, used to control high blood cholesterol. Since these medications are often essential for treating disease, managing the nutritional side effects is part of the doctor's responsibility, thinks Dr. Roe. When needed, supplementary vitamins or other nutrients should be included in treatment; and if a drug causes actual malabsorption, the physician may need to supply lacking vitamins by injection.

If it's bad for bacteria, can it be good for people?

Chemicals added to foods to prevent spoilage may work the same way on body cells as they do on food-spoiling bacteria, a Washington, D.C., scientist has found. Dr. Thazepadath Sreevalsan, a microbiologist directing the research, says some antibacterial additives used in beverages, pies, ice cream, and canned and frozen foods are also able to inhibit cell growth and to destroy cells in samples of human tissue and other animal cells. These damaging effects have been proven only in laboratory cultures so far, the doctor added, and it is possible that the living animal may have some detoxifying power; but he urged caution against eating large quantities of foods that contain liberal amounts of such additives as butyrates, propionates, sorbate, parabens, nitrites, hexanoates, and decanoates.



MARTHA VOUTAS

Coming: a real sunburn cure

Of course you know that you should never, never deliberately expose your skin to sunlight long enough to cause a severe sunburn; but if—heaven forbid—you should have such a burn, the medical research of Dr. Diane Snyder of the dermatology department of the University of Miami School of Medicine may come to the rescue. Knowing how the skin's enzyme system reacts to sunlight by producing prostaglandin, a natural fatty acid, Dr. Snyder deduced that therapy to inhibit the enzyme action might reduce inflammation. She found indomethacin, an anti-inflammatory drug, was effective when applied as lotion to the burned skin area: sunburn pain, heat, and redness were relieved within hours; blisters and burn damage failed to develop. Even the suntan stayed intact. Dr. Snyder's solution won't appear on your drugstore counter this year—the required testing and clinical trials are still going on; but if the tests prove the remedy safe and free of side effects, you'll be able to pack serious-sunburn relief in your first-aid kit in the future.



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for
the
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White Shoulders

Evyan Perfumes, Inc.

Background: Ladies in waiting to Empress Eugenie — Winterhalter Painting from the Royal Collection, Buckingham Palace, London.

VOGUE BOUTIQUE



THE KEY TO SUN-DAYS...

UNCLUTTERED IS THE CLINCHER! **1.** Easy-dressing . . . indigo-striped muslin slide of a dress to wear with a soft straw hat, hemp sandals. Dress, \$22. Andrea for Grecophilia, 1143 First Avenue, N.Y.C. **2.** Sun-skirt . . . blue-and-white-striped cotton wrap skirt, \$30. Greek Island Ltd., 215 East 49 Street, N.Y.C. Chalk-white T-shirt, silk-screened with a '30's tennis-playing lady, \$9. Ruby T Ltd. at Wendy's Store, 1046 Madison Avenue, N.Y.C.

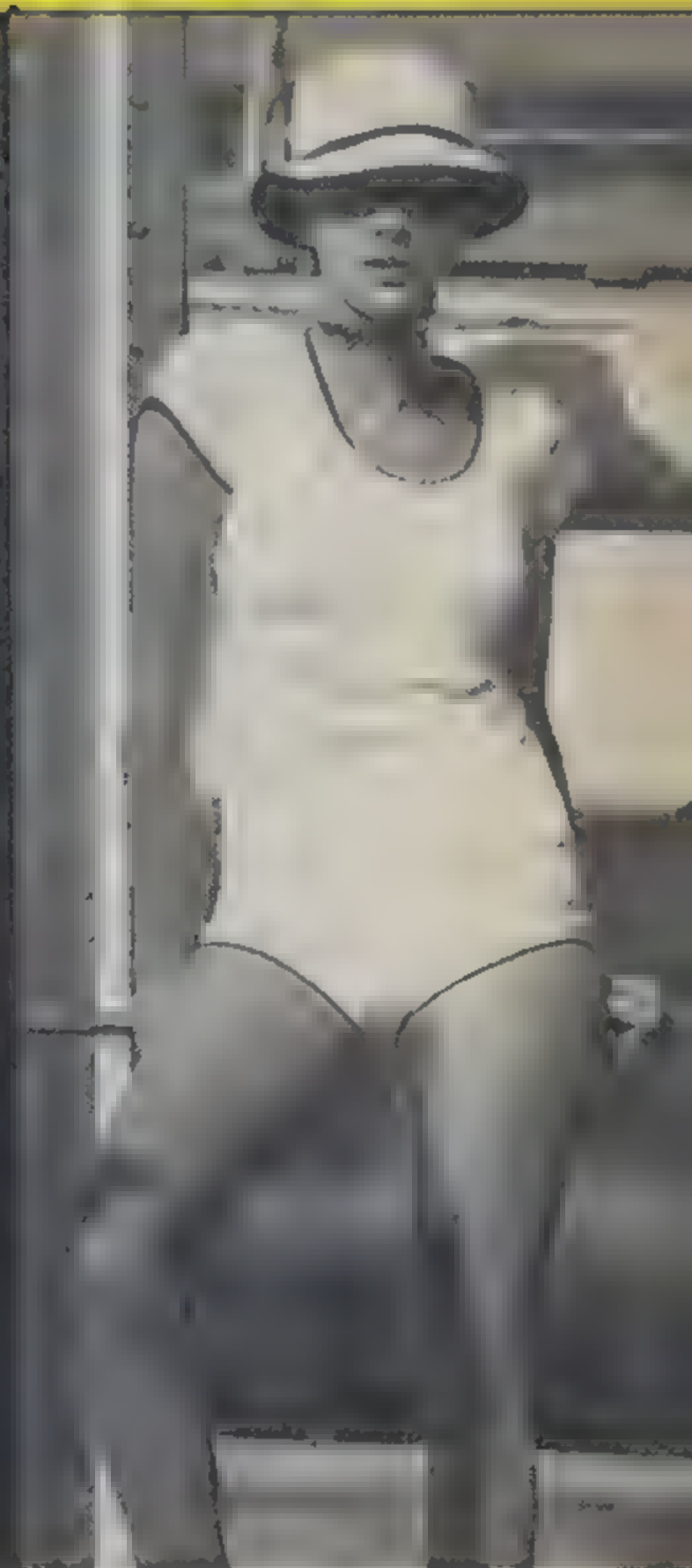


PERFECT!

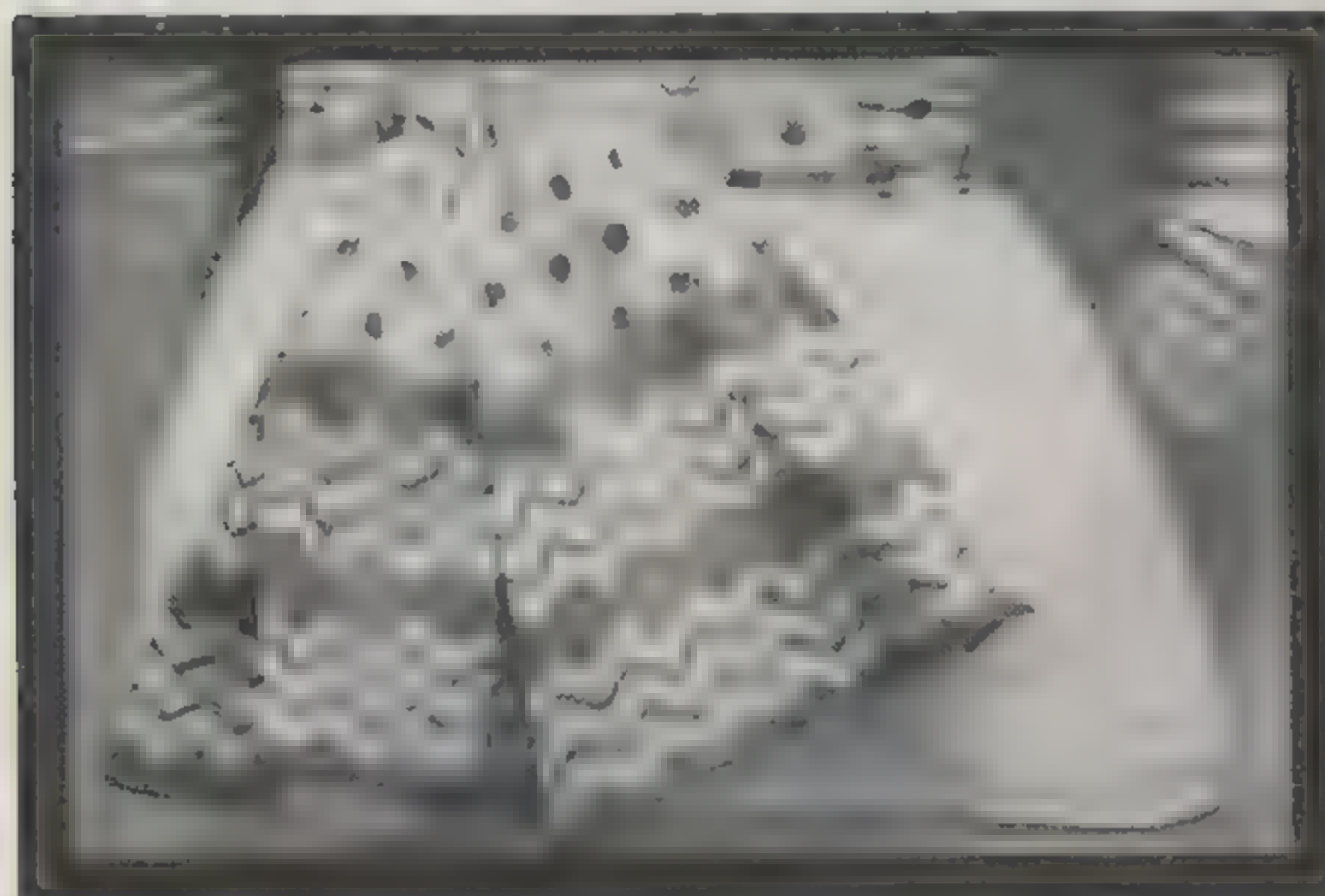
3. The White Trouser to Own! Thin-cotton, cut like jeans, \$35. T-shirt, multi-striped cotton lisle and reed-narrow, \$15. Both, Madonna, 223 E. 60 St., N.Y.C. The Touch: white ballet slippers! **4.** For sunning . . . white pinstripes on washed-blue Greek fisherman T-shirt, \$12. Grecophilia, 1143 First Ave., N.Y.C.



TO HAVE FOR HOTTEST SUN-DAYS . . . white terrycloth T-shirt and matching shorts both thinly banded in navy. Add: a tiny printed cotton neck scarf. Fulton Supply Co.'s navy-and-white sailing hat. T-shirt, \$16; shorts, \$14. By Cathy Hardwick, at Bloomingdale's (Lexington Level).



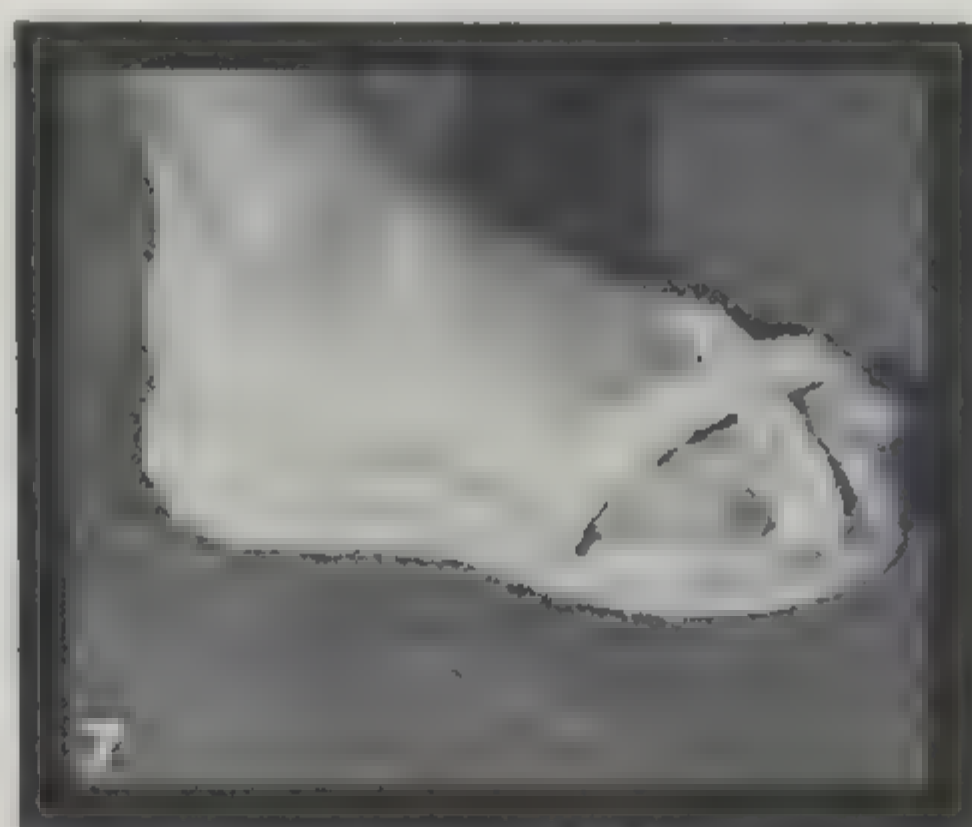
TO HAVE FOR MAY!



The scarf . . . white and pale-peach cotton-gauze to wrap anywhere . . . **\$1.** From a great collection of colors and sizes. At Tibetan Arts & Crafts, 693 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.

MAY TOUCHES...DELICIOUS!

5. Suntanned-apricot is the color and it's the sexiest maillot in town! Carved to "there" for sunning . . . (and more smashing, wrap a silk sarong skirt over it for sun-evenings!). \$12. Capezio, 1855 Broadway, N.Y.C. **6.** Sun-charm . . . straw-colored Colombian hemp woven and fringed parasol, \$35. Sermoneta, 251 E. 77 St., N.Y.C. To Add: a tiny Tibetan cotton neck scarf, a chalk-white straw hat . . . \$25. By Lipp at Henri Bendel.



MAY

sandal to wear for every kind of sun-dressing . . . **7.** Woven hemp straw-colored crisscrossed sandals from Colombia. **\$10.** Sermoneta, 251 E. 77 St., N.Y.C.

SUN-LOOK





ZADIG

Fr. Emilio Pucci

...the perfume of a thousand and one nights...



VOGUE BOUTIQUE

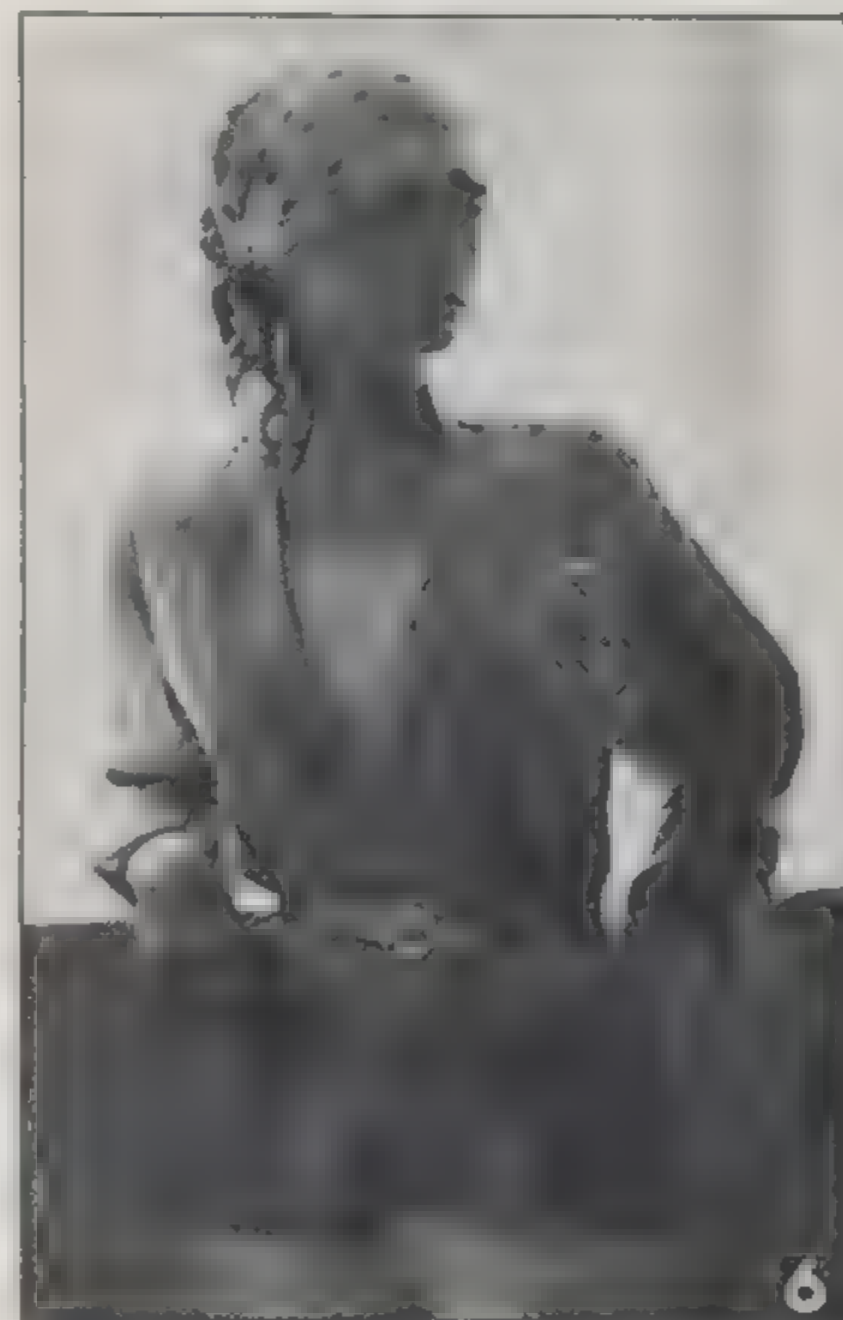


THE PERFECT SWEATER! . . . The shape: carved clean. The color: pale string natural cotton. The way to wear it . . . white cotton trousers, a white straw hat—"BASTA!" Sweater, \$20, by Andrea for Grecophilia, 1143 First Avenue, New York City.

Shorts and trouser dressing . . .

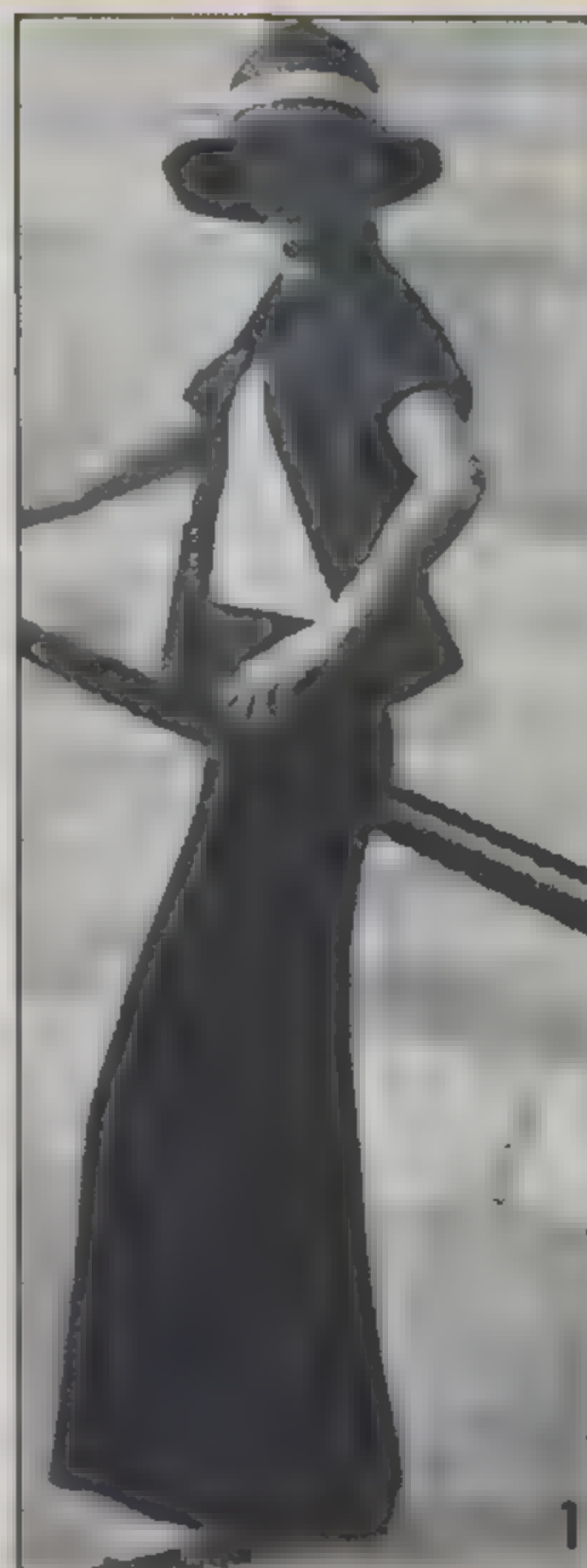
6. Mexican peasant workshirt of thin washed-blue cotton (\$9, Mexican Art Annex, 23 W. 56 St., N.Y.C.), hemp-belted over a lace-trimmed "undershirt" (\$7, Cinnamon for Lady Lynn at Bloomingdale's). **7.** Narrow stone-grey cotton three-button shirt (\$11, Spectrum India, 386 Fifth Ave., New York).

SUN SHIRTS!

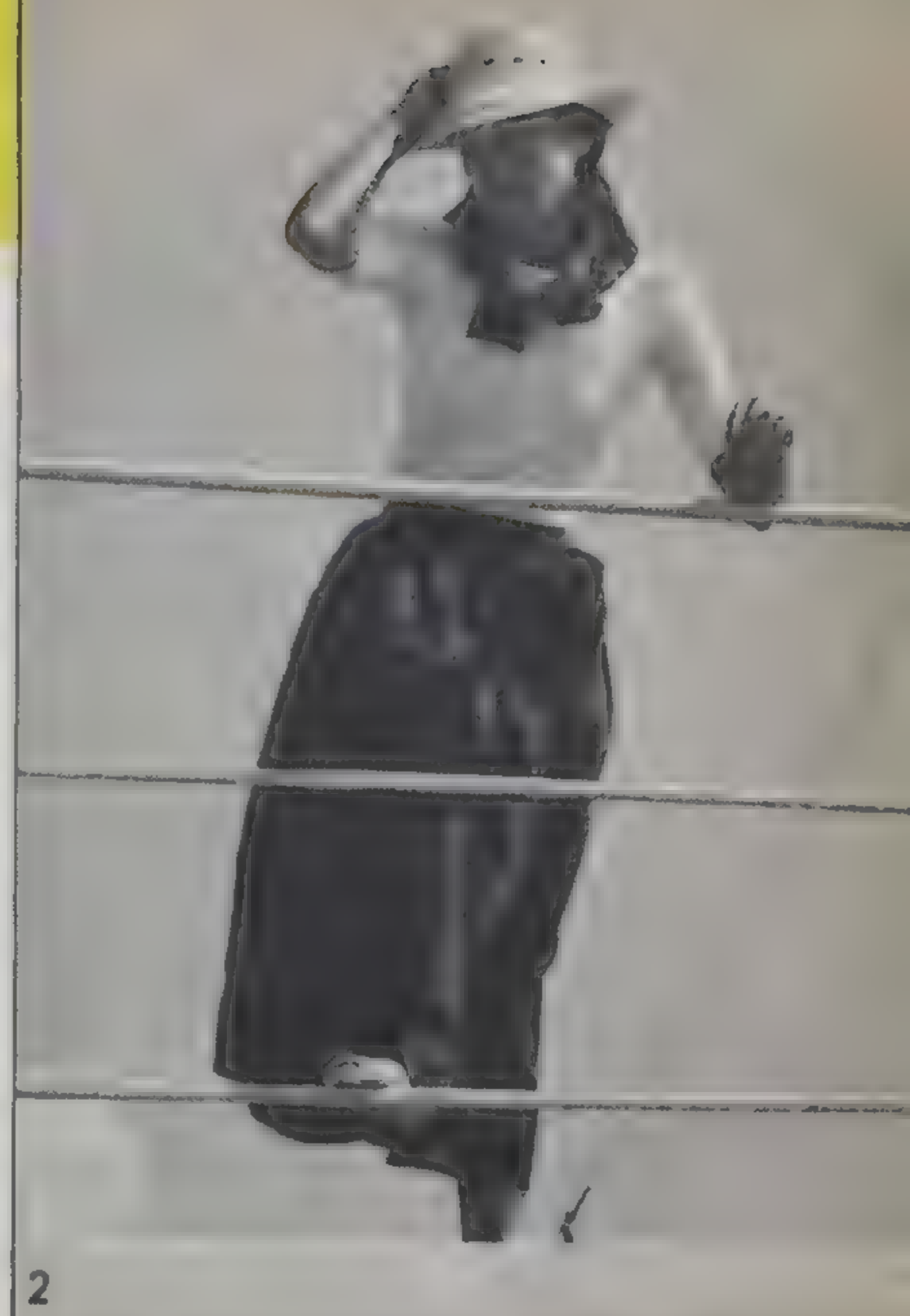


Sun-looks to collect . . .

BLACK! . . . 1. To move in all summer—black cotton gabardine short-sleeved jacket, matching trousers. \$34, D. D. Dominick, 220 E. 60 St., N.Y.C. Sheer black straw hat by Lipp; \$25, Henri Bendel. **2.** Sun-Romantic . . . black polished cotton ankle-long skirt; \$35, Sermoneta, 251 E. 77 St., N.Y.C.



2



sun charm

Extra-pretty Breeze-Dressing. . . 3. Thinest vanilla voile, ruf-



fled and waist-bowed (\$16), to wear over gauze pyjamas. **4.** Vanilla voile "peasant" blouse (\$18), waist-wrapped with a white cotton handkerchief over white shorts. **5.** Garden-flower-printed voile "peasant" blouse



(\$20), or the prettiest way to cover a bathing suit! Add a tiny flower-printed neck-scarf, a white cotton waist wrap. . . . All blouses, by Andrea for Renura. At Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.; Raj of India, Los Angeles.



SUN!

To breeze around summer-places . . .

8. Apron-dress of tiny flowers of black, peony, natural, and sunflower on white cotton; \$40, Cathy Hardwick & Friends Ltd., Bloomingdale's (Lexington Level).

BARBARA BERSELL

PARIS!



DELICIOUS! The beauty: actress Alexandra Stewart. . . The Charm: **9.** Pale-yellow chiffon float-to-the-floor embroidered with tiny pink flowers; about \$250, Mohanjeet, 12 rue Jacob, Paris.

10. Cream silk satin bias nightgown edged in cream lace; about \$120, Lilliane Dreyfus for Vog, 34 rue Tronchet, Paris.

SVEENA VIGEVNO



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adjusted to this tolerance, if necessary, if returned to Accutron
dealer from whom purchased within one year from date of
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SUMMER TIPSHEET

what's new... what's good... what to start collecting now

Since, by the end of this month, most of us will have slipped into the familiar indoors/outdoors, city/country summer routine, with less time to think about what to put on our backs than what to put in a picnic hamper, we've turned our first all-out summer issue into a double-barreled guide to the best of both worlds—the best-as-we-see-it for beach and country, the best for town. The idea being, you come to June with your basic fashion needs answered . . . and fill in at leisure. Here, then—and in the pages ahead—a few of our favorite things . . .

First-time thing: the look of *real* clothes for city summer—not just something to survive a heat wave in. It has to do with finish. And with a certain sharpness in the wearing—you're going to find yourself wanting a hat, a neat little clutch of a bag, a perfect sandal; these clothes take that little extra turning out. . . . No question. Something more sophisticated is in the breeze this summer. Keep your eye on it; it could be telling us things about fall. . . .

Best all-around day look: a cotton suit—tailored jacket and matching slim skirt. As is—with a T-shirt underneath—it's your everyday city uniform (including Friday getaways and Monday returns). And the jacket works as a blazer over other skirts . . . pants . . . short shorts in the country.

Most "together" way to wear pants: the two-piece day pyjama—called pyjama not because it's wide-legged, but because (1) the fabric is at least as soft as shirting and (2) because tops and bottoms match, look as pulled together as though they were one piece (it's a sharper turn to pieces-dressing—watch for it!).

Collectible of the year: the T-shirt—to own in all different shapes, patterns, solids. To own *first*: a base of classic cotton knit crewnecks in black, navy, natural, or white . . . tuck into *matching* skirts or pants. If you like contrast, keep it simple—black with white or natural, navy with white or natural.

The skirt you're looking for: a slim one with stitched-down pleats or a button-front—in black, white, navy, natural—basic color for your basic T-shirt! Best without a waistband, or the very narrowest—avoid anything heavy-looking. Or anything stiff—the stiffer the fabric the deeper the wrinkles. Shop around for soft cottons or cotton jersey, or jersey blends with the same cool lisle hand.

The must-have summer accessory: a *Hat!* A brimmed hat in sheer, supple, paper-thin straw. To collect in natural . . . black . . . Bordeaux (the great-with-everything color—especially with white). . . . Collect berets in every color . . . a white beret for the beach, when you're wearing all white and you've had a little sun on your skin!!!

Sexy summer legs: brown and bare-looking . . . with makeup or stockings. Stockings are the great eveners-out

of color, so stock up—sandalfoot, naturally. And remember the foot inside the stocking—a pedicure is the summer super-essential!

The summer shoe: the sandal—for day, evening, all the time. And if you don't have three heights of heel—high, medium, flat to the ground—you need shoes. . . . Newest sandals: naturally tanned woven leather; woven natural straw; beige snake—great with brown legs and feet! . . . To try, instead of an espadrille: a classic sandal-back huarache in woven leather. (Watch for woven leathers and straws everywhere this summer—the perfect hot-weather accessory!)

Cooler than necklaces: a pin or a clip in a clean, geometric shape . . . to put at the curve of a T-shirt neckline.

To wrap a brown wrist: a 3-inch silver cuff, smooth as tape . . . or a stack of three inch-wide ones in a mix of silver and gold.

Best summer buy: gauzy cotton squares in all sizes. 18-inch squares to fold as neckerchiefs . . . as hatbands . . . to wrap around your head like a ribbon and lift your hair off your neck. 36-inch squares to wrap your waist. . . . To search high and low for: a huge square of Indian cotton gauze or thin silk . . . to wrap around a bikini, as a sarong.

New over-everything thing: wonderful outsized shirts like the tunics worn by Greek soldiers, and airy as netting. Belt over pants . . . shorts . . . plop over a bathing suit for lunch around the pool.

New bathing suit color: dark—black, navy, brown, Bordeaux. Take two—they're small: a dark bikini for the most sun; a dark, skin-sleek maillot for the best swimming.

Self-indulgence tip: collect robes . . . classic in cut as a man's, with that kind of ease and luxury (and the men's department is a good place to look). Start with a marvelous terry robe—to-the-floor, voluptuously thick, and big enough to dry you the minute you wrap yourself into it. Collect next: the thinnest kimono of a robe in crinkle cotton or lisle or a stringy knit (most covetable of all in crêpe de Chine). To wear over pants, over bathing suits, after bathing suits . . . whenever you can. It's a whole other kind of negligee-dressing; newer—more sensuous—than a djellaba . . . it's good for the soul.

The most fashion news this season: the crêpe de Chine suit with a loose, thin, unlined cardigan—the best day-in-town, dinner-at-a-restaurant look ever invented for summer. And the cardigan is *the* key top—the most perfect all-around jacket since the cashmere sweater!

If you were going to buy just one new thing . . . a white pyjama is it! With little tailored diamonds at your ears, a naked sandal—and a suntan—it will make you feel like a million dollars. A cool million.

FASHION

NOW



The look of a two-piece print and tank top—and don't forget a hat!

The first thing you're going to want to be in, *left*—a shirt-jacket and drawstring skirt in a perfect cotton foulard print of red and navy on cream, tank top of navy jersey. Add a sandal, a trim little clutch, sheer straw hat, and you're dressed—not done up, just very attractively turned out for a city summer day...that's key. Turnout by Morty Sussman for Mollie Parnis Boutique. Jacket and skirt, Manes Fabrics cotton; top, William Heller Dacron-and-wool knit. About \$110. Lord & Taylor; Stanley Korshak; Neiman-Marcus; Carol & Mary.

The look of a tailored jacket and skirt

Sharpest look in town, *right*—the lean one-button blazer and button-front skirt in blue-and-white seersucker, the classic white T-shirt underneath — pieces-dressing at its clean, cool, hot-weather best...it never lets down! By Ralph Lauren. Jacket (about \$130) and skirt (about \$55), of polyester and cotton; cotton knit top, about \$12. At Bloomingdale's; Maison Blanche; Lou Lattimore; Joseph Magnin. ...Makeup news in town for summer—Ritz RealColour for Lips, moisture-rich color in a tube, shining spicily here in a shade called Cinnamon....Hair, this page, Maury Hopson. All accessories, next to last page.

CITY FARE

the best
summer looks
in years!

MIKE REINHARDT



CITY FARE

The best
summer looks—
the hey-day of
crêpe de Chine

The look of a cardigan and skirt turned out in print

Newest thing this summer, *right*—a crêpe de Chine suit with a thin, unlined cardigan that works as a sweater—you'll take it everywhere, wear it over everything—it's *the* jacket to own. Here, from Bill Blass in a silk print of cream, black, and brown turned out with a matching pleated skirt, scarf, and black rayon jersey camisole—sensational! About \$395. At Saks Fifth Avenue; John Baldwin; Kaufmann's; Halle's; Dayton's. I. Magnin.

The look of a soft, print pyjama for day

The easiest look, *far right*—the short-sleeved crêpe de Chine pyjama that goes from afternoon to dinner out at a restaurant to little evenings anywhere. From Galanos, in brown-and-beige silk print with a long, matching fringed scarf to wrap the throat... To wrap a tanned wrist: the sleek-as-tape silver cuffs you want with everything. Pyjama, of Etro-Yves Gonnet fabric. About \$1,575. At Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; Amelia Gray. Accessories, on next to last page.





CITY FARE

The best
summer looks—
simple and
sharp for day

The look of a day pyjama

Short-sleeved shirt, lean, straight pants, *right*—neat line, neat little pin-dot print in white-on-navy cotton. Super city sun-day uniform from Halston (who showed it with a red belt; we used white—take your choice, but keep it narrow. Thinner is trimmer). Pyjama, of Fisba fabric. About \$200. Martha; Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; Halle's; Marshall Field.

The look of a summer dress

The classic one, *center*—the sleeveless white linen shirt-dress that you couldn't get through summer without. By Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman, of Moygashel linen; about \$105. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Montaldo's; Kaufmann's; Jacobson's; Neiman-Marcus; J.W. Robinson.

The look of perfection

Halston's black linen pants suit, *far right*—slim, sharp, ultra-sophisticated. Terrific with nothing but black—sheer straw hat, chiffon scarf—and a suntan! Cardigan and straight-legged trousers, of Verron linen; about \$320. Bergdorf Goodman; Montaldo's; Halle's; Stanley Korshak; I. Magnin. Hair on these and the following four pages: François of Suga Salon. All accessories, next to last page, this issue.









CITY FARE

The best
summer looks—
the look of the
crêpe de Chine
cardigan
at night

The ultimate summer pyjama

Jennifer O'Neill in... what everyone is going to be in this summer!—a crêpe de Chine pyjama in black-and-white print—flowing pants, a little twist of bandeau on tiny string straps, and the crêpe de Chine cardigan (*the summer sweater*)... And it's more than having just one new pyjama in your life: you can wear the bandeau and cardigan with white pants; with Bordeaux linen pants... the cardigan and pants with a black silk pullover, a strapless white tube, or a tube of palest mauve... the cardigan alone over a strapless black jumpsuit—over *everything!* By Scott Barrie for Barrie Sport, of rayon (Gilman Fabrics). About \$240. Late May, Lord & Taylor; Wanamaker's; Stanley Korshak; Neiman-Marcus. Hair, François of Suga Salon. Accessories, next to last page. Photographed at The Park 900; Interior Design, Jay Spectre, New York... In the air, the fresh summery-green scent of Germaine Monteil's perfume creme, Germaine.



The



Neat small dresses and pyjamas in small clean patterns—the perfect base for a hot day in town...

1. From Mimi Sunshine, biasy black-and-white striped cotton dress—very small midriff, small cap sleeves. About \$34. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; I. Magnin.
2. From John Kloss for the Kreisler Group, a perfect little print—black-and-ivory crêpe with a cool scoop neck, soft elasticized waist. Of acetate and nylon (Gallery Screen Prints fabric). About \$58. Bloomingdale's; Neusteters; J.W. Robinson.
3. André Laug's sheer, thin wool voile—multicolor dots on cream, soft pleats, soft tie. At Martha; Lou Lattimore; I. Magnin.
4. From Ilie Wacs, the all-cream pyjama—silk safari shirt and matching pants. About \$140. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Gidding-Jenny; Stanley Korshak; Neiman-Marcus.
5. Geoffrey Beene's crêpe de Chine pyjama in black-and-white windowpane plaid with a long-sleeved shirt top. Of polyester. About \$325. Altman's; Maison Blanche; Stanley Korshak; Dayton's; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus.
6. From Diane Von Furstenberg, the Art Deco print pyjama in brown and white. Of cotton and rayon. About \$100. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Gidding-Jenny; L.S. Ayres; Sakowitz. Accessories, next to last page. Hair by Maury Hopson. Background, these six pages, the World Trade Center, N.Y.

There's a way of dressing for summer in town that everybody loves—uncomplicated, cool, quick, attractive. And this summer it's something more: more turned out—sharpened by hat, bag, a perfect sandal... 1-2-3 you're dressed!

City Summer Dressing

TOSCANI 119



The

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The sundress comes to town! With a paper-thin straw hat, flat straw clutch, a naked sandal—the look for summer dog days....

1. Carol Horn's two-piece sundress—the barest sweater in brown-red-gold-and-white stripes; the coolest skirt in white Indian cotton with red-and-gold stripes. Top, of rayon, about \$14; skirt, about \$42. Henri Bendel; Wanamaker's; Burdine's; Neusteters; Goldwaters.

2. From Pat McDonagh, a linen black halter-dress. Of polyester and cotton. \$58, at Henri Bendel.

3. Albert Nipon's apron-y little halter-dress in pale-mint cotton oxford cloth—tucks, pockets, sash. About \$85. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Montaldo's; Harzfeld's; I. Magnin.

The dress that's a shirt—hot-weather classic in classic patterns—add scarf, sunglasses—go to town....

4. Ralph Lauren's classic cotton shirt-stripes—red, white, blue, and yellow. About \$78. Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus.

5. From Oscar de la Renta II, cotton shirt and matching wrap skirt in a pale blue-and-white honeycomb pattern. Shirt and skirt, (Cantoni fabric). About \$110. Saks Fifth Avenue; Lillie Rubin-South and West; Hudson's; I. Magnin.

6. Two soft pieces from Judith Luscher for Schrader Sport—short-sleeve shirt, matching skirt gathered at the waist in bright blue-and-white stripes. Both of Trevira (Favilla fabric). Shirt, about \$24; skirt, about \$32. Bergdorf Goodman; Bullock's Wilshire. Accessories, next to last page. Hair, François of Suga.

**Spread the word—
pants never looked
better—pulled
together with
dark shirty jackets,
perfect knit tops.**

1. Blassport brown chintz shirt-jacket; tweedy knit tank top; khaki poplin pants. All, polyester and cotton. Jacket, about \$60; top, about \$24. Pants (Tandler Textiles-Nino fabric), about \$64. Bloomingdale's; Joseph Horne; Sakowitz; Bullock's.

2. Saint Laurent's navy shirt-jacket, about \$145; beige trousers, about \$100. Both, cotton voile. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, N.Y.; Joseph Horne; Sakowitz; I. Magnin.

3. Calvin Klein's shirty little twosome—brown pinstripe jacket; vanilla cotton knit shirt; vanilla poplin pants. Jacket, of Cantoni cotton, about \$78. Shirt, about \$46. Pants, polyester and cotton (Tandler Textiles-Nino fabric), about \$46. Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Joseph Horne; Marshall Field; I. Magnin.

**The hot line on
cool creamy
dresses—turned
out with soft straw
hats, wrapped in
scarves.**

4. Two pieces of cream from Gene Berk for Paganne Too. Of Qiana nylon. About \$95. Altman's; Garfinckel's; Gidding-Jenny; Hudson's; Carson Pirie Scott; Frost Bros.

5. From Ronald Kolodzie for Concept VII, the cream jersey shirtdress. Nyesta dress of Antron nylon. About \$95. Lord & Taylor; Wanamaker's; Lillie Rubin-South and West; L.S. Ayres; Maison Blanche; Swanson's; I. Magnin.

6. Kimberly's cream knit shirtdress. Of Trevira Star. About \$75. At Bergdorf Goodman; Garfinckel's; Hudson's; Marshall Field; J.W. Robinson. Hair, François of Suga. Telephones, ITT Telecommunications. Accessories, next to last page.



The
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4.5.6

of City
Summer
Dressing



BEAUTY NOW

FITNESS

Make your bid for fitness NOW to have the happiest summer of your life. Realize your looks and state of mind depend on three essentials—nutrition, rest, and exercise. You might get away with missing out on one of the three, although you'll look and feel below par. Miss out on two and you're in trouble. Summer is the best time of year to make any big changes in your way of life. Summer helps because it means heat and heat means everything flows faster, the surface blood-flow racing along with each temperature rise, bringing more oxygen and nutrients to all growing cells. This gives life a youthful tempo, helps the body approach activity with optimism. It's a second chance to make the very best of yourself. The sun can help if it isn't taken for granted and abused . . . in proper doses the sun makes skin stronger. Fresh country or sea air helps, too, especially taking great deep breaths of it. Walking is better than sitting in cabs. Reversing circulation on a slant board once a day is beneficial. Eating less acid-forming foods—beans, bread, candy, pasta, nuts, rice—and more alkaline-forming foods—apples, artichokes, avocados, cabbage, garlic, cantaloupe, lettuce, wheat germ—is

good. Resting more is good, too, especially after a game of doubles and a cool shower . . . especially sleeping by an open window where fresh clean air pours in. Avoiding noise and aiming for time by yourself are all valuable. Cleansing skin well, preferably three times a day, is vital if skin—and makeup—is to look its best. Cleansing hair as often as possible is desirable—for the cleaner the scalp, the more vitality and shape hair has. Sun and sea can strip hair of natural oils, so before any life on the beach, comb in a light conditioner. The best makeup has a look of real skin showing through. Get used to using a moisturized sunscreen rather than a normal base . . . get used to putting it only in certain areas, those the sun might naturally touch—forehead, cheek, nose, and chin. All over can look too matte. Always blush a cheek well, mold a hollow or heighten a cheekbone with color . . . the brighter the better for cheekbone or when accenting temples. Always highlight the eyes—the more the merrier at night. Learn which colors to use and where from the Vogue beauty pages. When clothes are minimal, hair should be at its prettiest, soft, airy, always touchable. . . .

Fragrance and Fitness

Although it may not seem immediately apparent, fragrance can—and should—play an important part in any shape-up, shake-up beauty regime. When you feel fine, you look fine . . . and fragrance is the fastest way we know to affect psyche and morale. Without fragrant oils, milks, or foams, a bath loses much of its appeal and all of its ability to soothe, soften, or silken skin. When it comes to very dry skin, perfume doesn't take hold as it should unless the first application is made in the bath or shower—generally in bath product form, followed by a generous spraying of the same scent in cologne when you're still wet. Then an aura of fragrance can last most of the day. Without colognes, toilet waters, or spray mists, the whole task of cooling down between sets, at the 19th hole, or after a lengthy struggle with your bank balance would be just one big bore . . . there's nothing so reviving as a cool jet of cologne directed at tired feet . . . nothing like spraying a favorite scent onto wristband and headband to encourage you to finish a set of tennis—and keep you refreshed and on the alert while you do so. When a tie-breaker keeps nerves on edge, a quick pick-me-up is to pour cologne or toilet water into palms and inhale. When you wake up to a heat wave and would

give anything to put off your exercise class, a tepid bath followed by a spray with cologne that's been kept in the fridge is an ideal way to help you cope with the situation, for the evaporation of alcohol helps lower body temperature. Then if you sprinkle cologne over ice cubes in a bowl, saturate a cotton pad with the icy fragrance, place it on your forehead to relax for fifteen minutes with eyes closed, when you open them you'll find you'll be ready for your leotard. For the outdoor life and outdoors clothes (see pages 164 to 179), fragrance is as important as makeup, hair shape. Without perfume in any form, the world would really be a cheerless place, and far less full of memories . . . but apart from that there is another way it can fit neatly into a fitness program. If dieting's tough or giving up smoking seems next to impossible, help yourself by substituting all the no-no's and negative factors presently part of your life with something positive, a perfume that gives you self-assurance, glow, as well as a fragrant aura . . . stop your dollars going up in smoke and exchange a box of perfume for that carton of cigarettes . . . walk and save taxi fares to go towards a superb example of French perfume . . . ignore martinis, pizzas, rich chocolates, and Baskin-Robbins' splurges

to start collecting your favorite scent in every possible guise from soap to an ounce of the real McCoy. Use fragrance to add an extra dimension to your life and to act as a considerable inducement in avoiding everything that ruins your potential.



Before, during, after tennis (or any sport), a cool spray with the Ciara Cologne Atomizer by Charles Revson—comes in two strengths, 80 and 100 . . . plus a one-ounce perfume concentrate. White tank top, Giovanni De Moura. \$15, Bloomingdale's. Hair and makeup, these 20 pages: Franklyn Welsh. Accessories, page 199.



BEAUTY NOW

BODY

Fragrance and Fitness

Scent—another form of communication between man and woman... on the beach, at the bar, everywhere emphasizing whatever natural chemistry may exist. Portable potency, left, a quarter ounce of the real stuff in a purse spray—Via Lanvin Perfume, as explicit outdoors as in.

In the sun, blondes need to wear shadier colors in their makeup than brunettes—the stronger the rays, the more washed out fair coloring can look. One answer: waterproof makeup, such as the new Seafoam Green Waterproof Eye Shadow seen here—smearproof, tearproof, seeproof, from Max Factor who tested it for efficacy in the Pacific Ocean outside their door... Earring, above, by Peter and Peggy for P. C. Designs. Makeup and hair, Franklyn Welsh. Shopping details, next to last page.

CHEMISTRY

Fragrance and Fitness



Question. How to play the game yet remain as cool and collected as a spectator? Answer: Carry along the best cool-down equipment — fragrance, camouflaged as only fragrance can be... the solid kind packed like a jewel, refreshingly cold to the touch, seen here in a silver shell set with dark-blue stone that flicks open to reveal Estée Solid Super Perfume by Estée Lauder. Wear the shell pinned to your bathing suit, tucked later into the deep dive of your décolletage... then when the day or tempo heats up, freshness is near at hand with a quick streak of perfume... Giorgio di Sant' Angelo maillot, about \$80. Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.

ACTION

BEAUTY
NOW

Time to quit the quoits, the beach baseball, the sea and sand, because after all that, skin may be crying out for moisture, parched for an emollient drink. No need to lose your "natural girl" status and introduce a jarring "beauty regime" note to the beach. Start moisturizing outdoors... but with something he can only regard as fragrance, Coty's Emeraude Creme de Parfum, which feels great, smells better, provides the perfect incentive to move indoors to relax before dinner under the stars...

Ralph Lauren T-shirt, about \$12. Bloomingdale's. Shorts by Cinnamon Wear, \$12. Lord & Taylor. More shopping details, next to last page.

Great exertion in the sun causes whatever sun protection you've applied on your body to melt away, so keep on oiling, keep on screening, and take plenty of time out to play games like backgammon strictly in the shade.

REACTION



Rewards for FITNESS



Danger—Sun at Work

She's beautiful, but not very smart. . . . Instead of harnessing all that's good about the sun for health, strength, and looks, she's capitulated to its easy lure, trying to get a week's tan in one afternoon. Her mistakes? Many. First, she isn't wearing a *sunblock*—although she intends to stay in the sun for most of the day. A sunscreen just isn't enough protection for this sort of marathon sunbath—which, incidentally, is totally inadvisable anyway. With a sunblock some of the more burning rays will be dissipated. Secondly, she doesn't reapply sunscreen after a dip in the ocean, which is always necessary if the product is to work. Thirdly, she doesn't apply any protection to back, arms, or legs—thinking underwater the burning rays can't get to her. Wrong again—sunrays cut through ocean, lake, and river like a laser beam, making swimming a hazardous time for a burn . . . unless the body is well coated with sunscreen. To use a reflector in the water where reflection makes sun glare *twice as effective* is another big No-No. The only result has to be sunburn, which is another way of saying sun damage/skin damage. Tan s l o w l y—the only way to save your skin from trouble.

KNOCKOUT!—one of this summer's thin-as-skin bathing suits on a body in this kind of shape. Meaning: firm of tummy, smooth of thigh, sleek as silk all over . . . the word is fit. And the reward, *left*—a wisp of halter-bikini in Bordeaux (watch dark colors—terrific for bathing suits, with or without a tan). By Cole of California; nylon and Lycra (Deering Milliken Fabric); \$16. Lord & Taylor; Halle's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; J. W. Robinson. Cotton-print scarf, *above*, Tibetan Arts & Crafts. . . . To cool the air—and reward the senses—splash with something clean and spicy, such as Guy Laroche's Fidji Cologne.

BEAUTY NOW



SOLAR

Fragrance and Fitness

Without exaggerating the case, scent adds an immeasurable plus to your identity, personality, the mental picture you conjure up in other people's minds. Whatever scent you happen to choose is individual, too, because of what your body chemistry does to it . . . it's an intriguing fact that the perfume you choose will never be quite the same on somebody else—you make it your own.

To get the best results out of *perfume* (which is the strongest, most concentrated, and most lasting form of fragrance), where you put it is as important as which one you choose. Wherever you feel a pulse beat, the heat of the body helps accentuate perfume's power—on the under side of the wrists, inside the crook of the arms, at the temples, at the base of the throat, nape of the neck, behind the knees. . . . On the beach, the navel isn't a bad place for a splash of fragrance either. Apply perfume via the atomizer, which diffuses alcohol content (the amount added to the formula determines perfume's strength), while the true fragrance clings to your skin.

Next in strength comes *toilet water*, also known as *eau de toilette*, *parfum de toilette*, and *eau de parfum*. This contains no other fragrance note than that of the original perfume, but has less concentrates of the many ingredients . . . perfume containing 15 to 30 percent of concentrates, toilet water usually from 8 to 12 percent. If you have dry skin, perfume lasts longer if you spray yourself first with toilet water—preferably when still wet from the tub . . . otherwise toilet water or eau de parfum is a speedy refresher: sprayed on lingerie before you dress, sprinkled on your purse lining.

The third type of fragrance is the lightest of all—*cologne*—meant to be used lavishly, generally containing only 4 to 6 percent of concentrates. Eau de cologne and parfum de toilette are often used interchangeably, though they are of different intensities, cologne being so light it can even be used lightly on the hair and sprayed on the hands to keep them cool and dry—the alcohol content helps to evaporate perspiration, just as it also relieves aching muscles when used as a rubdown after massage.



If you find that no matter what you do fragrance doesn't seem to last on your skin, try one without alcohol that evaporates extremely slowly, like Houbigant's Chantilly Liquid Skin Sachet, Skin Perfume, or Cream Perfume . . . above, smoothed onto shoulders.



After swimming in salt, a fresh-water shower is a must for hair and skin . . . followed by a spray all over with Myrurgia's Maja Spray Mist Cologne. To keep your cool all day, saturate a cotton pad with the cologne and hold to temples, wrists, behind knees, any part of your body—or tuck it into your bikini bra.

Handkerchief on head, both pages, by Herman Schmidt & Brendle.

Scent stop for bikini lovers: the navel and environs. . . . Scent choice: Grass Oil, the new one from Jovan, blended with earth flowers, clover blossoms, and grasses . . . making even the sand smell like a garden—and you like a rare flower.

AVEDON



SCENTS

SHAPE UP



Rewards for Fitness

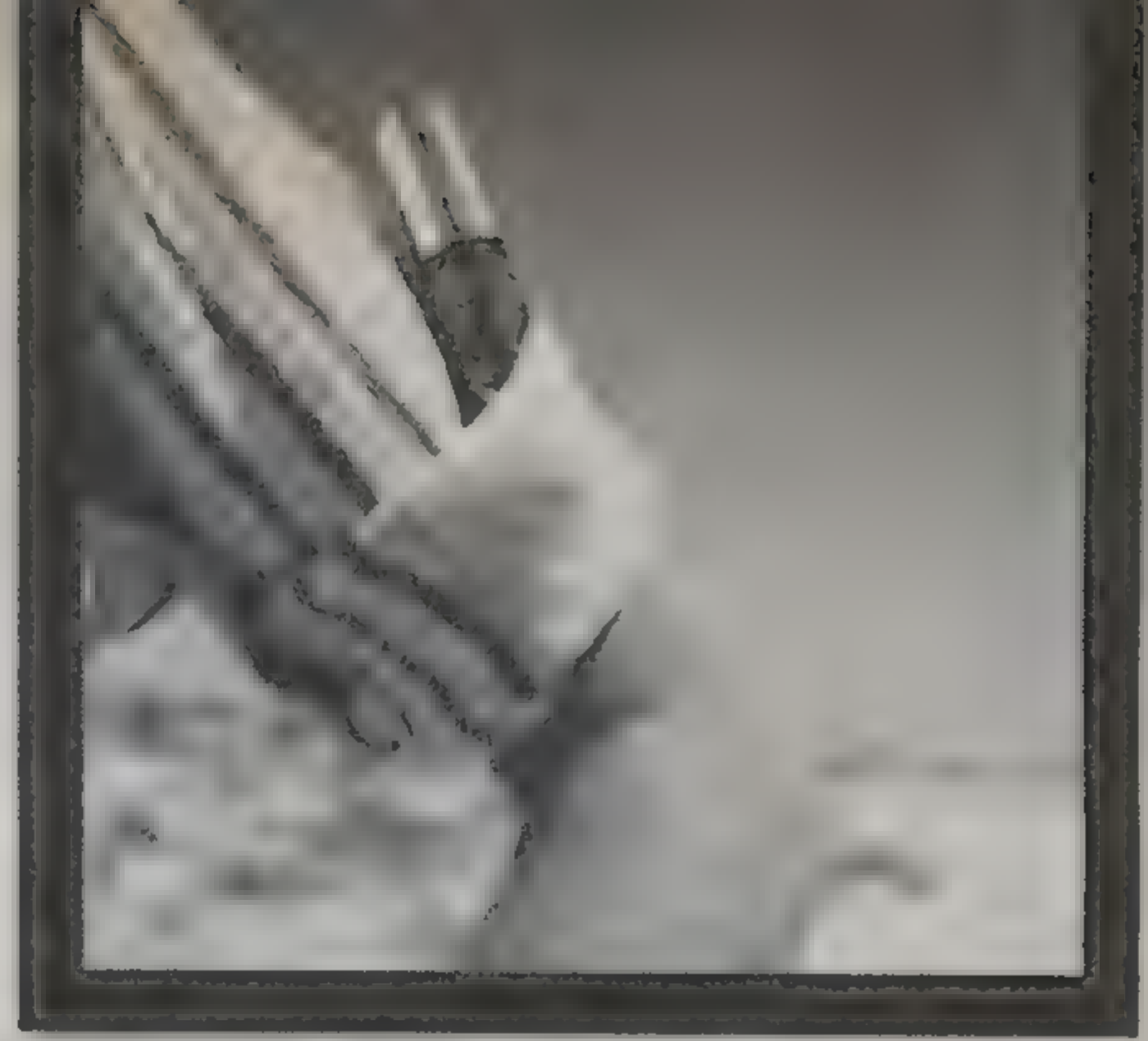
Whose bikini? . . . A good body's natural reward, *left*: two little pieces of fabric printed with flowers (hardly enough to make a bouquet!). By Leonard Fashion, of nylon and Lycra; about \$50. Bergdorf Goodman; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Neusteters. Makeup, Franklyn Welsh. . . . Fragrance that might apply here: Jean D'Albret's Ecusson Body Nectar that moisturizes as well as scents, leaves the skin feeling as good as it smells.

More stripes than bikini, *right*—purple, aqua, orange, on green—from Gottex of Israel. Of Lycra and nylon, about \$28. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; B. Forman; Harzfeld's; I. Magnin.

For an even suntan, the green-and-white striped bandeau bikini, *below right*—no straps, no strap marks. By V de V, of polyester, polyamide, and Lycra; about \$38. Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin. All accessories, next to last page. . . . About fragrance: the spray-on mists are especially nice to use in summer—don't miss that version of Emilio Pucci's Eau de Zadig. Delicious!



SUN



Fragrance and Fitness

Tote scent with you wherever you go—Jovan's VSP can be tucked in a sleeve (as above), a shirt pocket, a bikini bra. . . .

Three great scents in the bag (see left)—if you're that lucky. Givenchy III is now in Bath Foam, Body Cream form, too. . . . White Shoulders by Evyan is distinctive, beguiling; and Calèche is that floral but not flowery, subtle but not shy scent by Hermès.

Do use fragrance every day and night . . . remembering to give yourself a change of pace A.M. and P.M., just as you do with makeup. Most perfumes today have a lighter side—you can use a toilet-water or cologne version of the major combination of essences. Nevertheless, the sign of a great perfume is its character, one that isn't lost or even submerged when made in a delicate form. That character can be fundamentally sultry, sometimes described as Oriental, the result of blending warm intense notes together such as musk, ambergris, civet, and other exotic ingredients—better with moonlight than sunlight. . . . Or the character can be essentially green and woody, clean, clear compositions of sandalwood, rosewood, oak-moss, and ferns . . . attractive at night, even more effective when worn during the day. Whichever mood suits you best, there are many examples to choose from . . . the only mistake is to wear one scent all the time without ever giving your olfactory senses a

chance to try another. **Do** use fragrance in soap—bathe in Guerlain—via their Sapoceti soaps, rich with oils that are good for the skin, perfumed with Jicky, Chamade, and most of the great Guerlain names. **Don't** hoard fragrance. Saving it for "special occasions" doesn't work . . . save it for too long and you may find it spoiled or evaporated. **Do** remember dry skin doesn't retain fragrance as long as an oily one . . . with dry skin you can afford to be self-indulgent and lavishly spray yourself with any of the refreshers above, Givenchy III, White Shoulders, Calèche, or VSP. **Do** apply fragrance directly to your skin when testing a new one . . . you can't get a true reaction from the bottle. **Don't** make final judgment until a few minutes after you've applied it . . . try a few drops of the great Chanel numbers 5, 19, or 22 on the back of your wrist. Let the heat of your body develop the scent your way . . . by then the alcohol will have evaporated and the blending of the true fragrance with your own skin's oils will have reached fruition . . . whether No. 5, 19, or 22 is your special number you will then know . . . chance is you're probably a Chanel girl whichever way you count. **Don't** choose a perfume because you like it on another woman. **Do** test it yourself first—perhaps in bath-oil form, a less expensive way of trying the great names—like Femme by Parfums Rochas (left), one of the sexiest perfumes in the world. **Do** tote Bal à Versailles by Jean Desprez at night, an ideal after-dark scent, or the new Trigrère in its neat atomizer—looks like a compact or lighter. **P.S.** **Don't** forget fragrances for men . . . more and more a basic part of masculine good grooming. Now in the U.S. a man can get the Scandinavian cool sweep of Kanon, a fresh Italian touch from Victor's Acqua di Selva, the beat of Nomade from Parfums D'Orsay Paris, and literally just landed here a remarkable collection of masculine products from France called Paco of Paco Rabanne fame. From cologne to soap, Paco has what the French sum up in one word "*sillage*," a volatility that makes itself felt from one end of the room to the other whenever it breezes in.

If you want more information about perfume, you can obtain an in-depth booklet on the subject for only 50 cents from The Fragrance Foundation at 116 E. 19th Street, New York, N.Y. 10003—who will also answer any specific queries you may have.

AVEDON



LOVERS

BEAUTY
MAGAZINE





COOL



When the weather gets too hot to handle, simmer down with tepid baths (cold ones close pores, raise body heat), lighter food, relaxation under the trees in a swaying hammock, iced Mimosas, lots of swimming, and the most subtle perfumes in the world—like L'Air du Temps by Nina Ricci . . . here, so near to her heart she wears it on a chain (*left*). L'Air du Temps epitomizes what is meant by a great classic in the scent world—where years of artistry and knowledge have gone into creating what appears at first to be light and elusive, developing into a continual, haunting, delicate aura.

This is the kind of fragrance to choose on hot and humid days instead of the exotic, sultry kind . . . for fragrance is always intensified by heat.

To carry a refreshing message for as long as possible, start a hot day with a cool bath laced with your favorite scent in bath-oil form, like Infini by Parfums Caron which you can re-endorse on your skin with soap and dusting powder, plus the inimitable Perfume Extrait.

To be effective, take fragrance with you literally wherever you go, to apply

again and again . . . when it's Diorella, you can't get too much of a good thing, cool and green—but gold, too, because of its Vetiver and honeysuckle notes.

Courrèges' Empreinte is one of the most brilliant outdoor scents, which doesn't preclude wearing it at evening galas under the stars. . . . Eminently totable, the package received a Best Design Award in Paris . . . the bottle casing (not shown) is gold plated to represent the preciousness of the essential oils it contains (and to protect them from the light); the spherical cap represents the globe, as the ingredients come from all over the world.

One of the most long-lasting scents—in every sense of the word—is Jean Patou's Amour Amour, which was first introduced by the couturier in 1925 in Paris and finally made its debut here last year—after decades of being bootlegged in—you could say, by public demand. An original blend of narcissus from the mountains of France, jasmine, and many, many other oils, Amour Amour is in that great class—light and delicate, strongly memorable.

AVEDON

DOWN

Left: Safety pin necklace by Jules van Rouge. *Above:* Ruza Creations tote bag. Sunglasses from Ultimate Spectacle.



RELAX

Rewards for Fitness

The suit with the second-skin fit . . . the maillot, *left*—best of all suits to swim in (to show off in!) —to own in a wonderful nutmeg color. By Catalina JRS., of nylon and Lycra; about \$18. At Bloomingdale's; Bullock's. Accessories, both pages, next to the last page.

. . . Not seen but sensed, here—the presence of scent—a coolly seductive one, such as Dana's splashy Tabu cologne.

Crisscross straps and no back to speak of, *right*—the second skin maillot in chocolate brown (easier to wear than black—and newer-looking!). By Monika for Elon, of Antron nylon and Lycra; \$24. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Montaldo's; Sakowitz.

A new bikini heard from, *below right*—a brick-red one with a tiny, tiny skirt attached—sleek and sexy all the way. (If that's your game, Paco Rabanne's Calandre is for you—and the Perfume Purse spray is a handy way to have it.) . . . Bikini by V de V, of nylon and Lycra; about \$40. Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin.



What has happened to beauty

Beauty products have never been better, thanks to the marvels of modern science . . . and to the women who use them every day of their lives . . .

What we get in the way of beauty products is fundamentally what we deserve. Evolution, not revolution, is the industry's attitude towards change—and hopefully progress . . . an evolution based on the best barometer there is—consumer opinion, whereby a product's worth is evaluated the easiest—and truest—way—is she buying it or isn't she . . . and if not, why not? If we look at pictures taken of ourselves a decade ago, we invariably cringe. *We looked older then than we do today.* Why? Because we looked unnatural, with overpainted faces, overteased hair, and confined or "upholstered" bodies. To create that look, *products were heavy*; their object: to do the best cover-up job possible of whatever nature happened to have produced . . . with makeup to cover up our skin, lacquer to cover up the fact our hair was actually responsible for the top-heavy styles, weighted girdles and bras in heavy fabrics to keep any sign of shape severely under control . . . no wobble at any cost.

Over the past few years, a new appreciation of the environment—coupled with an awareness of the need to protect it—has slowly led women to a healthy realization of what beauty is *really* all about. Makeup, yes, of course, but worn over a flawless skin with skin showing through . . . shining, healthy hair that looks and feels like nothing else, eminently touchable, and sexy . . . plus a lithe, well-proportioned feminine body, influencing fashion to be what it should always be . . . easy, graceful, alluring. As women have become more and more involved with the world outside their window and less involved with themselves, their product needs have shifted, not only to bring about this new and realistic beauty definition . . . but to find products that work fast with the emphasis on care and condition instead of "cover-up." To this end, treatment products, once the weakest spoke in the cosmetic wheel, are becoming more and more important to the American women who now know that painting over a poor canvas will only produce a poor picture. . . .

What has happened to treatment products

In 1965, when Charles Revson first launched his Ultima II company, the big news in skin care was an ingredient called *squalane*, an organic compound found in shark-liver oils. Squalane was good; but as technology advanced, other things were found to be better, more delicate, and so lighter on the skin. In 1969, in time and touch with the then new and hotly discussed environmental movement, the Ultima II laboratory developed a method of formulating fruit and botanical-seed oils into a cream to approximate as closely as possible the oils that help keep the human skin naturally soft and supple. Two years later, when interest in ecology was taken for granted as just plain common sense, skim milk was introduced into a range of effective skin-care products, the formula hailed as a scientific breakthrough. It took two more years of research for animal collagen—100 percent pure, soluble, and stabilized—to be introduced into a night cream, hand cream, and under-makeup

Hat by Don Anderson for
Scheer Bros. Earrings by 1928
Jewelry Company. Necklace, K.J.L.
Scarves from Tibetan Arts &
Crafts. Bag by Ruza Creations.
Tropic-Cal sunglasses.

moisturizer—the last product being another instance where a treatment product was launched to help makeup look better and stay on longer.

On the other side of the coin, the consumer dictated what happened to a range of body-treatment products, launched in the late '60's . . . she wasn't ready for them . . . and she didn't buy them . . . they are now being phased out of the line. What can we expect next? It still depends on us . . . if we continue to look for products to improve our skin in texture, color, and health, technology will continue to advance in that direction, adding refinements to existing products, introducing breakthroughs with new ones. . . .

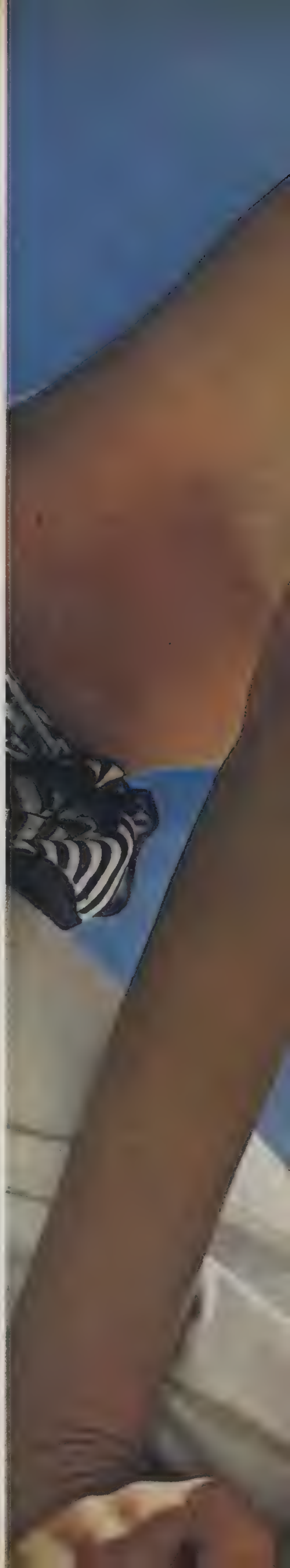
What has happened to makeup

Women continue to gravitate towards the sheerest type of foundation they can get—and get away with . . . moving back to greater coverage only in winter or when their skin lets them down. It's been going on for the past nine years, say the experts at Ultima II, and they have plenty of stories (and sales figures) to back up their statements. They also remember ruefully that women were not ready—if they ever will be—for the greens and lavenders introduced in base and powder form to help certain complexion tones along back in 1966. Bronzage—launched in 1968—was a different matter. Popular then as a fake tan, today—again because the consumer has shown how much she likes the creamy, yet sheer formula—Bronzage has branched out to become the hot-selling Cremegel Makeup line in eight shades, three of them bronzes of different strengths.

When can powder help? Today in a tangible sense, powder helps a lot, giving makeup a finish without taking away any gloss (but blotting out unnecessary, unsightly oil seepage). In fact, powder now adds gloss through moisturizers in the formula—"setting" a makeup in the same way a cool spray of Evian water does. For three or four years powder was OUT; it has made a big comeback through the new moisturized formulations that, above all, *last* on the face, making it unnecessary to touch up (so often adding a horrible orange note to makeup through color buildup).

Where face colors are concerned, the greatest action in the last decade has been seen in the blusher category. From strictly *rouge* colors meant to be worn on the cheeks and nowhere else, color has strayed all over the face with the expertise of the makeup artists, showing in Vogue and demonstrating in stores across the country how color can be added to many unusual places—under the brows, on the chin and forehead—to effect a look of supreme health . . . not forgetting the new preoccupation of the consumer—to *let real skin show through*. Now in Ultima II's Creamy Powder Blush you can certainly find Budding Pink, as you might expect, but Blush of Gold and Muted Mulberry are there, too (just the shades you'd expect them to be—gold and dark plum). . . .

Lipsticks are creamier, frostier, longer wearing . . . the old object of staying in place all day and all night is strictly old hat, the indelible ingredient long since being tabbed as fatally lip-drying. . . . *Dry* is the word most *unrelated* to makeup and treatment products today. In eye makeup, too, the emphasis is on creamier, well-moisturized, long-wearing formulas which, in delivering a range of rainbow colors taken from nature, never take away the most important plus a face can have today—that glow of total health.





key-pin Rodino...

The epoxy of the Constitution holds Representative Peter Wallace Rodino, Jr., Democrat of New Jersey, in the country's long stare. Chairman of the House Judiciary Committee inquiring into a possible impeachment resolution, he is a durable chunk of a man. He walks like a cat over this politically mined pasture, slow, deliberate. Square-faced, his eyebrows slashed black, his grey hair polished as though by Tiffany, Rodino remains an urban liberal in a conservative's dark pin-striped suit.

In 1946, Rodino first fought for his seat in Newark, New Jersey, against Republican Fred A. Hartley, co-sponsor of the Taft-Hartley Labor Relations Act. On his side, Rodino had a fistful of Army decorations won in the North African and Italian campaigns of World War II, Eleanor Roosevelt, and energy. Against him, he had an attractive reactionary with a fairly high record of absenteeism during twenty years in the House. Both men had friends among the Italo-Americans. Rodino lost. In 1948, Hartley retired and Rodino won. He won even in 1972 when redistricting shoved a lot of new constituents at him, at least a third of them nonwhite. His district is not easy: street crime, political corruption among higher-ups, unemployment, pollution—these are the problems he deals with in Jersey.

A labor man, Rodino has made himself an expert on immigration policy and taxes. Before he took on the chairmanship, he had a deep influence on the Judiciary Committee by his knowledge of drugs, crime, and civil rights; he had been a delegate to NATO (North Atlantic Treaty Organization) Assembly and chairman of its Scientific and Technical Committee. He is considerable. Although certain reporters new to Rodino write with a touch of condescension towards him, no one at Judiciary acts that way.

Rodino's votes in the House help explain him. He voted against cutting mass transit, for unemployment compensation for migrant farm workers; against reducing defense; for more consumer protection, Medicare, more money for handicapped; for the \$250-million loan guarantee for Lockheed; against the Rules Committee's blocking legislation indefinitely through inaction. He's had power for quite a while and he uses it without flare. (Not flair.) At the Judiciary these past weeks, Chairman Rodino—sounding all the G's at the ends of words, the timbre of his voice roughened, a little garrulous, ominously quiet, legal—has a way of turning around the whole committee into going his way. A former colleague of Rodino's on the Judiciary told me that they ought to put a warning sign in front of Pete: Watch Out!

nuts and drunks...

"It beats me why you're so hot about nuts and drunks," said the man at the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. He was the fifth I had telephoned to about \$199 million just released for research, training, and other pertinent matters in the fields of alcoholism and mental health. He suggested I talk to another official who sent me to a sixth man who at last knew the answers. In 1972, Congress appropriated those millions to be spent in fiscal 1973. Now, fiscal 1974 has almost passed. The money would really go out in fiscal 1975. (Federal fiscal ends on June 30 each year.) To get Secretary Caspar W. Weinberger and Roy Ash, director of the Office of Management and Budget, to get the once-shelved \$199 million moving again took a hearing in a Federal court and an order by Judge Thomas A. Flannery who noted that the Administration's impounding of these funds violated the Constitution, as the President "shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed." Appropriations by Congress are laws. That happy couple Weinberger and Ash had been acting like slow short-order cooks, unwilling to fill take-out orders unless signed by a Federal judge. After all, the money was just for nuts and drunks.—ALLENE TALMEY



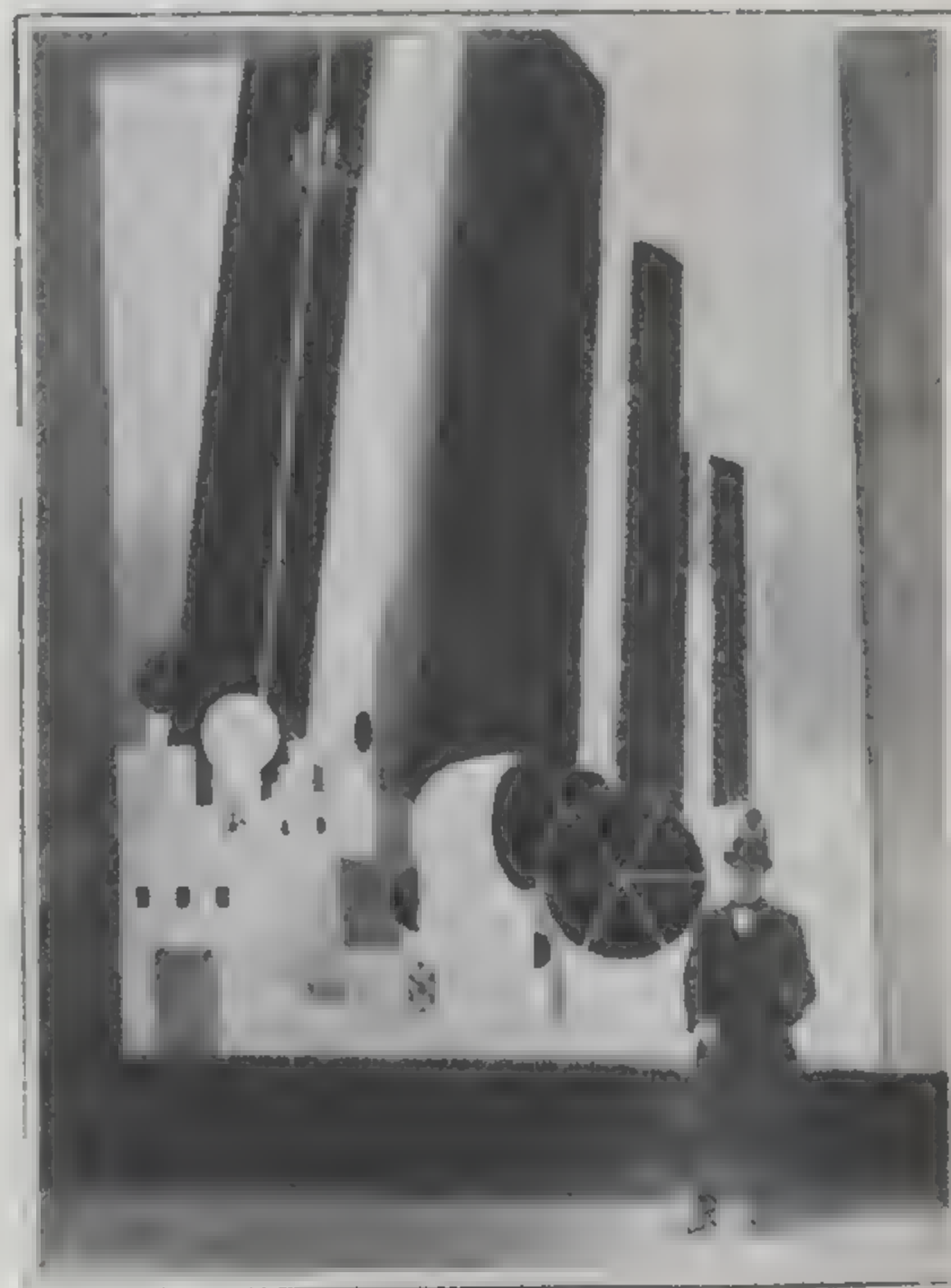
3 Musketeers plus one—one for all, all for one, forever to the death yours, Porthos, Athos, D'Artagnan, Aramis—here left to right in their newest, jolliest, moving-picture incarnation: Frank Finlay, Oliver Reed, Michael York, Richard Chamberlain. And those other intriguing gaudies, Milady (Faye Dunaway) and the Duke of Buckingham (Simon Ward). center: Louis XIII (Jean Pierre Cassel) and his Queen (Geraldine Chaplin), left bottom, all pother the viewers of director Richard Lester's sovereign way with the Dumas classic onto a love-hate seesaw. "More buckle than swash," say some. Others: "Gorgeous!" And that it is, especially to the eye. Sequel coming up: The Four Musketeers. Zounds!

DUANE MICHALS

Philip Glass
music

Laura Foreman
dance

6 paintings by Gerald Murphy, all that survive, are wide-eyeing visitors to New York's Museum of Modern Art. That's Murphy, right, with his 18', 1923 "Boatdeck," now lost. Reason for current Murphy zest: Scott Fitzgerald used him as a prototype; Murphy, his paintings are an inside look-see at that world.



HENRY CLARKE



Angela Lansbury, left, went to London on a courageous gamble: to star in a Broadway-made musical which Ethel Merman had made her own—Gypsy. Result: "She's...the most exciting thing since V-E Day!" Now she's cross-continenting U.S.A. Raves!

TURSI

4 Ballerinas





2 festivals. **One:** In Washington, D.C., "Art Now '74," the first national, hopefully annual, arts festival at the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. From May 28 to June 15, the 11, *left*, plus theater revolutionary Robert Wilson, a glory of other arts people should show their brightest. "Eighty percent of the visual things," says arts-hearted Jocelyn Kress ("Art Now '74" is her dream-true) "will be created on the spot, dismantled after the show." **Two:** In Spoleto, Italy, the 17th Festival of Two Worlds, June 14-July 7, returns its *Manon Lescaut*, "the most beautiful opera production in Europe": *below left*, Nancy Shade as Manon. Also scheduled: Berg's *Lulu*, Polanski-directed!



Royal Ballet time, in New York, May 7-26, then up and on splendid *pointes* to Washington, D.C., until June 9. *Below, left to right*, Royal quartet of on-the-zoom ballerinas: Lesley Collier, Diana Vere, Laura Connor, Vergie Derman. The Royal's sensation, a ballet *Manon*: the prodigious four are in it.



There's only one of her, the blonde *above*. She's unique. The first six people asked "Who's the woman in this picture?" opined, "Julie Christie, Joanne Woodward."...She is, of course, Barbra. And she's a come-on blond mystery, part of the time, in *For Pete's Sake*. It's strictly a Streisand laugh-until-I-thought-I'd-drop-the-baby movie, very Brooklyn comical, tough smarmy; Michael Sarrazin's her stock-speculating, taxi-driving hubby. When asked what she thought of her movie, Barbra flipped, "For Pete's sake! I love it!" She was obviously thinking also of her next one, a *Funny Girl* sequel, *Funny Lady*.

People are talking about . . . the slow-seeping plans and/or notions for our upcoming Bicentennial, with a feeling that the 1976 celebration of our independence is like waiting for the sun to rise after the longest night of the year. There's a rumor that someone's trying to get foreign powers to join in by erecting replicas of their national monuments in our key cities. The Taj Mahal in New York? But who gets the Great Wall of China and where does the Kremlin go?... That glowing, eye-enchancing tribute to American individuality, practical fantasy, and independent comfort, "The Flowering of American Folk Art: 1776-1876," museum-hopping from Richmond, Va. all the way to San Francisco, Cal-i-forn-i-ay.

People are talking about . . . the streakers, a Black in-the-buff and a white, who went that-a-way at Elaine's, Manhattan's uptown Bohemia all-hangout. Not one nob stopped pushing squid salad, rack of lamb from plate to mouth.... Earl Wilson, Jr.'s *Let My People Come* brashly, brazenly mesmerizing flocks of international hoity-toities. They think this bare-everything, little, sentimental, would-be fork-tongued musical marvy. Also heard: "Oh! Calcutta! five years too late!"

People are talking about . . . Off-Broadway smash, 27-year-old Miguel Piñero's *Short Eyes* at the Pappery (Shakespeare Festival Public Theater). This fraught-taut, sometimes achingly hilarious, always dramatic prison play is a miracle of writing, directing, acting. The miracle: The Family, the group that acts *Short Eyes*, started in a prison: Piñero was in Sing Sing. In prison parlance, "short eyes" are men who commit child assault.

People are talking about . . . Sun-Sign Revelations, veteran astrological analyst Maria Elise Crummere's book-long probe into why fortune may seem to be hiding even after star-guiders foretell dazzling prospects. She does it by toting up the negatives in your sign, positively. The fun of this hooty communiqué from behind the veil is in looking up your chums' signs to pin-prick their conceits.

People are talking about . . . the Kentucky Derby which, on May 4, celebrates its 100th running. But only some 200,000 can jam into Churchill Downs for the soul-freeing few minutes of run. Could be that Secretariat's and Riva Ridge's half brother will be in the run. His name: Capital Asset.

People are talking about . . . a brace of French-made movies, Louis Malle's *Lacombe Lucien*, a tragic gloss on racism, love-me-louse-me in Nazi-occupied France; Alan Resnais' *L'Affaire Stavisky*, in which Belmondo is the charmer-scalawag who toppled the government (Stavisky did just that, 1934); stoked, broke hearts along his high-time way. Consensus: the Malle, the Resnais are masterpieces. Yves Saint Laurent's done very special costumes for *Stavisky*.

People are talking about . . . the fun, dedication, uninhibited physical beauty of the upcoming *Alvin Ailey: Memories and Visions*, May 6, at 8 P.M., PBS-TV, including the solemn glory of Judith Jamison's dancing and *Mary Lou's Mass*.... The slick-quick irony of this bit of really-happened: She: "Louis died? What were his last words?" He: "I don't know. His wife was talking."

—LEO LERMAN



AVEDON

"Jacob Israel Avedon," the last portrait taken by the celebrated American photographer Richard Avedon of his father, the culmination of a series of hundreds of such portraits of his father that Avedon made over the past six years, a selection of which are shown this month and until June 16 at The Museum of Modern Art in New York.

Fathers and sons: breaking the barriers of isolation

BY BARBARA ROSE

This month two shows in New York link famous sons to fathers who were—one through acceptance and encouragement, the other through rejection and resistance—instrumental in forming their sons' strong, creative personalities. At The Museum of Modern Art, Richard Avedon's photographs of his father—the subject that has absorbed him in recent years—are shocking in their severity and candor, exposing a side of the photographer unknown to the public. Accompanying The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum's major retrospective show of over two hundred paintings, sculptures, drawings, and graphics by sculptor Alberto Giacometti are paintings by his father, Giovanni, as well as his cousin Augusto and his godfather, Cuno Amiet, all leading Swiss Post-Impressionists.

Capturing the mood of existential pessimism that dominated European thinking in the postwar era, Giacometti's angular figures and distorted, simplified heads with their vacant, staring eyes have become familiar symbols of the *Angst* and uneasiness provoked by our anxious age. A familiar figure in Montparnasse cafés until his death in 1966, Giacometti linked the Parisian art and literary worlds through his friendship with poets and the writer Samuel Beckett. Essentially, Giacometti shared Beckett's view of modern man as isolated and alienated, immobilized by his inability to communicate with his fellowmen, confronting a world in which values and meanings had all been cast into doubt. In their fragility and compression, Giacometti's attenuated, barely mobile (Continued on page 198)



GIACOMETTI

"Elie Lotar," the last portrait bust in bronze by Swiss-born Parisian Alberto Giacometti—an original and visionary artist—whose work for the first time is combined with paintings by his father, Giovanni Giacometti, in a retrospective show until June 23 at The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in New York. The photograph above, by Herbert Matter, is part of Matter's photographic essay on Giacometti, a book to be published in the fall of 1975.



ccultism:

Exorcising Ourselves

BY FRANCINE DU PLESSIX GRAY

'Satan is a brilliant psychic solution. He also offers us the greatest moral cop-out of all time.'

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Journalist, essayist, with an eye on "politics, religion, and the state of the apocalypse," Francine du Plessix Gray is the author of Divine Disobedience: Profiles in Catholic Radicalism (Alfred Knopf, 1970) and Hawaii: The Sugar-Coated Fortress (Random House, 1972).*

It is only two hundred years ago—a mere drop in the ocean of man's history—that Enlightenment rationalism began its attempt to purge Western society of religion and the supernatural. And one of the greatest surprises of contemporary times has been the failure of this Enlightenment ideal. For our current fascination with all manifestations of

the occult—be it faith healing, witchcraft, psychic phenomena, or the craze for *The Exorcist*—points to a partial return of that magic world view that the eighteenth-century *philosophes* tried to spirit away. In 1974, man's psyche seems to insist again on personifying its inner tensions by mythic forms more familiar than those of science and on dramatizing its inner conflicts in fairly elaborate rituals.

The gradual demythologization of most Christian sects—and their consequent demise—is a case in point. Threatened by the onslaught of secularism, the churches have followed the disastrous maxim "if you can't beat them, join them" and have devitalized those very rites that had kept their symbols forcefully alive. For it is

HERBERT MIDDOLL



UPI

From "The Exorcist" to the upcoming "Dybbuk," magic, demons, things supernatural enthrall us. What lies behind their hold?



Wiseacres are calling the newest Leonard Bernstein (left)/Jerome Robbins (above) ballet collaboration, *The Dybbuk Variations*, "the Jewish Exorcist." Those who've seen rehearsals (its New York City Ballet world premiere gala-gala night is May 15, at the New York State Theater) say that this coolly passionate, luminous, deeply moving work mainsprings freely from the Cabalistic mythos that first tells of the dybbuk, "the sinful transmigrating soul that takes possession of another living body," and must be exorcised. Dybbuk fanciers know the signs that exorcism has worked: a minute bloody spot on the little toe, right foot, of the possessed or an almost imperceptible crack in a windowpane of the place of exorcism.—L.L.

the ancient techniques of meditation, the mnemonic repetition of litanies, the mystery-giving liturgies presently discarded which had provided the bedrock of the experience of the transcendent: an alteration of consciousness that alone makes us receptive to the numinous.

How ironic to see these rejected ceremonies currently return in the forms of the liturgical vestments, incense burning, rosary beads, ritual fasting, litany chanting, mantra muttering, monastic communities, and meditation binges that pervade the new mysticism and the cult of the occult. And how ironic to witness the phenomenal growth of those very sects which have not yet purged themselves of moral absolutes and irrational revivalist fervor, such as the Southern

Baptists and Jehovah's Witnesses. In their desperate search for meaning, the young have repudiated the vacuum of the modernized churches more violently than their parents ever repudiated their ancient rituals, have sought mysticism in a cafeteria of Orientalisms, in drugs, or in tragic alliances with the demonic. So it seems that in this century's most crucial debate concerning man's religious needs, held between Sigmund Freud and C. G. Jung, Jung clearly triumphs. Freud had argued that for anyone who has sufficiently rewarding relationships with his fellow humans, mythic rites and symbols are as unnecessary as any other delusionary mechanisms. Jung had rebutted that they were ingredients essential to man's relationship to the

transcendent, without which his psychic balance could not be assured.

Yet liberal agnostics continue to rage against the supernatural with the outdated fervor of a Diderot. If our contemporary *philosophes* have given scathing reviews to *The Exorcist*, it is in part because they have grown so accustomed to the banality of evil as intellectualized by modern science that they are terrified of confronting the reality of evil in the form of an ancient myth. Whereby the total loss of the film's message: which is that the personification of evil by Satan is quite as valid as its rationalization by such scientific concepts as paranoia and schizophrenia; that the two are interchangeable symbols for a universal human condition; and that the horrors of modern medicine and the faltering faith of swinging modernist priests are equally irrelevant and helpless before the enormity of our propinquity for evil.

Which brings me to ask why a fascination for occultism in general, and for demonology in particular, thrives in the United States of 1974.

In his great study of Martin Luther, Erik H. Erikson suggests the following: demons allow individuals and societies suffering from severe guilt feelings to indulge in a ritualistic repudiation of an outside enemy, thus avoiding victimizing or destroying themselves. No wonder then that occultism, demonologies, and witch-hunts have thrived at the times of greatest historical unease—the collapse of the Roman Empire, the late medieval Church, our own fearfully insecure early Puritan communities.

How do we stand, today, in this historical perspective? Have we ever gone through a decade in which more of our heroes were killed, more fervent hopes for change more brutally destroyed? When have we indulged in a war as conducive to collective guilt as Vietnam? When have we felt as hopeless about the decay of our cities, the end of our natural resources? When have we been so exposed to the corruption and cynicism of Americans in power? For the Watergate tribe itself is a paradigm for Milton's "faint Satanic host," a leadership exemplifying avarice and lust for power at the cost of all redemption.

Without God or the Devil, we have only ourselves to blame, and that burden will always remain unsupportable.

Satan is a brilliant psychic solution, he also offers us the greatest moral cop-out of all time.

However, our current fascination for the magical, the demonic, the supernatural might be more than a negative attempt to exorcise ourselves of personal responsibility. It may also help us to radically alter our world view by forcing us to realize that classical liberalism, secular humanism, demythologized religion, and scientific rationalism, i.e., the "forces of progress" of the past two centuries, have failed more tragically than ever to solve the problem of evil and of suffering. And it might alert us to the fact that after two centuries of being exorcised of the supernatural, the human psyche is calling for some exorcism of materialistic rationalism to restore its precious and ever mysterious balance. ▽

THE BEST
FROM
LAS HADAS

Dateline:
Manzanillo,
Mexico.
Opening of
Las Hadas,
extraordinary
fairyland
resort of
the Patinos...

SUN-EVENT OF ALL TIME!

Four days of joy of wandering
a hillside of 120 acres
of narrow cobbled streets edged
with whitewashed-walled room
like some Arabian Nights village
... golfing at the edge of the sea
(only the very heartiest partook,
as they did with tennis!)
... Sybarite lunches in white
tents on the beach ... drinks on
a palm island in the middle of a
giant blue-and-white tiled
salt-water pool ... dinner at tables
set on bougainvillea-espaliere
and stone-arched terraces down
to the sea with a feast of
fireworks for a backdrop,
and the glory of a candle-light
white ball at the foot of a
Moorish tower dancing-room

ANNE MARIE
DE RIVERA...
a little romantic!
*For breeze... sun-skirt
of panels of Indian gauze
colored bougainvillea,
cinnamon-and pale almond*

AMBIENCE: sun-luxurious
and the crowd was **BEAUFIEU!**
(The 300 there had a wonderful
time... those that weren't, didn't!)
Note: the American contingent
spent the days poolside, while the
Europeans did the beach in style
... and what style!

Sensational Sun-Looks... or
how to look perfect on the beach...
The Key: Wrap! Sarongs,
shawls, floats of Indian printed
gauze over the tiniest bikinis
colored intensely turquoise,
indigo, bougainvillea...
all shades of tropical flowers!

KARIN FIDDERSEN
right, or
The Perfect Bikini Cover!
*Enormous silky shawl
knotted at the bosom and
flowing from there...
colored cyclamen, turquoise
and yellow on white*



BETTY CATROUX...
The Message:
Collect Sarongs!
*Over a bikini
striped pink-white
yellow, and
turquoise a wrap
of huge white
Tahitian flowers
on indigo cotton*

GUNILLA FRIDEN...
The Beach Head:
Wrapped!
*Pale pink-and-white
striped bikini
white crêpe de Chine
shirt as the cover
The Surprise:
a saffron-yellow
lion sun-turban!*

BETTY CATROUX
left, **Smashing!**
*Deep indigo
slice-of-a-bikini,
a handanna-knotted
sarong of turquoise
cotton-printed indigo
The Touch:
Blue denim sun-hat,
double sunglasses,
masses of golden hair!*



Message...
The Best Beach
Accessories!
Panamas Abounded...

Beach Jewels!
The best in the sun
were Indian silver
and turquoise.

ALANA
HAMILTON
wore masses—
ears, wrists,
and neck—
with a sea blue-
green bikini.

ELSA MARTINELLI,
far left.
Rolled brimmed Panama
wrapped with a turquoise
cotton bandanna,
turquoise over-bikini-
blouse belted wide.
The Touch: *a white*
multi-flowered chintz
wood framed "beach bag."

SUSIE DYSON, left.
The Hat...
a man's Panama bound
with a black ribbon;
tiny green flowered
chintz bikini.
The Bag... *a Chinese*
woven straw "suitcase."



Tanned Skin and More Shine...
KARIN FEDDERSEN, above.
Nothing looked sexier
than a sliver of a bikini,
skin, and masses of gold and silver
beads, neck and wrists!

More Cover, Super-Smart...
JACQUELINE DE RIBES, right.
Sun-bleached pink cotton
T-shirt narrow-belted
over a bikini, head wrapped
in pink cotton and Panama hatted....
The Touch: *the shine of gold*
hoop earrings with a tan!

And Everyone Took Pictures....
It was rare not to see the flash
of a camera—professional
paparazzi and even the guests.
SUSIE DYSON (and hat), below,
called it the war of the cameras!

For Sun...
A Paper Parasol!
BETSY
BLOOMINGDALE.
For beaching,
black maillot,
long button-front
white cotton skirt,
head wrapped in
a black-and-white dotted
cotton handkerchief....
And For Charm...
a black, white, and
cyclamen flower-painted
Japanese umbrella.



PEGGY D'UZES



**THE BEST
FROM
LAS HADAS**

**The Personal Style of
ISABEL DE ROSNAY**
(granddaughter of the Patinos),
easily one of
the most *beautiful* girls
anywhere!

Her Message: Pure Charin!
*Isabel-In-The-Evening . . .
white Mexican cotton and lace
(from the Las Hadas boutique Roberto's),
the glow of amber-tanned skin,
masses of dark chestnut hair. . .*

Sun-Cover...
Delicious!
*Silky shawls of
two shades of
bougainvillea
(the best
sun-color ever!),
one tied at the
bosom; one
low at the hips..*
The Touch: *tiny
pink chiffon
headwrap, pale pink
bead-bracelets,
white high-
heeled sandals....*
Incredible!

SARBARA BERSELL



Sun-Hat.... *Her huge Panama
bound with a ribbon of
green-white-and-red woven
Mexican cotton to wear with a
bright green bikini!*

Sarong.... *Terra-cotta and green
printed Indian cotton, bandanna-knotted
low at the waist and long-to-the-
ankle, brilliant-orange bikini, hair
bound back with a tiny orange ribbon....*

Las Hadas Evening...

**The Prettiest Tropical
Night Hair!**

After the glory of hot sun-days,
night was pure glamour!

Ingredients:

Take the glow of the sun,
heighten it with a perfect
shimmer-makeup, add the shine
of hair swept off the face
in a gentle line... bound back,
brushed back, or lifted back,
and sometimes caught with a
full-blown fresh flower.

Effect: Cool...

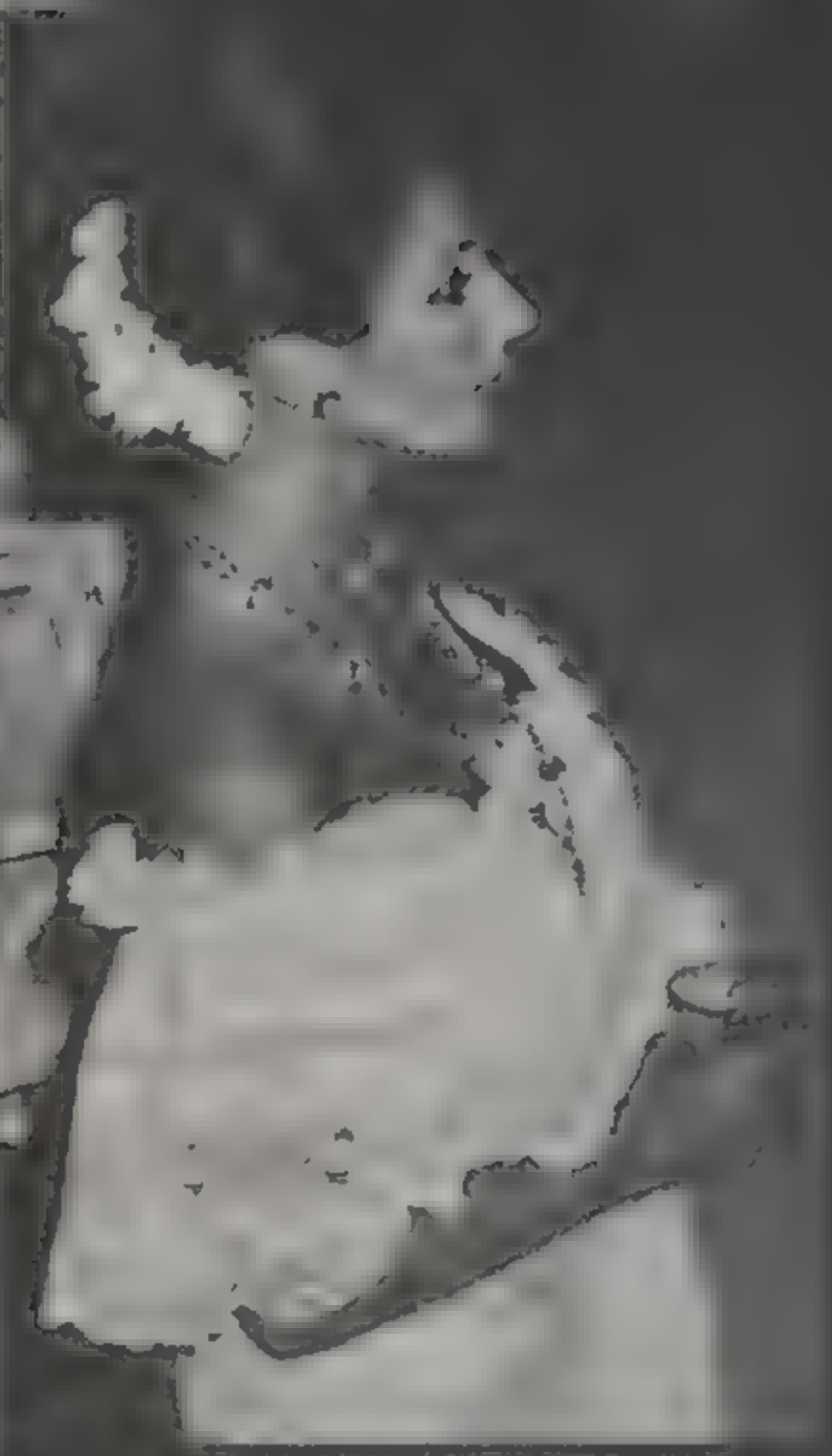
Deliciously Romantic!



JACQUELINE DE RIBES



CONSUELO CRESPI



NATY ABASCAL



SUSIE DYSON

EVE CORRIGAN

(long flow of hair... beautiful exception!)

HAIR BY LAURENT, PARIS AND FRANCOIS OF SUGA, NEW YORK

DAVID BAILEY

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...



Indoors,
outdoors:
the

MOVABLE MASTERPIECES



Mr. and Mrs. Frederick R. Weisman don't just live with the magnificent collection of contemporary art shown on these four pages; they live in it, immersed, delighted afresh with each new addition or arrangement. They rearrange things often—paintings change walls, or rooms; small pieces of sculpture move in and out of their airy, sun-flooded Southern California house, with its easy flow of space, its indoor and outdoor patio, swimming pool, brightly-flowering garden. Everything seems visible, and enjoyable, from everywhere.

Married for thirty-five years, the Weismans started collecting twentieth-century art in the "fifties." "We just acquired things we loved, and suddenly we were collectors without knowing it," said Marcia Weisman. "I feel I know every glob of paint on every picture we own," Fred Weisman said. "These pictures are really part of us." ...Now, the collection overflows into their beach house at Trancas, into Fred's Los Angeles office—even into the New York apartment of their son, Richard. Marcia Weisman runs her own art advisory service; is acting as art consultant to the Mayo Clinic Foundation; has taught art classes at UCLA Extension, and independently. A recent project was installing works by California artists in the Washington offices of California Senators, for all visitors to see.

The Weismans' collection has been called—by at least one respected art critic—"a collection of masterpieces." ...Above, in the living room: Over the mantelpiece, a powerful 1945 Willem de Kooning, "Dark Pond." Then, going counterclockwise: an Arshile Gorky (left of mantel); a large Clyfford Still (on back wall) in tones of yellow (1964); Wayne Thiebaud's "Lollipop" (seen through door to kitchen). Left of that, an historic Jackson Pollock—his last painting, "Scent" (1955). Seen through entrance to breakfast room/bar, a magnificent Barnett Newman painting, "Onement Number 6," with a rare Newman sculpture in front of it. On the left wall, Wassily Kandinsky's "Yellow Nude" (1911). Other sculptures are Henry Moore's 1948 bronze, "Family Group," on table in foreground; a Naum Gabo "Construction" in anodized bronze and wire (right of fireplace); Giacomo Manzù's "Seated Cardinal," 1959 bronze, on coffee table.

of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick R. Weisman



MOVABLE MASTERPIECES

1. and 2. Two views of the dining room—decorated, as was the rest of the house, by George Hall. Above, looking out towards Kandinsky's "Yellow Nude"—seen on preceding page—and the Barnett Newman sculpture "Here I (To Marcia)." At left, a partial view of Morris Louis's painting "Beta Rho" (Unfurled). Below, Jasper John's painting "The Map," over

sideboard; on the sideboard, two Giacometti sculptures, "The Glade"—a rare painted version—and "The Dog," flanking a Lowestoft tureen full of roses. Chippendale chairs with painted griffins; old Imari plates. **3.** In the indoor patio: Marcia Weisman with a superb 1917 bronze by Jacques Lipchitz, "Seated Bather." Behind her, left—Isamu Noguchi's "Little She" in marble (1970). Above the fireplace is Henry Moore's "Animal Head." **4.** In the outdoor patio—overlooking the sunlit garden and swimming pool—Henry Moore's majestic bronze "Seated Figure."

HORST





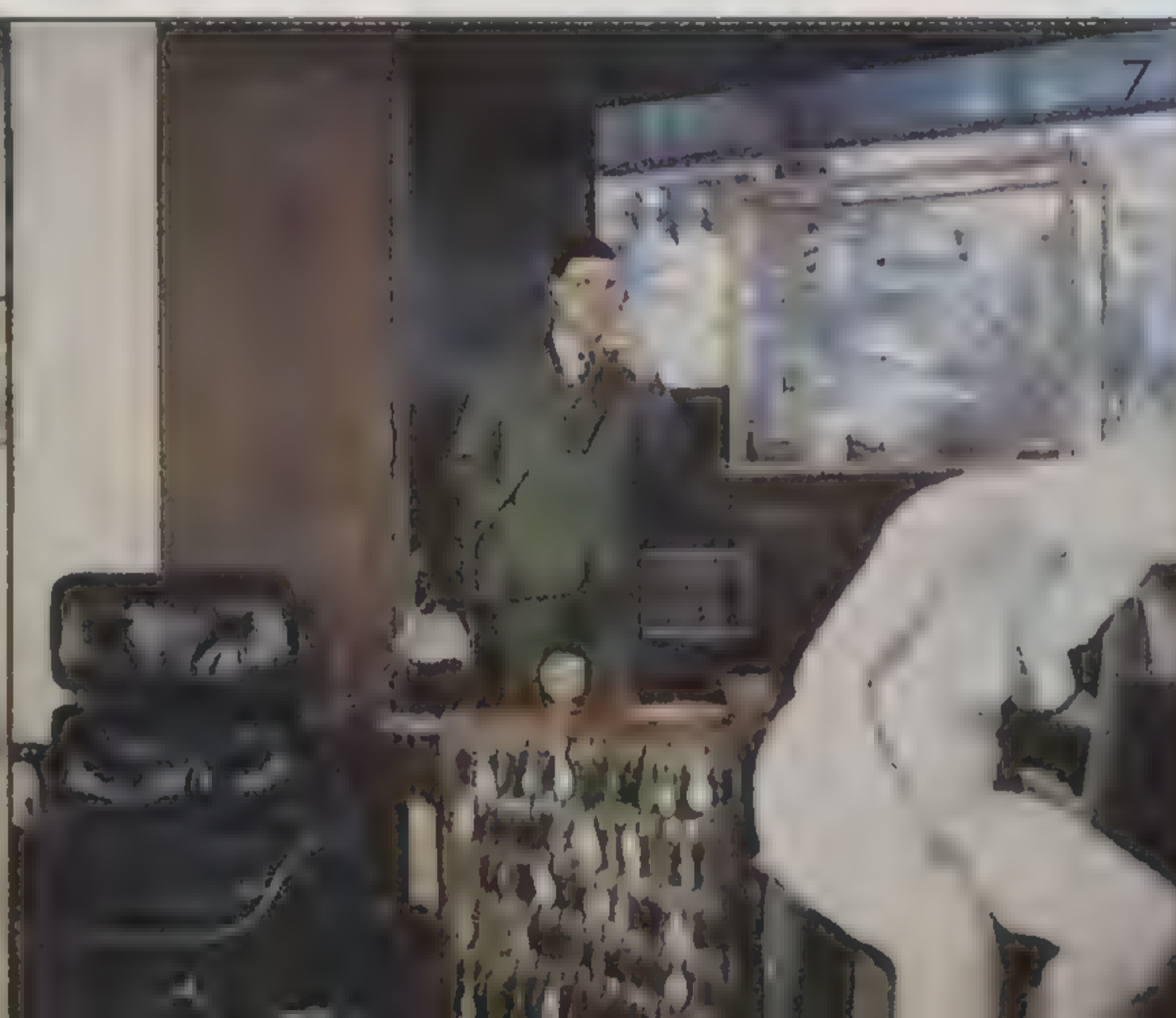
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5. The indoor patio—bright, airy, open on one side to the garden. On the round table, a 1944 wood sculpture by Max Ernst, "Jeune Homme au Coeur Battant." Left, William Turnbull's massive "Columbus" (1960), in rosewood and bronze. Overhead, a 1950 Alexander Calder mobile, "Nine Elements." In background, a partial view of Andy Warhol's 1972 "Portrait of Marcia Weisman." **6.** In the master bedroom: large painting, left, Morris Louis's "Vernal" (Veiled), a 1960 work. At right, over beds, Kenneth Noland's "Skin" (1967). Giacometti lamp.

7. Fred Weisman in his dressing room, with (in foreground) George Segal's life-size "Woman on Green Chair—Ruth" (1964). Center, Arman's "Yang and Yin," acrylic cube with watercolor containers, used as a table. In the window, Claes Oldenburg's "Pastry Case; Baked Potato, Sundae, Banana, Transformed by Eating." **8.** Another corner of the living room: Willem de Kooning's 1947 painting "Pink Angel." Painting at left, Paul Klee's "Little Mountain Train" (1936). Near the door, Antoine Pevsner's metal sculpture "Surface Developpable." Luristan figures on low table.



6



7



8

collecting...art

How to go about collecting art. Accept the fact that you are not going to outsmart the market and make a fortune (90 percent of all art decreases in value). Art bought more for gain than love will disappoint you.

- Decide why you want art. If you have a large empty space and a small budget, you may choose to buy posters for immediate effect. If you yearn for a particular period or style, you might do better to put all your money on the best example of that period or style you can afford.
- Start slowly. If you know no reputable dealers, go to your museum. Join it, in fact. Good curators can and will suggest reputable dealers in the areas of art that interest you.
- It's fair play, a gallery owner said, to ask a dealer who handles your kind of thing who else carries comparable work.
- Many museums have lend/buy services. To get off to an unshaky start, you can rent a work of art, live with it, and if you like it, buy it...rental fees go toward purchase price.

How to get your money's worth. The art world is filled with dedicated people—but, like all fields, art has its rascals. If you are unsure, pick a dealer who belongs to the Art Dealers Association of America. As the Association's president, André Emmerich who has two galleries in New York, said: "Not all reputable dealers belong to the ADA, but all ADA members are reputable." (For membership list, write the ADA at 575 Madison Avenue, New York 10022.)

- Be wary of art fads.
- Don't feel you must haggle about price. "The price," said one dealer, "is the measuring stick of the artist's recognition plus the market."
- Do expect, if you are a good customer or pay cash on a purchase over, say, \$500, to receive a 10 percent discount. Do remember, too, that you can buy on time installments without paying interest as you would on other time purchases.

A few things NOT to worry about.

- The starving artist is being ripped off by your dealer. Unlikely. The classic commission to the gallery is one-third of the price. Dealers may take more from unknown artists, for "nobody makes money on young artists."
- You will make mistakes. Mistakes are not irretrievable. The gallery that sold you art that your taste outgrows will usually resell it for you.
- You're going to buy a fake. Most dealers who have in all faith sold you what turns out to be a bill of goods will give you your money back. Your bill of sale is your authentication. Don't lose it.
- Your friends won't like it. Odd: civilized people who would never tell you that you look fat or your child is ugly feel perfectly free to yammer at the art you own. If you can't take the heat, stay out of the atelier.

displaying...art



Art displayed: an interesting grouping of primitive, modern, and classical, in the home of Jose Antonio Fernández-Muro, Spanish-born artist.

HORST

One art-player's buying technique. A successful artist/collector began by setting an absolute top limit on the money he could spend and then trying to find a work—any work—by any well-known artist whose work he admired. Something usually turned up.

Art trap to avoid.

- Don't buy reproductions. No matter how expensive the reproductions—they are worth nothing.

What to collect for value, and why.

- The least-expensive good art buys are posters done by the artist for museum or gallery exhibitions. They are, in effect, unlimited-edition prints. One New York source: Poster Originals, Ltd.
- Limited-edition prints rise in value with the fame of the artist and the scarcity of the print. If the print is individually signed by the artist, it becomes more valuable.

A limited-edition print may have two numbers on it: the upper one is the number of the print in the series; the lower, the total number.

Good sources for prints in New York include these galleries: Pace Editions, Inc.; Marlborough Graphics, Inc.; Castelli Graphics, Inc.; Associated American Artists, Inc. (oldest dealer, with most all-round collection); Kennedy Gallery (especially prints before 1950); Weyhe Gallery (early twentieth-century and American prints); Brooke Alexander (contemporary); Reiss-Cohen (expensive:

good for the money



John Wesley's "Bumstead" (1973), gouache on paper, 22" x 24", the first of a series of 8 paintings and 13 gouaches called "Searching for Bumstead." The Dagwood and Blondie painting, erotic, ambiguous, is "to show something wrong," Wesley said, "in the paradise we all grew up in." At Robert Elkon Gallery, for \$650, framed.



An unsigned drawing of a seated draped woman, seventeenth century, Florentine, sanguine with washes on paper (11 1/2" x 8 1/2"). For \$300, at M. Glueckselig and Son.



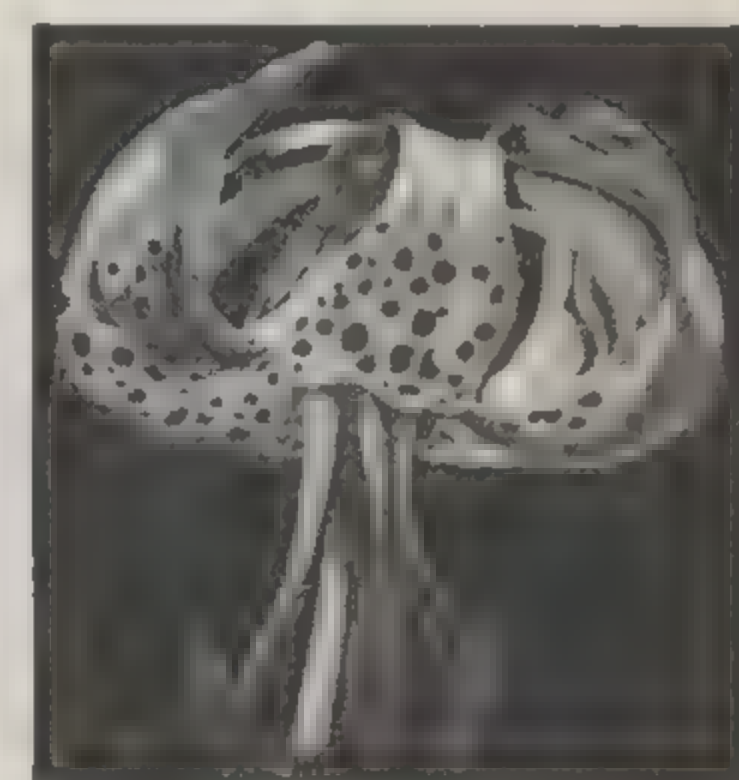
A pear, the theme of a portfolio of 8 etchings and 1 ink drawing by Robert Kulicke, titled "Homage to Morandi" (1968). Handprinted by M. Omer Khalil on Rives B.F.K. paper (9" x 11"), encased in handmade natural linen, the portfolio (edition of 60) is available at Kornblee Gallery, for \$400.



One of a kind, nineteenth-century votive elephant, bearing a howdah, from a Burmese temple; carved wood, polychrome, 10 1/2" high with base. Available from Art Asia, Inc., for \$120.



Sixteenth-century coat of arms from Austria with the bent figure of St. Andrew as a pilgrim, carrying a rosary and a staff. Above him, the red eagle, a symbol of Tirol province. The polychrome wood carving, 35" x 23", is at M. Glueckselig and Son, for \$750.



"Lily-73," an aquatint by Lowell Nesbitt, 30" x 44"; a tiger lily in reds, yellows, blacks; printed by M. Omer Khalil, in an edition of 100, available from Gimpel & Weltzenhoffer, Ltd., for \$300, unframed.

maintaining...art

Picasso, Chagall, Miró, et al.).

- Vanishing folk crafts increase in worth with scarcity: quilts, wood carvings, ceramics—anything rare and handmade—may be good choices. Rule of thumb: as soon as a craft is touched by industrial production, it loses value.
- Discontinued techniques and styles may periodically zoom in price as they become attractive again. Well-known current cases in point: Tiffany and Lalique glass, Art Deco furniture, fabrics, and jewelry (try Primavera In New York).
- If you insist on buying art for price appreciation, here is advice from a dealer who stuck his neck way out: "If you invest in the work of someone who has made a niche in history, it may possibly maintain its value." A more rewarding system could be to put your courage and convictions on young artists and see what happens—up, down, or so-what.
- As a general rule steer clear of unauthenticated or unattributable works, except when... Lots of exceptions: one, the beautiful Italian drawing (opposite, below), low in price only because it is unsigned.

Special message to graphics collectors. One of America's greatest collectors thinks graphics can be marvelous, but cautions that buying them well takes more study even than does buying paintings. The quality of the printing work is all-important. Even the paper can matter. She noted that at a recent auction a Picasso print brought an enormous price. The print was made on three different kinds of paper, one extremely fine and rare. The price reflected that *this* Picasso was on *that* paper. She also warned that, for all her enthusiasm for graphics, their prices are rising on an almost steeper curve than those of paintings.

- Photographs as art investments.** A dealer who does *not* advise his clients to buy limited-edition graphics said, "Photographs have a real value as art," and applauded the trend toward collecting them. Once again, rarity, as well as intrinsic beauty, affects the price. To insure limited editions, good dealers "retire" negatives, some punch them with a hole. One photographer punches "canceled" on his. The excellent LIGHT Gallery gave this advice.
- When you buy photographs, you should:
 1. Accept only archival prints (black-and-white prints processed to last at least 100 years; most museums, professional photographers now use archival printing).
 2. Store photographs FLAT with tissue over them in archival print boxes. Source: Spink and Gaborc, 32 West 18th Street, New York 10011.
 3. Do not hang photographs in direct sunlight.
 4. Do not dry-mount photographs. Mount on all-rag-content boards with strips of linen tape or with photo corners. Glue may eventually rot prints.
 5. Watch out for rubber-stamp or ballpoint-pen marks on

framing...art

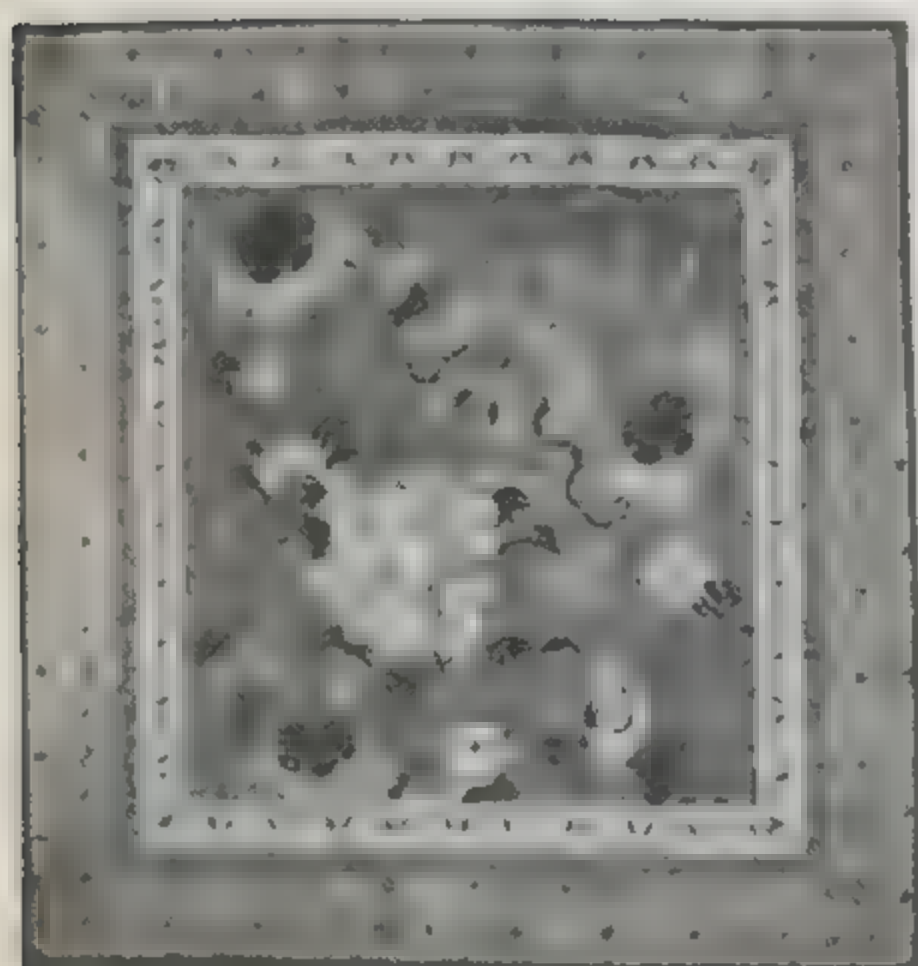
- the back. They can come through the print one day.
- 6. When you frame photographs, don't let the glass touch them. Glass sweats, will rot the photograph.

Care-package for art. Basic rule: do not try to clean or repair art yourself. Ask your museum to name a restorer.

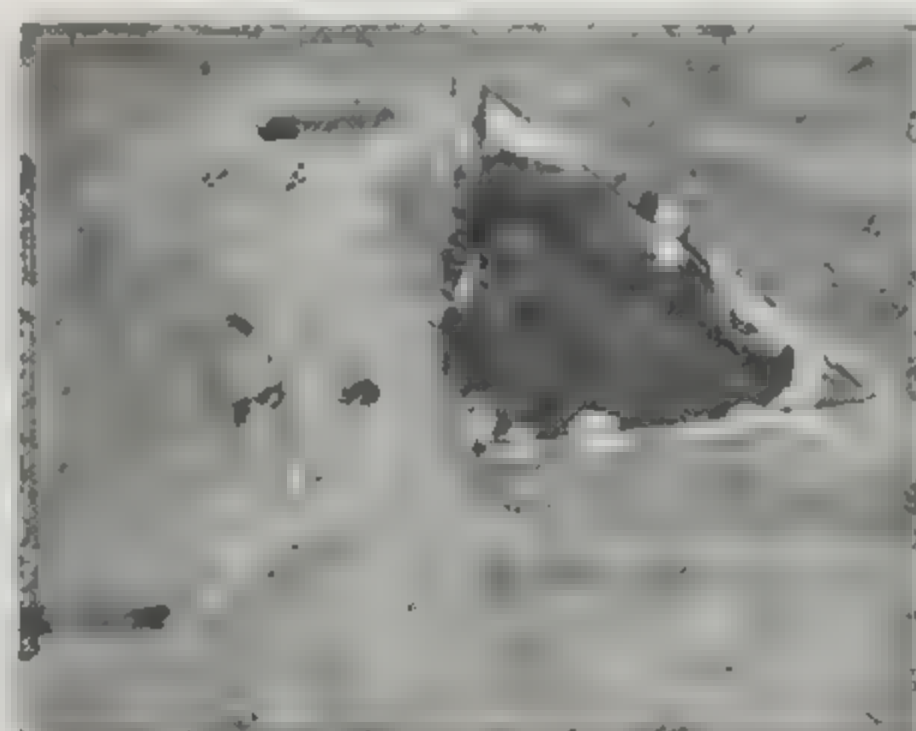
- High-risk areas for displaying art: in bathrooms, kitchens, beach houses; near pools, radiators, air conditioners. Reasons: excess heat, cold, humidity, aridity. Plus splashing.
- Think twice about smoke-filled rooms, narrow halls (people with bags, coats), large glass walls (extreme temperature swings, direct sunlight), buffet tables (tossed salad oil is a common stain).
- Never wipe paintings with a damp cloth (water is a solvent for water-based materials) or with a feather duster (feathers tend to catch and chip paint particles). Dust with a long soft brush—camel's hair, perhaps, or a shaving brush.
- Don't clean frames with products containing wax or varnish; the edges of paintings end up varnished.
- Know the materials your art is made of: with wood, paper, canvas duck, linen, silk, a room humidifier can help. Cleaners that dissolve plastic floor waxes will dissolve plastic art objects. Acrylic paintings can fade in direct sunlight.
- Never mount art on Masonite or cardboard (they're acid, may stain). In fact, just stick to rag paper for mounting.

How to show your art. A rule of thumb: display your art at eye level. Tantalizing question: whose eye level?

- Fabric, such as the Chinese silk embroidery, is organic and should have room to expand and contract with atmospheric and seasonal changes. Fabric will show wrinkles as it expands but these are usually temporary and will even out. For this reason, fabric should not be glued tightly to mounting board. There should also be some space between the fabric and the glass.
- Where should you place a spotlight? Our specialists suggest that if the wall to be lighted is 8-9 feet high, place ceiling spotlight or track of lights 2 feet from the wall. If the wall is 9-10 feet high, place light 30 inches from the wall. If the wall is 10-11 feet high, place light 36 inches from the wall.
- Beware of cross glare. If there's a couch under the painting, for instance, so that people will be looking into the spotlight, put a filter or frosted lens on it.
- When using lights at the base of a sculpture, beware of upward shadows which seem unnatural to the eye.
- A disadvantage of light fixed to the frame of a picture is uneven lighting: more at the top of the picture, less toward the bottom. If you are using a frame light, choose a fixture slightly narrower than the frame for aesthetic balance.
- White incandescent light may appear yellow. To correct, put a pale blue lens on the light. To bring out red tones, use pale pink. Same principle applies for blues and greens.



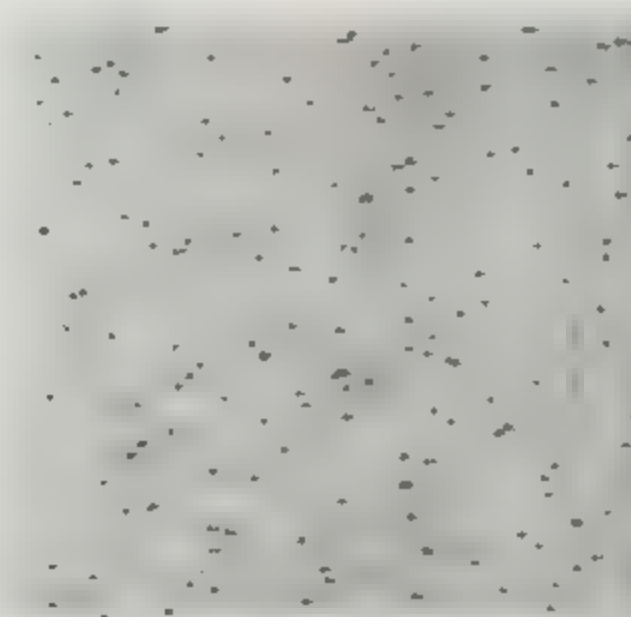
Chinese silk hanging, hand-embroidered, circa 1900, with a swirling octopus in a sea of multicolored flowers, white border with blue butterflies, grey and pastel outer border of stylized chrysanthemums; 15" x 14", unframed, \$85, at The Pillowry.



An untitled gouache abstract (1973), on paper, by Frank Roth, grey on orange-yellow, 18 3/4" x 23 3/4", for \$600, framed, at Gimpel & Weltzenhoffer, Ltd.



Folk carving of a woodpecker, by anonymous artist, circa 1895, handpainted in shades of coffee, ocher, yellow, black; pinewood bird (8" x 2") attached to natural tree branch; \$250, at Bernard & S. Dean Levy, Inc.



"Untitled (1973)," an ink drawing on graph paper (27" x 27") by Steven Gwon, who designs on a grid system and varies the color intensity of the marking instrument, creating complex dimensional patterns; \$300, framed, at Rosa Esman Gallery. Gwon will be part of a summer group exhibit at Rosa Esman Gallery beginning June 4.




"Chez Mondrian," a black-and-white photograph, from Photographs, Volume I, 1913-1929, done by André Kertész, edition of 50, boxed in slipcase and paired with his second volume, 1930-1972. The print, 8" x 10", \$250, unframed; Volume I, \$1,250; if purchased with Volume II, \$2,250. At LIGHT Gallery.



"Embrace #8," from a series of 65, by Japanese photographer Eikoh Hosoe, whose work is in the New Japanese Photography exhibit at The Museum of Modern Art, New York, through May 19; toned black-and-white photo, 8" x 10", available by special order, \$125, from LIGHT Gallery.


BY DOROTHEA STRAUS

 Sometimes from my bed in the early morning, half awake, I hear the evocative cry of sea gulls above the drone of New York City traffic. "Cree, cree, cree-ee," the gulls are calling, unabashed by the whirring, masticating noise made by the maw of a garbage truck and the competitive shriek of a siren. Among the skyscrapers I can picture the white swooping wings. Are they lost? Did they fly too far inland from their watery security? Or, are my ears leading me across Manhattan Island to the docks where the gulls are ushering in an ocean liner?—a rare occurrence these days. In my mind's eye I can see the giant gleaming smokestacks banded with stripes of red, blue or yellow, like summer play clothes. I can smell the familiar odors of linoleum and polished brass that accompanied the crossings of my childhood. A chant of old ships' names passes through my head: *Bremen, Europa, Normandie, Ile de France, Mauretania, Berengaria*—a list of dinosaurs. Then Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt make their reappearance, emerging from clouds of forgetfulness.

I had been sitting with my family in the Palm Lounge of the *Berengaria* which had not yet steamed out of Southampton. The summer's journey had been accomplished once again. Our traveling company: my parents; brother; Tini, the French maid; Mademoiselle

and my brother's tutor had trailed through Paris, Munich, Vienna, Milan, London. We had halted by the side of a lake, beneath the Alps, at the seashore. Had we, perhaps, impressed some trace of ourselves on a narrow street or a flower-strewn meadow? Would our footprints, washed away by the waves, become part of the composition of some pebbly beach? I liked to think that our strenuous travel had left some mark in its wake. But when I climbed the gangplank and was re-engulfed in the colossal ship's in-

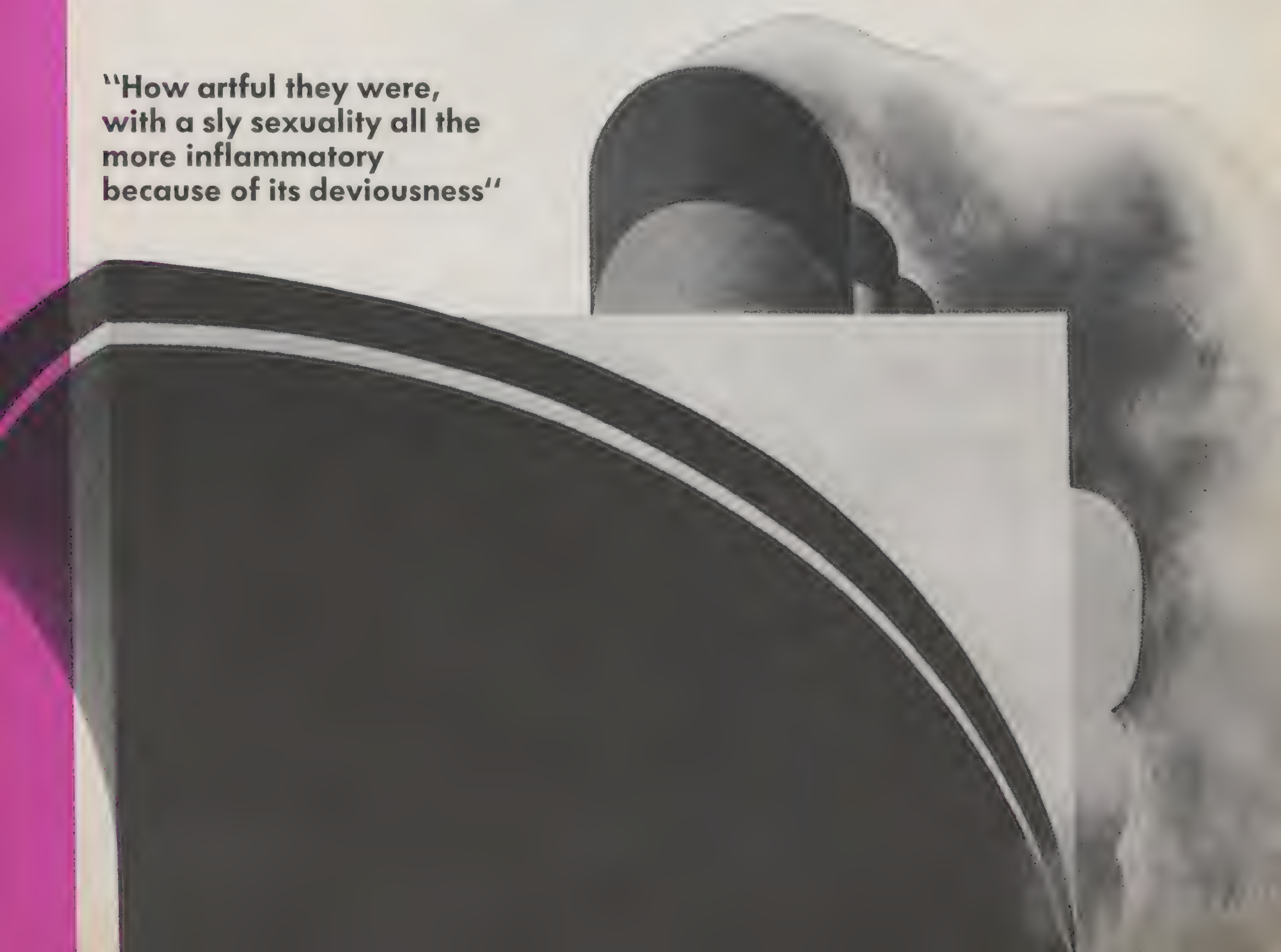
terior, our journeys fell away and my thoughts bounded across the Atlantic towards home, school, the beginning of a fresh year. Summer holidays were interruptions in the business of living and the ship was a hyphen between the unreality of travel and the reality of home.

 On these travels, staring at fellow tourists making stories from their appearance constituted my chief pastime. I was

"How artful they were, with a sly sexuality all the more inflammatory because of its deviousness"



Through the eyes of a watchful little girl, the seductive grown-up world of shipboard romance





LUNTS

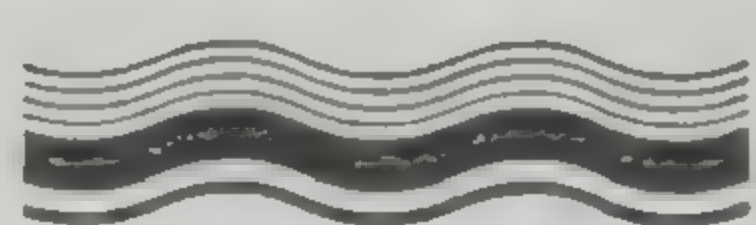
The theater's most durable seduction act, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne (left) are fadeless glitterers, as able to stir the memory as they were to captivate a ten-year-old voyeur who eyed them all the way across the Atlantic.

CECIL BEATON

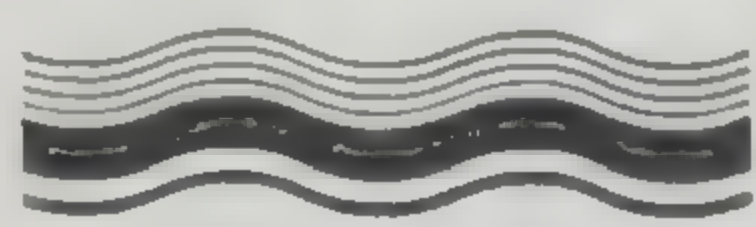
especially susceptible to royalty. I recall a lunch at a seaside hotel in France where my family was summering. I see a big glass room like a conservatory. The wine steward, resembling a medieval guild master with his long gold chain, had just received my father's order when, reverently closing the menu and bending low conspiratorially, he whispered, "*Monsieur*, the Prince of Wales is seated at your left." The name had a magical connotation and in no time I located my object: an old-young man with fair hair and perky Peter Pan features in a prematurely wizened face, withered, perhaps, by the sun or the harsh light of too much fame. What I could see of him above the table was slim to the point of frailness. He was wearing tweeds and I guessed that beneath the table his royal legs were encased in knickers like those my father wore for golfing. His attire was a disappointment for I had expected a crown perhaps a size smaller than the King's, an ermine cape, and purple velvet. But as I stared, his silver gilt hair became a royal headgear and the ordinary hotel dining-room chair, the duplicate of the one I was sitting on myself, was transformed into a mighty throne.

Not long ago I read the Duke of Windsor's obituary. The newspaper portrait showed the same face, young-old now, naturally more wizened, but with the same Peter Pan features. But the image no longer conjured up crown or throne, instead, a forlorn member of café society appeared to have been lodging these many years inside the person of the former Prince of Wales and King.

Another summer my father took the cure in Karlsbad, a place I particularly loathed for the Cure House had a stupefying hospital atmosphere. Attached to it was an enclosed Promenade where the patients who had eaten and drunk too much during the rest of the year strolled up and down sipping tepid sulphurous cure water from etched Bohemian glasses while they concentrated on the vagaries of their intestinal tracts. The hotel was even worse. There the orchestra was perpetually playing popular tunes, melancholy because I was without a partner. I even envied the very old like the bedizened widows and rouged divorcees I observed on the dance floor. At least they were being led into the intricate steps of the tango, waltz or fox-trot by the three hotel gigolos: one dark, one blond, one with a shiny bald pate like the three wicked princes in a fairy tale.



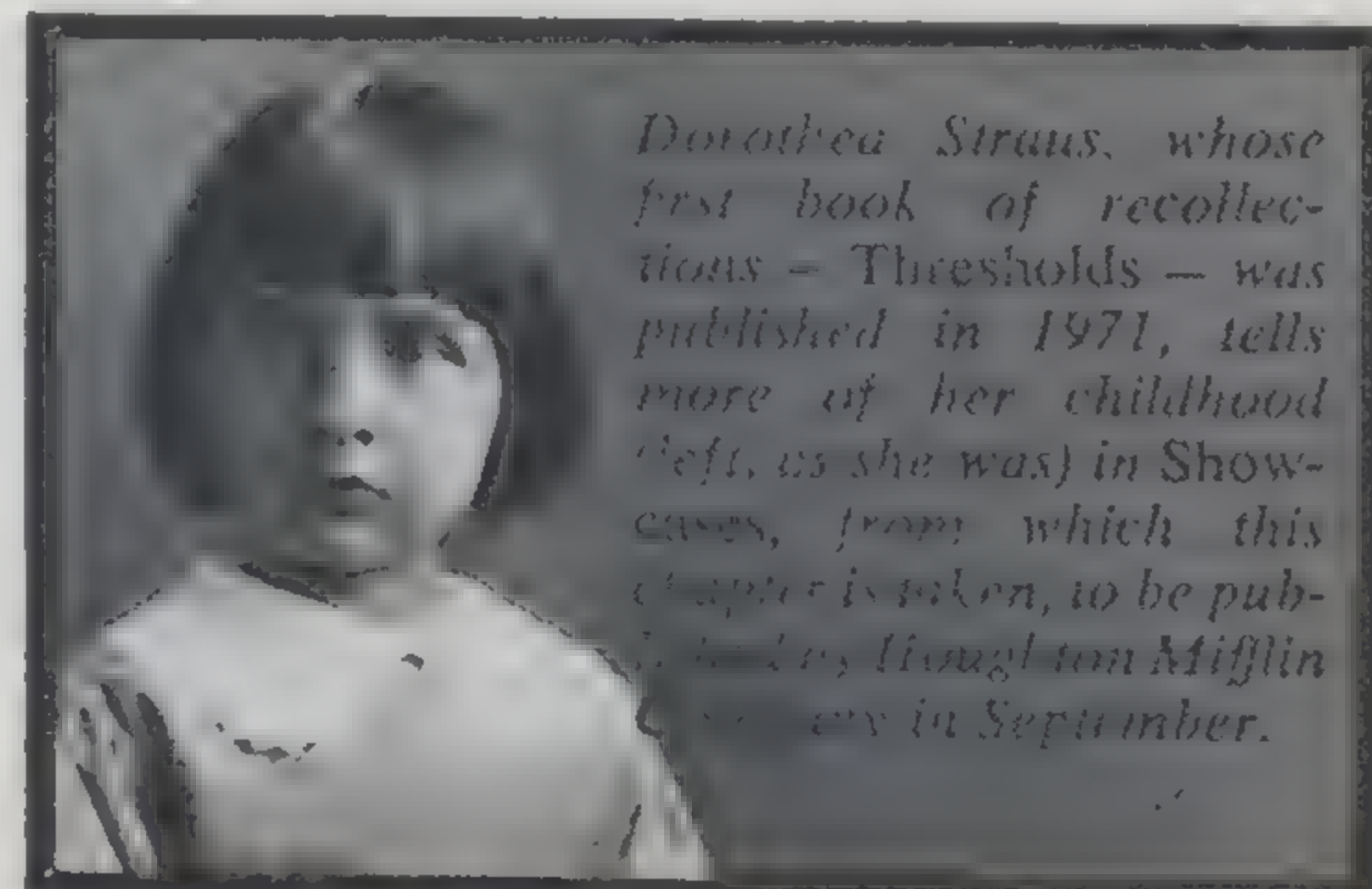
There was nothing for me to do to while away the dull hours. One day our French maid, Tini, reported that ex-King Alphonso of Spain was taking the cure, living nearby in a rented villa. She related, furthermore, that the natives believed he was unlucky, the possessor of the evil eye. Like a black cat he must never be allowed to cross one's path. For me his image was heightened by superstition. His royal blood tainted by hemophilic genes, his exile and his loneliness touched me. When he was pointed out, his stooped height, swarthy complexion, aristocratically hooked nose and pendulous lower lip showed him to be a proper Bourbon. One afternoon Tini, my brother and I were strolling along Karlsbad's main shopping street—a costly bazaar—when the sidewalk was suddenly emptied, people scuttling inside the store like ants under rocks. King Alphonso was advancing toward us dressed like any tourist with a camera slung from his shoulder. He seemed impervious to the effect he was producing, proud and unflinching he bore his stigma royally. When our paths crossed I thought his eyes met mine. For me his glance carried no ill luck; rather, dispelling my boredom, it elevated me like the ritual tap of a royal scepter.



In the lounge of the *Berengaria* on this particular home voyage I eyed the passengers trapped in this transitional world with me. I knew that before we docked many of their faces would have become familiar but when we dispersed along the New York City docks I would not meet them again. The ship was a nation in microcosm, with its own population, customs and climate. My father was reading the passenger list aloud to the rest of us and I was hoping it would include some families with children, with whom I could share this seven-day life-span—when, suddenly, he stopped and, looking up from his reading, said, "There go the Lunts." The name meant nothing to me, but following my father's glance, I saw a couple moving arm in arm, across the lounge. They were of indeterminate age. Her step was sinuous, flowing—his, purposeful. Her houri's black eyes in a lily white face were expressionless, almost unseeing, yet replete with some sensuous secret of their own. His eyes took in the surroundings mockingly, with arrogance. I took note of all this, but I would have been incapable of describ-

ing the Lunts at that moment, though my observation of them was as intense as a Peeping Tom's. This initial sight of the famous actor-couple Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt gave me a sensation of *déjà vu*. Romantic love, even so early a species, is a pre-form embedded in the imagination. Unknown to us, it is a product of our individual temperament. And the object that sparks it is the form it has been waiting for. So perfectly do the two fit that the instant of recognition is like something we have lived through before. What caused me, a ten-year-old girl, to fasten on this middle-aged theatrical pair? This attraction, androgynous and unrequited, was to remain as much a mystery as later more realized ones—creatures of the imagination, all—rooted in obscurity and branching into multi-faceted brilliance, yet destined for transformation and eventual extinction, like the fugitive moment itself.

Shipboard existence was divided into territories in strict accordance with the clock that crept back a bit each day, so that upon arrival, the European hours were dropped, dissolved in the foaming wake of seawater. And when we docked on the other side we would assume the new time like a mantle of protective coloring. In the morning I awoke in my cabin to the flat light of the porthole, through whose round eye I could see a blank view of alternating sea and sky. I listened to the washing swish of waves, the protesting groan of hinges, the creaking of steamer trunks fastened to the floor and felt the mild caressing puffs of salt air. Later, the hours spent on the Promenade Deck were reminiscent of the life at European spas that I had left without regret. Gentlemen in tweed knickers and peaked caps and ladies in white flannel with floppy felt hats or close fitting *cloches*, marched around and around, the same ones appearing and disappearing, like horses in a carousel. Or they lay stretched out on their deck chairs, tucked in plaid blankets, like patients at a sanatorium. At noon, promptly, announced by a blast from the foghorn, consommé and crackers appeared, passed around by stewards, like hospital attendants, and consumed by their charges in self-absorbed obedience. At five in the afternoon, the same ritual was repeated, but tea and ginger snaps were substituted. And the light on the white capped waves had altered from blatant midday to the mobile, subtle shadings that were prelude to another night. Meals in the vast, gilded dining room were also punctuating marks, as well as movies in the lounge, ring tennis and shuffleboard on the upper deck, the only place directly exposed to fresh air. The rest of the ship was as enclosed as any *hôtel splendide* and the sight of the ocean outside panes of thick glass was no more real than the landscapes hanging on the walls (Continued on page 192)



Dorothea Straus, whose first book of recollections — Thresholds — was published in 1971, tells more of her childhood (left, as she was) in Showcases, from which this chapter is taken, to be published by Houghton Mifflin Company in September.

ONE WOMAN GIVES HER ANSWERS TO

The question of bisexuality

BY BERNHARDT J. HURWOOD

EDITOR'S NOTE: Although Dr. Robert Kolodny of the Reproductive Biology Research Foundation (founded by Masters and Johnson) has said that "all people are to some extent potentially bisexual—sexually attracted by either sex," no serious statistics on bisexuality have been available since Kinsey, Pomeroy, and Martin's *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* was published by W.B. Saunders in 1948. Kinsey and his partners discussed the subject in *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female* in 1953 but provided no statistics. In the intervening years, the "sexual revolution" of the youth counter-culture has opened up our whole approach to sex. Sexual equality has become the right of the Liberated Woman; but the extent to which bisexuality is part of this freedom has not been fully explored.

Writer Bernhardt J. Hurwood, in his research for a book on bisexuality—to be published by Fawcett in the fall—talked to at least fifty bisexual people: housewives, executives, secretaries, artists, employees of banks and employment agencies, actors and editors. Almost all of them were women; men were much less willing to discuss the topic.

"For two hundred years," Hurwood said, "women were taught that female sexuality was negative. A 'good' woman did not enjoy anything remotely sexual. Intercourse was for procreation—or a submission to 'base male passions.' Happily, such unhealthy concepts have been almost abandoned. One of the most discussed topics of the 1960's was the female orgasm. One of the still *un*-discussed topics is that women have more sexual endurance than men. Healthy women seeking the sexual fulfillment so long denied them, and seeking it openly, find themselves surrounded by men who are inadequate. They may turn to other women for physical as well as emotional fulfillment. This does not mean that these women are solely homosexual—they respond to men who meet their needs, too.

"Whether my theory is correct, or whether the growing awareness of bisexuality today is a reawakening of deep-rooted human characteristics that were more in evidence in earlier ages, or whether it is a symptom of something else entirely are matters best left to social scientists. The fact remains that bisexuality is a very significant element of contemporary society, and for that reason it demands attention."

The following interview between Mr. Hurwood and a bisexual woman was conducted over the telephone to maintain her anonymity. She is in her fifties, the wife of a doctor, the mother of two children, very keen on tennis and golf, and has been a practitioner of Freudian psychoanalysis as a lay analyst. Mr. Hurwood speaks first:

When did you realize that you were sexually ambivalent?

Oh, I would say when I was about fourteen or fifteen.

Was this in any way traumatic to you?

Not at all.

How did it come about?

I guess I fell in love with a schoolteacher and with the boy next door at the same time. I had my first sexual experience with the boy next door. Then I became the teacher's pet and that became sexualized. And that was that. I was never exclusively drawn to one sex or the other. It was always a person.

What about the time and the external social pressure?

Well, I lived in a small town, but there's more sex in small towns than God would ever dream of . . . of course, you have to be discreet, but it was there, a kind of open sexuality. My parents were not particularly repressive or watchful for things like that. It was just something that people did.

So with you bisexuality began just as easily as that, and you never had any problems with it?

No, I never really did. I went to college, majored in microbiology as a matter of fact. It wasn't until I went into the Navy during the Second World War that I became interested in psychology. It was because of the group of women I was with—four suicides.

Good grief! I muttered, somewhat unprofessionally.

When you were in the service, did you find a significant amount of homosexuality or bisexuality?

Oh yes, it was very prevalent.

Which was greater?

Bisexuality you never really knew about, but the homosexuality was rampant. . . . Anyway, I became interested in psychology, and after I left the Navy I resumed my university studies, switched to psychology, and came to New York. Then I completed my training and became an analyst.

I realized at once why she was able to talk about herself so much more readily than the average person of her generation. As a lay analyst she had a greater understanding of sexuality, and she was fortunate in being able to deal with her own.

Over a period of time were any of your lovers disturbed by the fact that you were bisexual?

Some of the women were. But the men never knew. I never told them. My husband, of course, I'm sure is aware, but it's something we don't talk about. . . . I remained completely heterosexual for a long time. I have two children. I had been completely faithful to my husband for . . . I guess about ten or fifteen years. Then I had two or three short-lived affairs, by short-lived I mean maybe six months or so . . . women who had not had any homosexual experiences prior to their affairs with me . . . and that upset them terribly.

How did these come about? Well, I suppose I seduced them. You know, I was very aroused, attracted to them. I played poker with them, I knew their children through my children, and . . . you want to know my technique?

That's interesting, since these women were utterly straight and had no idea of entering into a relationship of this sort. I'm curious about what happened when they were confronted by the situation.

Well, they had never had any homosexual experiences, but I think that it's possible for everybody. You know, if you're not crude about it, if you present it in a wholesome way. But they couldn't cope. First of all with their feelings, which is why these relationships ended. I never ended them, the ones I had while living in New York after marriage. They felt very strongly that it wasn't right, that it was "perverted."

So, suddenly your lovers were beset by all kinds of guilt feelings?

Suddenly is the right word for it, too. This kind of person . . . it became too intense for them to handle. They couldn't cope with it. I guess sexuality had to be special for them. They couldn't cope with what was happening.

Would you say that your female lovers who broke off with you were people who had been brought up in an atmosphere in which sex was always associated with guilt—sex of any kind?

Well, they denied that they felt any guilt in their heterosexual relations with their husbands, but I don't believe that either.

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All sexuality, as far as they are concerned, that is not socially sanctioned is bad in their eyes. So my present relationship has been ongoing now for a year . . . more than a year . . . with a woman. . . . I really don't know her age, but she must be in her late forties, early fifties, too. She's a nurse and she has grandchildren, and she's never given any indication that she's terribly, terribly upset. It's just a fine relationship.

How did your affair begin?

I met her on the golf course . . . talking, having lunch, and I propositioned her. She thought it was amusing. But she now considers herself in love with me, and doesn't seem to have any problems. But I have to see her during the day. She's terrified that anybody would know. . . ."

There again, that's the guilt.

And the fear of social disapproval.

Is your lover married too?

Yes, she's married now.

And her husband doesn't know anything about it?

Oh no, as a matter of fact, I've never even met him.

How do you think a man would react to a female rival as opposed to a male rival?

They become very angry. They really do.

You feel men have more difficulty coping with female rivals?

The men that I've known don't cope with it at all, they don't think they ought to. They feel very threatened by it.

That doesn't seem to be the case with some younger people I've talked to.

Well, with the younger generation I think this is right. The whole scene has changed. . . . I'm sorry I'm not younger. It really has changed.

I know. The old externally imposed guilt feelings, self-recriminations, the regrets . . . just seem absent. As the saying goes, it's a different ball game.

There still is. . . . I know some young, free people, and they still don't like it. But I think these men don't like women. Period. And I think the whole Women's Lib movement has turned them off.

How would you compare men and women as lovers?

Well, that's such a terribly individual thing. Men can be as good lovers as women can be. They really can be. I think it's a different kind of sex appeal. But that doesn't mean it isn't equally as intense or pleasurable.

I was only asking for your own subjective reaction.

I know many women have said to me that they never felt with anybody who had made love to them before that the other person knew what they really wanted or needed . . . that they never understood their sexual needs. Now these women did experience orgasms and enjoy sex with their husbands or boyfriends, or what have you, but I'm talking about women now who had homosexual experiences with me first and only. I think. . . . I've had some men as lovers who were terrific. My husband is. . . . I like the male body. I really do. I enjoy the company of women more than I do the company of men, so whatever that's worth I throw it in.

That's interesting. Because I've heard the opposite from bisexual women.

I'd like to ask them a question. I wonder if they are as free with men as they are with women.

That's a good question.

I would really like to know that, because I think that women don't really open up to men. I really think that society has almost made it impossible for men and women to really trust one another. You make a mistake and trust a woman who is not trustworthy, and somehow the repercussions aren't as serious. The humiliation is not as profound.

What do you base that on?

Well, somehow it goes back again to second-class citizenship. Society has really taught women to be wary with a man. Because he really is the source of everything. You'd better watch out, if you really want something from him, you'd better not let him know how important he is, whereas with another woman it doesn't really matter, because she's a second-class person also. She can't hurt you as much. You can make a mistake, but it's not as painful.

Do you think there is anything genetic about exclusive homosexuality or heterosexuality? . . . or for that matter, bisexuality?

No. I think it's learned. I think a clue as to whether a developing person might be bisexual or homosexual would be if you could ever really find out the truth about masturbation in people. Young boys, young girls who masturbate early, and

who, despite guilt feelings and so forth, like it and continue to do it, are more apt to become either bisexual or homosexual. I really think that the discovery of one's own body at an early age—with enjoyment—is a clue that I would work on if I ever wanted to do any serious research in that area. It would be something else to ever get anyone to tell you the truth about masturbation though. But it might be possible today, because things are opening up. People are willing to reveal themselves.

That's a very significant statement, especially coming from a psychologist like yourself.

Even in patients it's extraordinarily difficult to get them to tell about masturbation. If they do, how often, and what their attitudes are.

Taking another tack now: What direction do you think we're going in sexually now?

We're experimenting more sexually. Openly, almost defiantly. There is a chance of people finding out what others really think and are really doing . . . would really want to do.

That's right. At one time people simply wouldn't open up at all. Now they're opening up on all levels. At one time, had I been researching a subject like this—especially without a doctorate of some sort—it would have been impossible to approach strangers and ask them such questions about their sex lives. I would have either been physically assaulted or thrown in jail as some kind of sex nut. As it is, I've even had strangers call me and volunteer to talk to me, people who had heard from mutual friends or acquaintances about what I was doing.

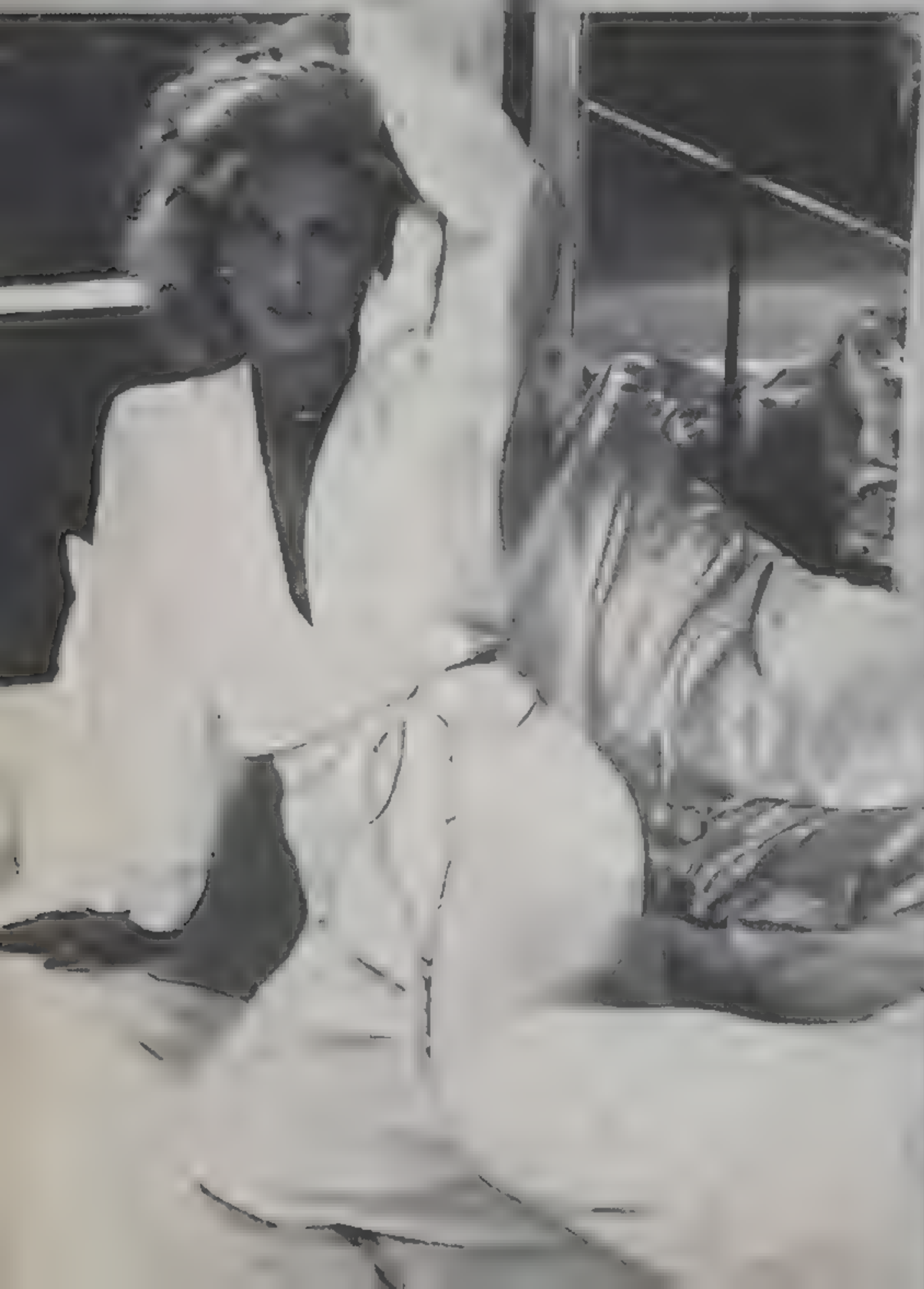
Does that make you mistrust any of the information you get?

I don't think so. Most of these people did what they did because they thought it was an important subject, and one that had to be brought out into the open so that there could be greater understanding of them and their life-styles. There have been books and books and more books on homosexuality, but nothing that I know of on bisexuality. Another thing, so many of these books have been written by physicians, psychiatrists, and other social scientists who are frustrated writers, and there is often a tendency on their part to sit back, pontificate with ex-cathedra statements, or to make value judgments. On the other hand, there have been anguished confessions, impassioned justifications, but none that I know of informing people about a relatively little known subject.

Well, I have an eighteen-year-old daughter who is now in college, and she was here recently for the weekend. She attends an alternative school, and in it there are a lot of gay boys. They are openly gay. And I was talking to her about homosexuality, or rather, she (Continued on page 197)



ANN-MARGRET IN SUMMER WHITE



White—the summer color. You can't have enough of it. Clean, cool, it's just what you want to slip into after a day in the sun...instant freshness. Instant glamour the way it's worn here by Ann-Margret—currently filming the rock opera *Tommy*, after a blockbuster night-club season.

Here's to white! *above*, and a long, narrow, stretch terry tube. One of the most practical things to collect now—it goes on after a swim, after a bath, after hours. By John Kloss for Cira. Of cotton and polyester (Eiser of Sweden fabric). About \$38. Junior sizes, at Bloomingdale's; Harzfeld's; I. Magnin.

The white pyjama, *left*, in a silky jacquard pattern—soft, yoked top that wraps at the waist; wide, easy pants. By Morty Sussman for Mollie Parnis Boutique, of Qiana nylon (Onondaga fabric). About \$165. At Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Lillie Rubin-South and West; Halle's; Hudson's; Swanson's.

White halterdressing, *right*—bare-back matte jersey top and long matching skirt—soft, easy, and a very pretty way to show a tan. By Jill Richards, of rayon (Style Trend fabric). With a ribbon-of-rhinestone belt, not shown, about \$185. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Lillie Rubin-South and West. Satin quilt from I. Magnin. Hair and makeup by François of Suga Salon. Accessories, next to last page.

BEAUTIFUL AT HOME



CHRIS VON WANGENHEIM



THE NEWS AT NIGHT

THE WHITE PYJAMA

Easy, glamorous, ravishing with a tan — if you were going to buy one new thing, the white pyjama is it — this season's knockout look at night

Beautiful lines, *far left* — Geoffrey Baene's narrow falling white crêpe pyjama with strips of bright green. Of rayon (Abraham fabric). About \$385. Bonwit Teller; Jacobson's; Maison Blanche; Bal liet's; Swanson's.

The softness and the luxury of silk crêpe de Chine skimming the body, *left* — Halston's two-piece white pyjama with a long, easy overblouse, gathered at the wrist and held by tiny lingerie bows. About \$500. At Bloomingdale's; Jacobson's; Stanley Kor shak; Giorgio.

The most revealing way to be covered, *right*: Adol- fo's one-piece pyjama in white knit with lacy cro- chet, flashes of rhinestone — it clings like crazy... everywhere! Of wool and silk. \$445, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Hair, by Suga of Suga Salon. Accessories, both pages, next to last page of this issue.



MAY

FINDS

On the accessory beat for summer...Vogue picks this month's niftiest fashion collectibles



TOP PRIORITY

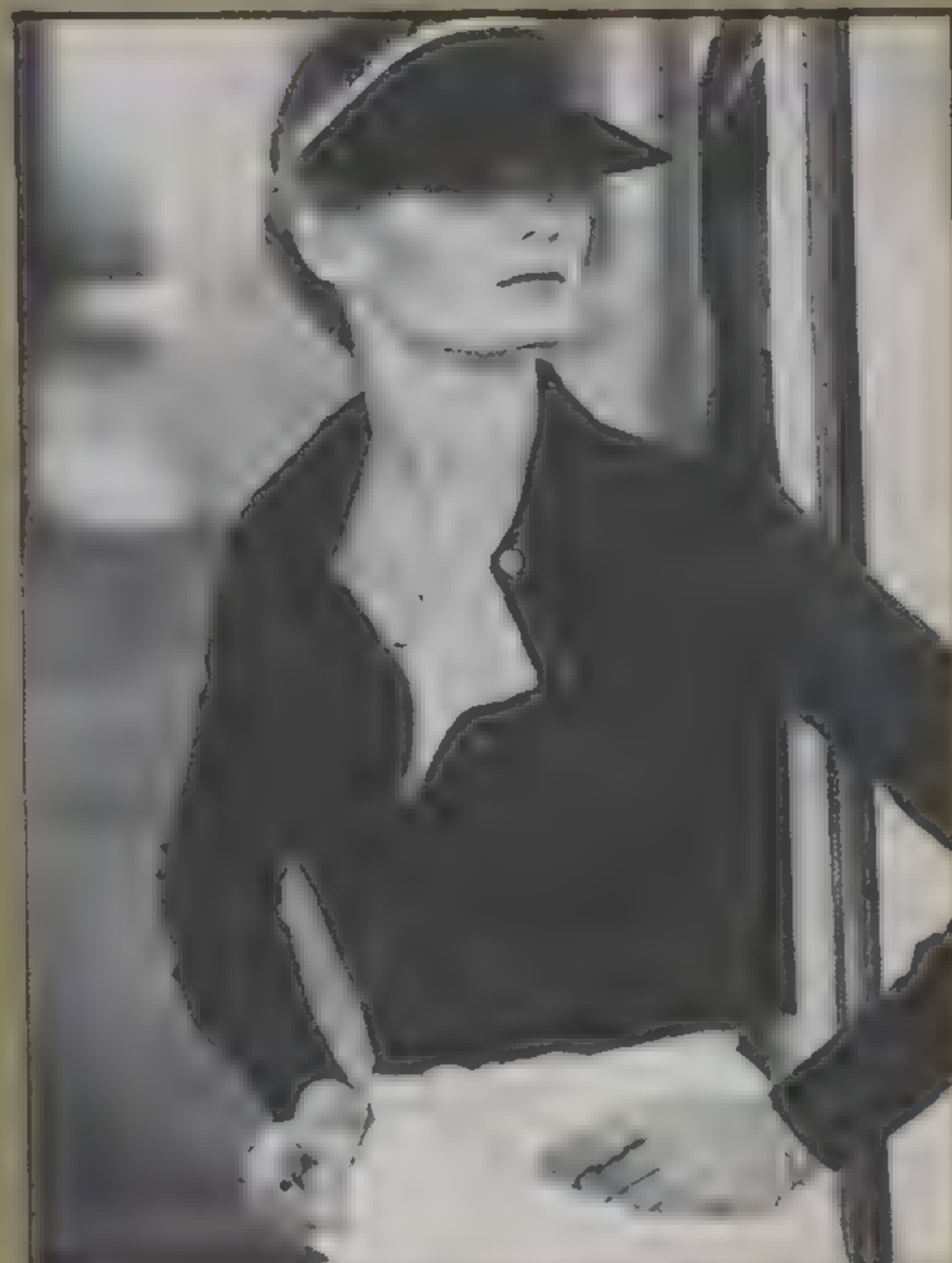
The tank top terrific!

White pointelle cotton knit, delicate as a baby's undershirt... scoopy as a hard hat's. By Partout, \$6. Lord & Taylor. ...To lift your hair off your neck: a twist of white cotton handkerchief—man-size—from Herman Schmidt & Brendle, at Bergdorf Goodman. Hair, these four pages, Maury Hopson



The best-fitting pullover—

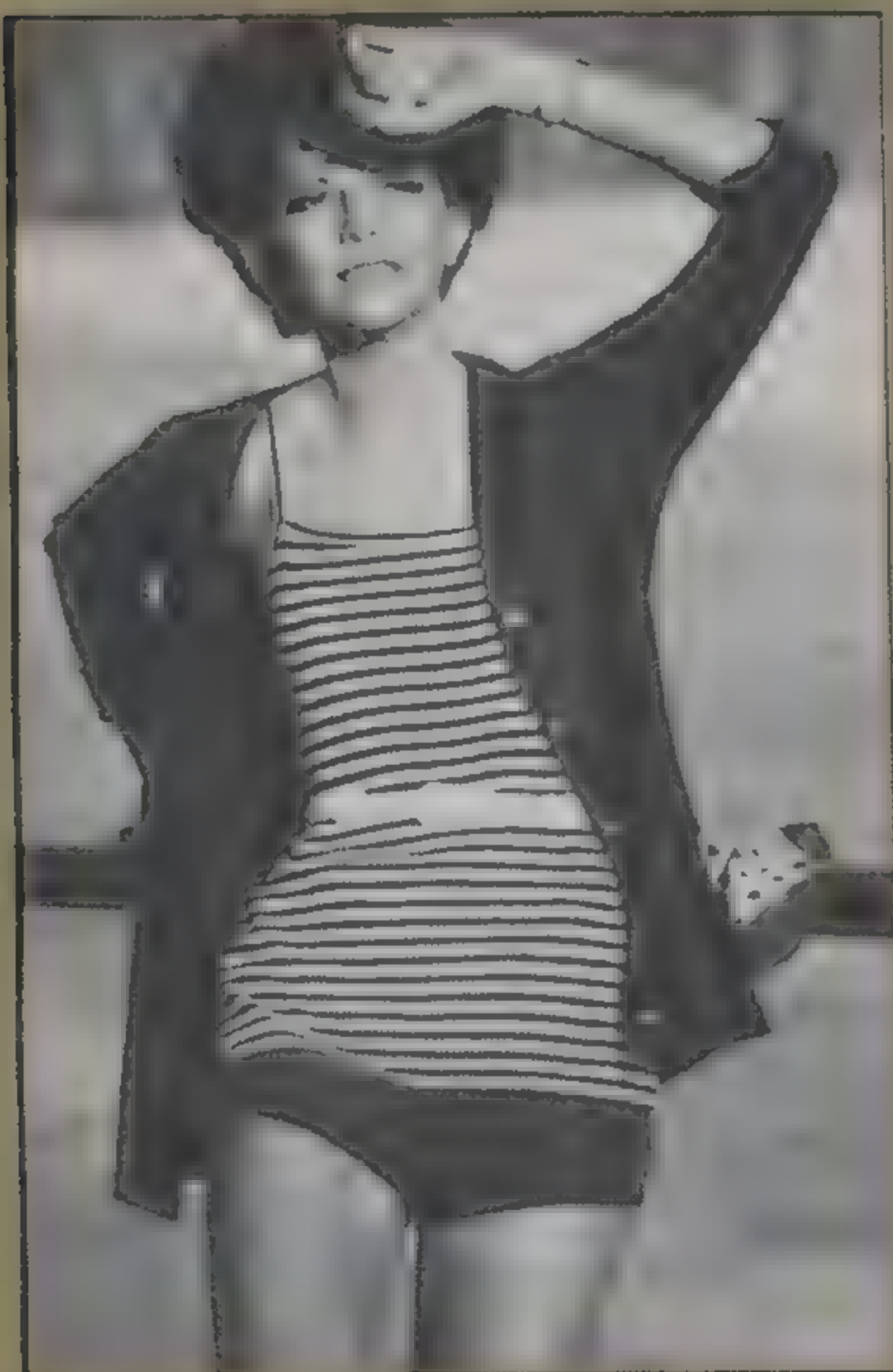
a long-sleeved white crewneck from Givenchy (as stated in navy print on waistband and cuffs)—the seasonless sweater you never put away! Of wool and acrylic, \$70. This, and the sunglasses, Givenchy Nouvelle Boutique at Bergdorf Goodman. ... Enough scarf to wrap as a turban—a 4-foot rectangle of printed cotton gauze. Tibetan Arts & Crafts. For a pretty summer ear: tiny white plastic hearts. Jules van Rouge. Lord & Taylor.



Perfect shirting—

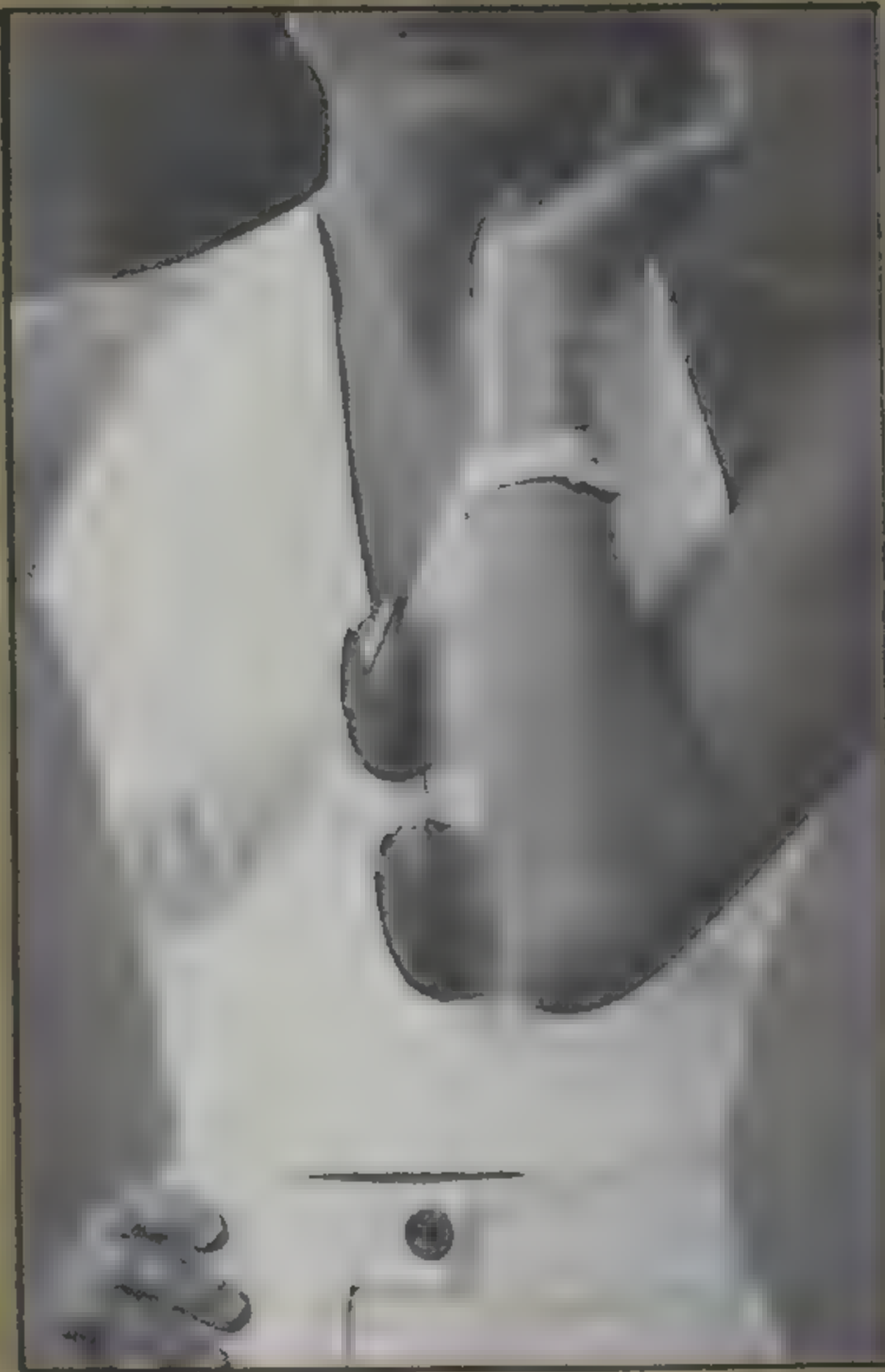
cool, soft, classic cotton lisle... in navy. (Calvin Klein; Pomezia fabric. \$38. Altman's.) The never-fail way to wear it: with white. And a navy visor. By Eleja. ... Personal: Your initial as a silver pendant. By Brusca-Danté. Cul de Sac at Bloomingdale's. Wrist-wrapping silver chain, Aurea Jewelry Creations.

Top buys



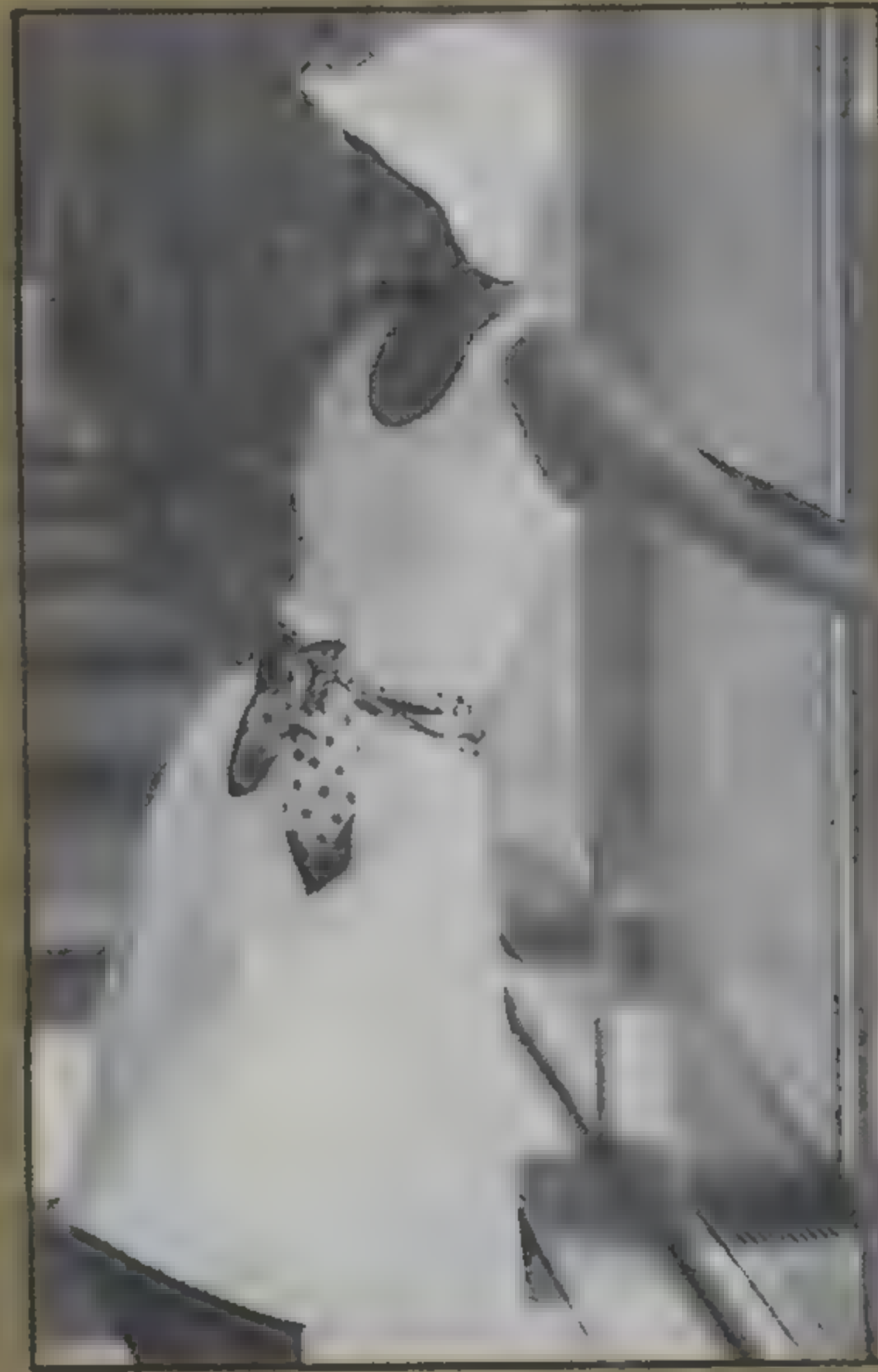
Summer sweater set,

far left—cotton knit navy cardigan (\$21) and white-striped, hip-covering camisole (\$9). To belt in white braided leather over a peek of navy shorts and long brown legs. Tops, Jane Justin for Don Sports. Bloomingdale's. More about the belt (and others here), next page.



Halter-dressing,

left—the smash of white worn as though no other color existed (except tan!). Ship 'n Shore cotton knit top, \$6. Gimbel's, N.Y. Concord white-faced, white-strapped watch. Sunglasses from Ultimate Spectacle.



The camisole,

far left—the bare basic in navy cotton knit. By Partout, \$8. Lord & Taylor. Romantic way to fold a scarf: with points barely covering one shoulder. This gauzy cotton-print square, Marcia Breen for Saks Fifth Avenue.

Sun-uniform,

left—based on a smidge of white tank top... tuck into a skirt of white terry (!), wrap at the waist, the throat... add the softest sweater of a hat in—white terry. (Hat—and "wrapping" details—next page.) Cotton knit top, Partout, \$8. Lord & Taylor. Giovanni De Moura skirt, of cotton and nylon; \$30. Jax.

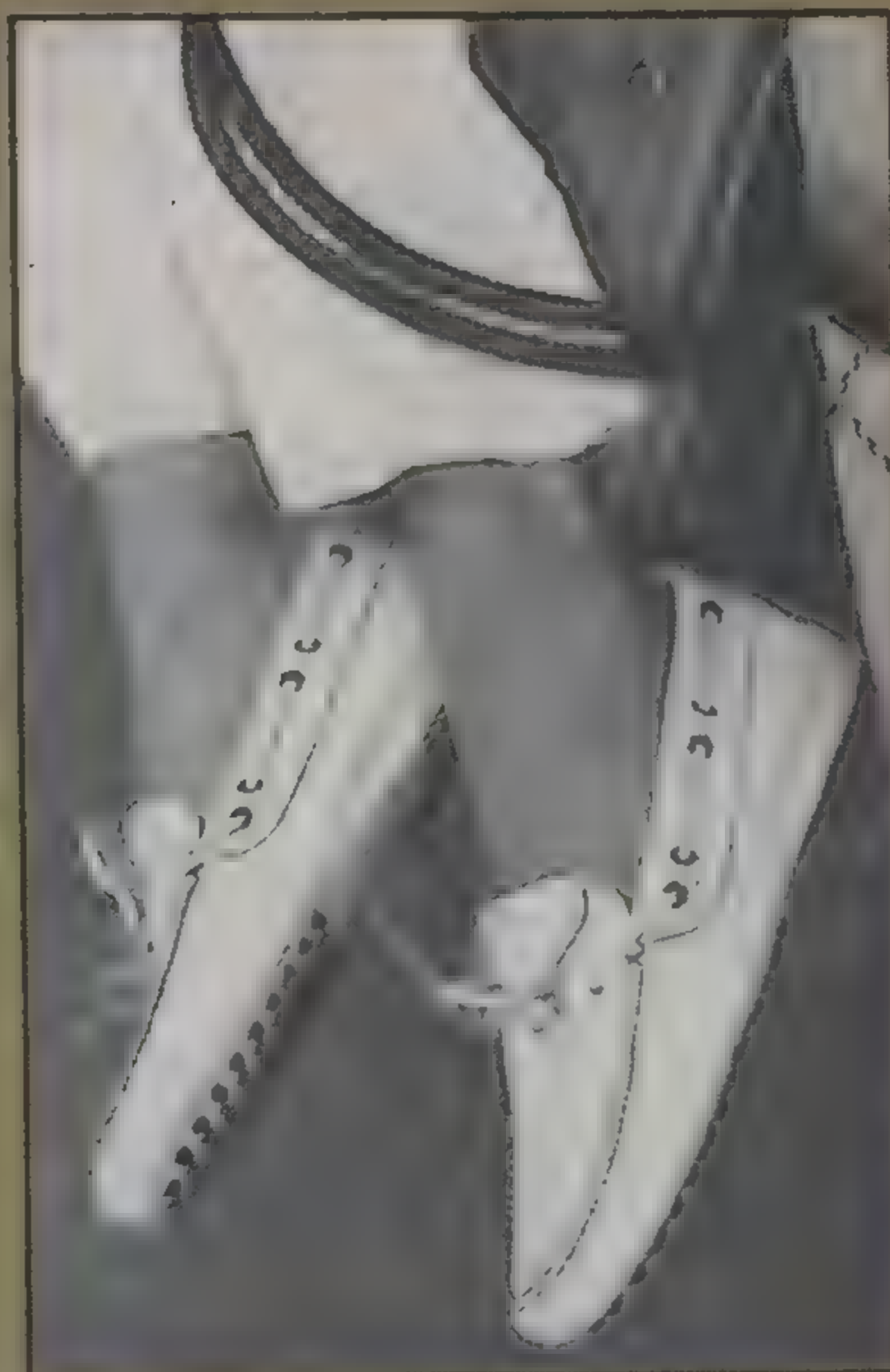


For pretty shoulders,

far left: a strapless tube of black cotton knit. Tric-Trac, \$10. Saks Fifth Avenue. Wrapping the waist, the same 36-inch square as above. Wrapping the throat, an 18-inch one (also, Saks), held by a K.J.L. pin. At Bonwit Teller.

How many ways can you wear a bandeau?

left—one black cotton knit bandeau to wrap the bosom and tie through a silver and gold buckle... one to wrap the waist. Tric-Trac, \$10. Henri Bendel. M&J Savitt buckle. Giovanni De Moura white terry pants. \$36, at Jax.



New soft shoe

The great summer casual—supple little white moccasins with treaded soles for sure-footed driving. Bob Lee for Hunting World, \$40.



SHORT SHORTS

The shorts to collect right now—navy cotton duck, straight and cuffed. With the classic navy cotton knit T-shirt and navy terry hat. The whole thing sharpened by white—canvas belt, neat shoulderbag. Davenshire shorts, \$9, Lord & Taylor. Ralph Lauren shirt, \$12, Bloomingdale's. Mr. Martin hat. Morris Moskowitz bag.



Close-ups of four white-belted waists you saw last page....

White webbing —

narrow belt, silver buckle—good with black, good place to hang a pair of sunglasses. Belt from French Belt, \$9, at Bonwit Teller. Sunglasses from Ultimate Spectacle.

White braided leather —

white of another stripe, to wear with narrow white-and-navy ones. By Ben King for Midtown Belts, \$17, at Henri Bendel.

White canvas

trench belt with a double-ring-buckle. By Elegant, \$7, at Bloomingdale's.

Ivory-and-gold hearts —

the narrowest jewel of a belt, to wear with a wrapping of polka-dot scarf. Belt, by Bob Lee for Hunting World. Scarf, at Tibetan Arts & Crafts.

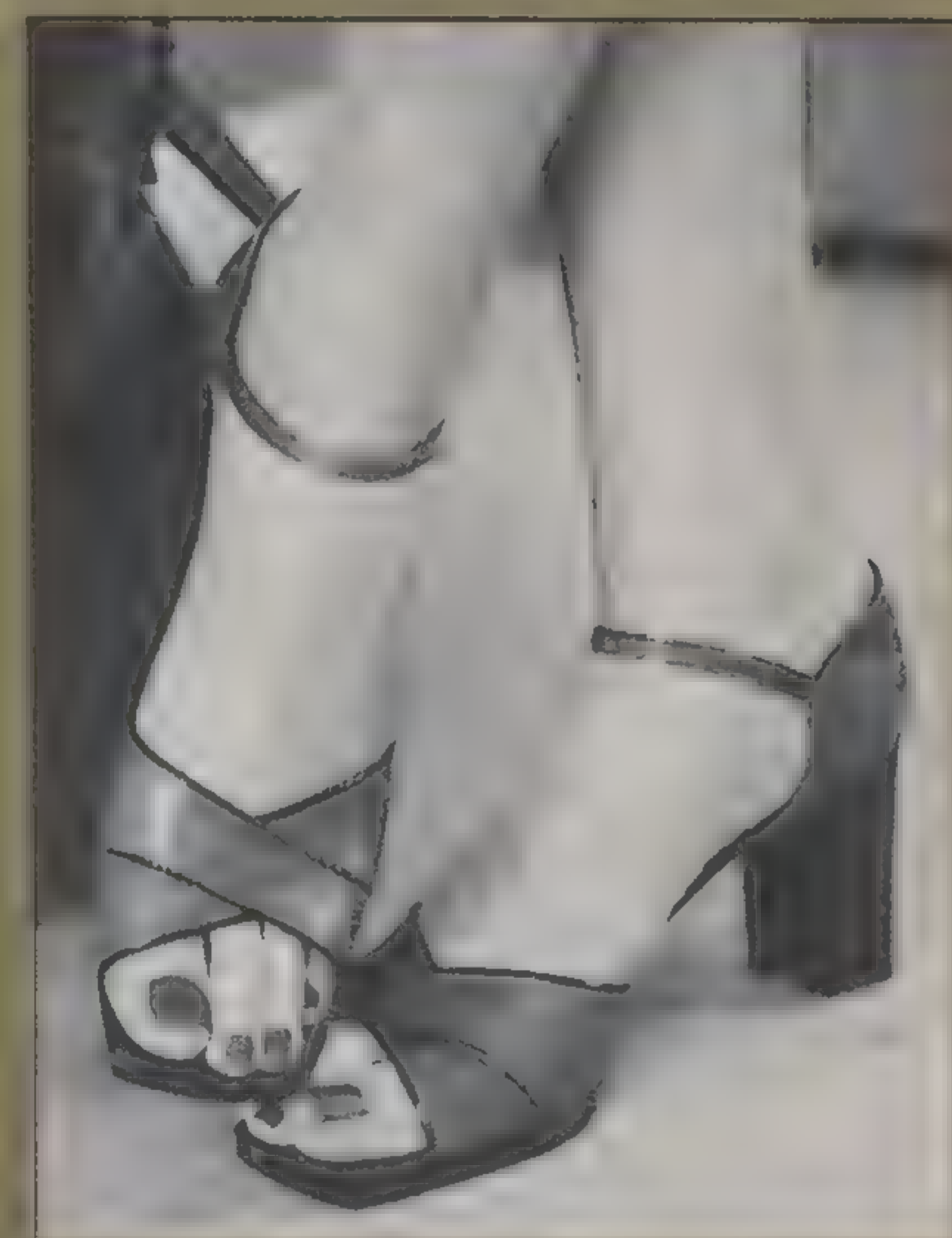


watch that duffle!

The bag that works every day, goes away weekends, takes a lot. In white vinylized canvas, by Bob Lee for Hunting World, \$95....T new face with it: a round white-and-gold pocket watch you hang with a braided leather strap—great way to get time off your hands. Dynasty watch, \$60, at Bloomingdale's. Strap: Ben King for Midtown Belts, \$15, at Henri Bendel....Gold-with-silver bangle, from Keiser Sterling, for Sculpture to Wear Gallery, Plaza Hotel, N.Y.



sandal find



The right sandal, the right color with just about everything — a rich tobacco-brown with stacked heel, instep strap, and squared-off toes. By Christian Dior, \$50, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

sandal naturals

A good-looking low-heeled sandal in strips of dark-brown snake. By Andrea Pfister for American Collection, \$50, at Neiman-Marcus.... The woven leather sandal in dark brown, set on a stacked heel. David Luis for Pankin International. ...The natural carry-all—a big straw basket. By Ruza Creations.



PATRICK DE MARCHALIER

FINDS



THE PRETTIEST!

To put on first thing in the morning or last thing at night—the sheerest pyjama in a small blue-and-white print, with tiny lettuce-ruffle edges and a fluttery-sleeve top, tied here on the midriff. By Stan Herman for Youthcraft/Charmfit, of texturized nylon (J.P. Stevens fabric). About \$44 at Saks Fifth Avenue. Under bare summer things, the barest bikini and slip-on bra in palest honeydew-green with tapes of white stretch lace. By Vassarette, of Antron III nylon. Bra, \$2.50; bikini, \$2.50. At Altman's....The perfect summer bikini—pale blue with tiny embroidered flowers. By Chevette, of silk, polyester, and nylon satin de lys. \$4.50, at Lord & Taylor.

THE SUMMER BAG

Two versions of the woven straw clutch we love this summer. Below, with a shoulder strap tucked inside (\$12).... Below that, the two-piece clutch with a lift-off top (and a second one nestled inside). \$15. All at Robert Webb. ... Super-wide silver-with-gold cuffs from M & J Savitt.



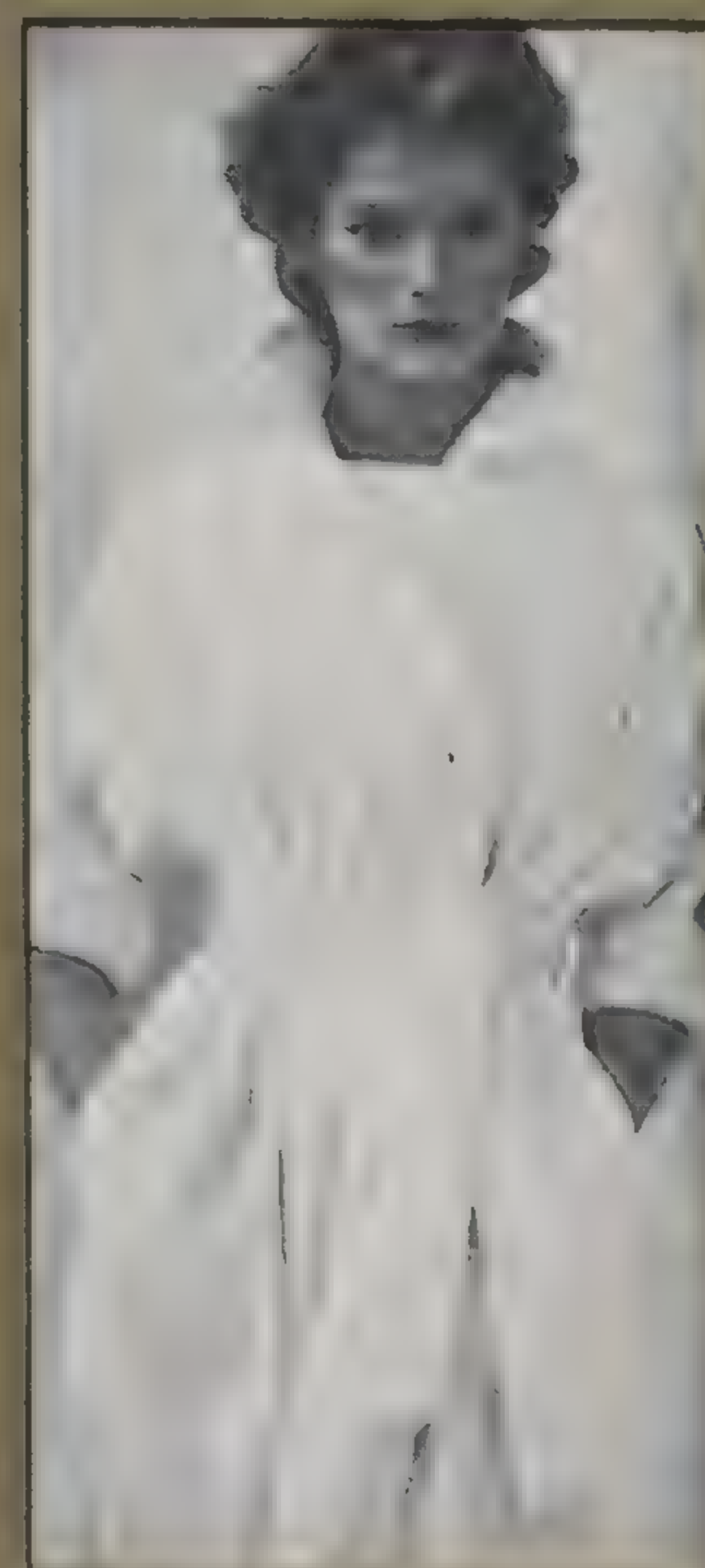
the real swimmer's cap

No-nonsense white rubber—sleek, simple, this one really keeps your hair dry. By Kleinert's, \$1.29. At Macy's.



collect white terry ...you can't

have too much! First to collect: the classic-as-a-man's white terry wrap-robe—thick, soft, roomy—everybody's favorite, especially in summer. By Royal Robes, of cotton (WestPoint Pepperell fabric). About \$60, at Saks Fifth Avenue.



Newest terry, left: a soft, squashy cloche that's a perfect little sunscreen. By Mr. Martin, \$8, at Bonwit Teller.... More cool: the white cotton tank top, a gauzy cotton print scarf. Partout top, \$8, at Lord & Taylor. Scarf, at Tibetan Arts & Crafts.



summer-country **smash!...**




16 PAGES OF NEW SUN LOOKS
PHOTOGRAPHED ON
AMELIA ISLAND PLANTATION,
A WILD, ROMANTIC OFFSHOOT ON THE COAST
OF NORTHERN FLORIDA, WHERE HIDDEN
VILLAS, SPECTACULAR GOLFING,
AND A 300-FOOT-WIDE WHITE-SAND BEACH
CONTRAST WITH MILES OF UNDISTURBED
MARSHLANDS AND SUNKEN FORESTS
...AND TENNIS IS A STAR!

Tennis pieces—trim little tops to switch around with skirts or shorts. Nice change of pace from a dress. . . . Two on the backhand side, left: lean white knit top and skirt striped in navy and red. (Scene of the two-tisted backhand: one of eight courts ready now at Amelia Island Plantation—thirty more are on the way, including championship tournament facilities, seats for 2,200.) Top (about \$15) and skirt (about \$14) by White Stag of acrylic. At Lord & Taylor, Hudson's, Bullock's, Rawlings' wood racket; other accessory details for both pages, on the next to last page of this issue. Classic with a twist, top right: a light, lacy—unbulky—cable-knit pullover. Perfect warm-up on or

off the court. By Head Sportswear, in natural-color linen, cotton, and acrylic. About \$18. Bloomingdale's, Sakowitz. Watch the polo-shirt-and-shorts set, center court—good looks, good form (ditto the sweatbands). White knit shirt (cotton and polyester, about \$17) and navy-striped shorts (texturized polyester, about \$25) by Eric Jacobson for David Smith, Lord & Taylor, Jacobson's, Marshall Field. Cross-court dash, right, pleats flying: a slim white skirt you can really move in, and—again—a classic white polo shirt. Both by Leon Levin. Polyester skirt, \$20; cotton-and-polyester shirt, \$14. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Unseen, but everywhere: Bonne Bell's new Sure Tan Gel.





AMELIA ISLAND, COOLED JUNE
TO SEPTEMBER BY OFFSHORE
BREEZES, IS WARMED IN WINTER
BY THE GULF STREAM.

Everything for a day on the beach, left: a bikini for sunning or swimming, and an enormous terry wrap when you've had enough of both. Bikini, Vogue Pattern 8883, of Antron nylon and Lycra by Beaunit. Altman's; Joseph Horne; Hudson's. Robe, Vogue Pattern 8888; cotton stretch terry by Fair-Tex. Altman's. **Sewing tips:** For knit/stretch fabrics like these, hand baste seams (or pin with silk pins) before machine stitching, so fabric can't stretch out of shape as you sew. . . . To turn sash for robe: a new aid from the 3M Company called Scotch Tubing Tape—a thin, strong adhesive strip that you stick down length of fabric before stitching tube. After stitching, just pull one end of the tape and the tube reverses (the tape then peels off).

On the boardwalk at Amelia Island Plantation, white shorts and tops, right—all from two Vogue Patterns. The shorts (how short is up to you), Vogue Pattern 8895, of Avlin polyester and Avril rayon by Cohama. Altman's; Dayton's. . . . The tank top and strapless tube, Vogue Pattern 8859; Nyesta fabric of Antron nylon (Don-Nel Fabric). Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Halle's; Sakowitz. . . . The big canvas ready-for-anything bag—Vogue Pattern 8896; Dacron and cotton by Avondale Mills. Altman's; Sakowitz. **Sewing tips:** The key to fitting shorts (and all pants) is the right length of crotch seam. To measure: sit on a hard chair, measure distance (at side) from waist to seat of chair, add $\frac{1}{2}$ ". Compare with same distance on pattern; adjust if necessary. . . . Sew leg seams first, then sew crotch seam in one continuous line, using a slightly smaller stitch for extra strength. Pattern details, page 199. Accessories, next to last page. . . . **Sun tip:** Walkers need extra protection on shoulders, tip of nose, nape of neck, back of knees; can get same from Elizabeth Arden's new super-protective Sun Shielding Cream.

SUMMER-COUNTRY
SMASH!

**beach
white**

the best new numbers
...to sew from Vogue Patterns

VOGUE PATTERN 8883
VOGUE PATTERN 8888



VOGUE PATTERN 8859
VOGUE PATTERN 8895

VOGUE PATTERN 8859
VOGUE PATTERN 8895
VOGUE PATTERN 8895



The white skirt you wear with everything, left—especially with bare tanned legs...and a super little blue cotton shirt—all-American hot-weather dressing! By Sequel I. Fly-front skirt (with its own belt, not shown), of Dacron and cotton (Galey & Lord fabric), about \$44; shirt (Axelrod fabric), about \$28. At Lord & Taylor; Lillie Rubin-South and West; Gidding-Jenny; Swanson's; I. Magnin.

A quick little polo-shirt of a dress, above: white knit, navy buttons, a slice of red leather belt...and you're dressed (don't forget your navy cardigan—the indispensable piece!). Nardis of Dallas polyester dress (Deering Milliken Fabric), about \$66. At Joseph Horne; Gidding-Jenny, Lexington, Kentucky. Korrigan wool sweater, \$36, at Jax. Hair, both pages, by Rick Gillette.

Key white, right: pants, T-shirt, and the snap-front shirt-jacket with short sleeves—the best kind of summer-country casual uniform! Here—with a knitted "baby" beret—tee-carting around the golf course at Amelia Island Plantation. By H.B.W. Sportswear, Division of Howard Wolf. Jacket and pants of Arnel-polyester-rayon-and-flax sharkskin (Bloomsburg Fabrics); acrylic knit sleeveless top. Turnout, about \$75. Halle's; Frost Bros.

White tank top and linen-y pants, far right—basic of basics! Fresh, clean, with the barest accessories: a neckerchief, a watch, a glint of gold chain, a cool crochet beret. Trevira Star rib-knit top (about \$24) and rayon pants (about \$44) by Dalton. Elizabeth Arden Salons; Hutzler's; Hudson's; Frost Bros. Accessories on next to the last page.

SUMMER-COUNTRY SMASH!



the key pieces for day

basic white



AT AMELIA ISLAND PLANTATION: A NETWORK OF BOARDWALKS—ALONG THE SEA-GRASS-COVERED SAND DUNES, INTO SUN-STREAKED SUNKEN FORESTS—PRESERVE THE DUNES AND DOUBLE AS NATURE WALKS.

The bikini with something extra, left—halter top, tiny bottom, and: a matching button-or-not skirt, to tie on for lunch under the trees at Amelia Island Plantation . . . for anywhere you wouldn't wear just a bikini. Ivory zigzags on ivory knit. By Missoni. Bikini, about \$60; skirt, about \$132; cotton, rayon. Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus.

Pretty way to bare a tan, opposite: small strapped tops with 'soft blue dirndls. . . . Near right, blue-brown-and-white striped knit top, blue button-front cotton dirndl. By Carol Horn. Rayon top, about \$14; skirt (Stanley Looms fabric); about \$36. Henri Bendel; Wanamaker's; Burdine's; Neusteters; Goldwaters. . . . Far right, two-piece halterdress in blue Oxford cloth, with a wrap-and-tie top that pulls through loops on the dirndl so it all holds together. Blousecraft by Maxime de La Falaise; polyester and cotton (N. Erlanger Blumgart fabric). Halter, about \$24; skirt, about \$36. Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Swanson's; I. Magnin. All accessories, next to last page. . . . The sun-day painter, Rick Gillette—our hair and makeup artist.

SUMMER-COUNTRY **SMASH!**

halters!
the bare essential





AT THE PLANTATION, EVEN THE
SPORTS SCENE IS UNEXPECTEDLY
ROMANTIC. FAIRWAYS WIND
THROUGH WOODS PIERCED BY
NEEDLES OF SUNLIGHT.

SUMMER-COUNTRY SMASH!

The softest, prettiest shirt-dress, far left: white knit cotton eyelet, like a baby's T-shirt, with a smidge of sleeve, shirttail hem. By Blassport (Samuel Ehrman fabric). About \$66. Elizabeth Arden Salons; Nan Duskin; Joseph Horne; Halle's; Sakowitz.

The shirtdress you buy in pieces, center: a lean, white knitted cotton polo shirt, a white sharkskin pleated skirt—summer-country super-classics! To wear in a classic way—with a white leather leash, and the first tan of summer. Jaeger top (about \$36) and skirt (acetate, about \$70). Both, at Jaeger International Shop; Kaufmann's; Gidding-Jenny; Hudson's; Neusteters; I. Magnin.

The kind of easy, breezy shirtdressing everyone loves for summer, left: beige-and-white stripes you can button on in a minute. ... (And see how pretty it looks with other patterns—wrappings of cotton print scarves around the waist, around your hat.) Dress (with matching sash, not shown) by Mario Forte for Rona; polyester and nylon (IT Fabrics). About \$75. Lord & Taylor; Kaufmann's; Gidding-Jenny; Hudson's; Younkers; Kilpatrick's; I. Magnin. All accessories, next to last page. Hair, both pages, Maury Hopson.

shirt- dressing

short-sleeved for summer

SUMMER-COUNTRY SMASH!

The new softness in pants dressing, left: a loose easy overblouse like—what else!—a sun-day painter's smock, wrapped at the waist over perfect summer pants—straight and narrow and thin as the wind. In blue cotton chambray, top-stitched in yellow. Kasper for J. L. Sport. Top, about \$56; pants, about \$40. Bonwit Teller; Burdine's; Sakowitz.

The perfect short shorts everyone wants, opposite, with short-sleeved shirts—fresh and cool walking through Amelia Island Plantation's woods....Right: Classic summer gear—blue cotton shorts, ivory cotton polo shirt, a thin cotton scarf at the neck. Shorts (Axelrod fabric), about \$17, and shirt, about \$14, by Pat Ashley for John Meyer. Peck & Peck, N.Y.; Harzfeld's; Bullock's....Far right: The shortest shorts—cut like tiny pincord jeans—with a matching work-shirt (with a long print scarf instead of a belt). Shirt, about \$16, and shorts, about \$9, by Levi's for Gals. Of Kodel and cotton. In junior sizes, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Maison Blanche; Sakowitz; Neusteters. All accessories, next to last page. Hair and makeup, throughout these sixteen pages, by Rick Gillette. (Perfect makeup here: Max Factor's new Geminisse Fresh Color Make-Up in Bronze—waterproof, so it can't streak in the heat—and Bronzeberry Frost lipstick.)

unbeatable!—short shorts
and trim cotton pants in

blue







Pyjama pieces, opposite—the perfect all-day/easy-evening turnout. Classic white linen-y pants and a top we love—a blouson of bandanna-print cotton, thin as the thinnest hankie. By Anne Klein. Pants, of viscose rayon, about \$64; blouse, about \$90. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Kaufmann's; Marshall Field; Swanson's; Frost Bros.; Carol & Mary. Makeup (here, it's Almay's new Strawberry Creme Rich-Creme Blush and Crimson-berry lipstick) and hair by Rick Gillette.

The white pyjama for evening, left, to wear with a strippy sandal—as dressed as you would ever need to be for the easy, casual life on Amelia Island Plantation. Crêpe pyjama, by Jon Mandl for Richilene, of FMC rayon and Celanese acetate (Onondaga fabric). About \$145. At Elizabeth Arden Salons; Nan Duskin; Claire Pearone; Sakowitz; Frost Bros. Hair, this page by Maury Hopson. Accessories, both pages, next to last page.

SUMMER-COUNTRY **SMASH!**

day and night, the

pyjama
is it!



AMELIA ISLAND PLANTATION: AT THE BEACH CLUB, A CORNER OF ITS ANGLED POOL ABOVE THE BOOMING ATLANTIC AND FOUR-AND-A-HALF MILES OF UNBLEMISHED ALABASTER-WHITE BEACH.

MMER-COUNTRY SMASH!

The most cover, the most blue, opposite—long-sleeved shirt and long button-front skirt in sheer, soft denim-blue voile—like being in jeans, but prettier... cooler! Shirt, about \$40, and skirt, about \$38, by Beene Bag, of Dacron and cotton (Avila Fabrics). At Saks Fifth Avenue; O'Neil's; Balliet's.

Frostings of lace, left, on a long breeze of cover-up in shades of blue-and-green flowers...sashed and blowing. By Lilly Pulitzer, of polyester and cotton (Key West Fabrics). About \$80. At Lord & Taylor; Montaldo's; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus; Bullock's Wilshire; Carol & Mary. Accessories, both pages, next to last page. Hair, Maury Hopson.

*pretty...
the long,
cool*

**cover
up**

How To Look Young at Any Age— Well, Younger Anyway

BY ELLEN SWITZER

**You can skip expensive pills, unproven drugs, dubious regimes —
and still manage to look less than your years**

Which factors really help you stay looking and feeling young?

Yes No

- | | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | Cell therapy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | Exercise |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | Hormones |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | No smoking |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | Vitamin E |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | Gerovital |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | Lifetime diet control |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | Staying out of the sun |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | Vitamin B ₁₂ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | Sexual activity |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | Anti-depressants |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | A complex, variable life |

Now that we have charted almost every inch of the earth and a considerable portion of the moon we tend to look for miracles in chemistry, rather than in geography. There have been a series of chemical fads that promise to slow, arrest, or even reverse the aging process. Before the U.S. Food and Drug Administration and the U.S. Treasury Department's bureaus of alcohol and narcotic drugs put a stop to the practice, manufacturers of patent medicine advertised "youth serums," "age reversers," and "potency restorers." The principal ingredients in their high-priced potions were usually alcohol with opium and/or heroin. People who took the drugs did indeed feel marvelous for a while. They forgot their physical and psychological problems and praised their miracle medicines to the skies. Unfortunately, many of them also became drug addicts. According to the best available public-health statistics, there were probably more heroin addicts in the United States in the 1890's than in the 1970's. Many of these nineteenth-

century addicts were respectable, law-abiding men and women looking for eternal youth.

In most European, Middle and South American, and Asian countries today, all that is required is that the drug manufacturer prove that his particular medication can't harm the patient. He does not have to prove that it *helps*. Also, ingredients in over-the-counter drugs (and in some countries even prescription drugs) don't have to be listed. In this way medications with "secret," "mysterious," or "miraculous" properties flourish . . . and a sizable percentage of these drugs are advertised as retarding or reversing the inroads of middle or old age.

During a recent visit to Germany I found in one of Frankfurt's "Sex Supermarkets" (located in the main arcade of the airport and advertised on billboards throughout the city) five different drugs that promised to restore potency to middle-aged men and increased sexual response in menopausal women. The clerk when asked, "What's in that medicine?" looked surprised. "Why do you want to know?" she asked. "If it didn't work, people wouldn't buy it."

So in Germany, as well as in England, Switzerland, Mexico, and any number of other countries, various forms of supposedly age-retarding and age-reversing pills and injections flourish. In the United States these treatments are not available because today our laws not only protect us from injections, pills, and other treatments that may be harmful but from ones that have no proven value.

Ranked high among these forms of treatment unproven by U. S. standards is "cell therapy," available in a very expensive private clinic in Switzerland and from more than five hundred registered "cell therapists" in Germany and from some lay therapists in England. Cell therapy was invented by a charismatic Swiss surgeon, Dr. Paul Niehans, who in his youth was regarded as an outstanding expert in endocrinology. Niehans used cells taken from various organs of unborn lambs and put them through a long and complicated refining and sterilizing process. The process was, of course, kept secret. His patients were required to appear at the clinic La Prairie on a Monday for tests. They would spend the next two days at a hotel in nearby Montreux. On Wednesday afternoon they were admitted to the clinic and on Thursday morning (*always* on Thursday) the animal was

Eat Young—All Your Life

BY MELVA WEBER

**The right foods — and not too many of them —
eaten from childhood (or now, whichever comes first) on,
may help to hold off signs of age**

An epidemic of heart disease is going on in the United States. Medical experts are in sharp disagreement about its cause and about ways to reduce the incidence of heart attacks. No single, simple cause can be determined; no single prevention method is likely to help much. Instead, several factors working together may greatly intensify heart risk to the individual; and probably several methods of prevention must be used together to reduce the hazard.

The Big Three suspected factors are high blood pressure, high blood cholesterol, the habit of smoking. Yet doctors and other health professionals cannot agree that all America should go on a cholesterol-lowering diet. Must everybody—from children up—adopt a sparing diet; cut back on meat, milk, and eggs; and carefully balance the polyunsaturated and saturated fats? Or should America's good-food-and-plenty-of-it tradition be preserved for most, while only the medically identified high-risk people—largely the middle-aged, sedentary men—follow prescribed preventive measures?

"I'm opinionated," said Dr. Henry Blackburn, Jr., an epidemiologist-cardiologist who directs the Laboratory of Physiological Hygiene at the University of Minnesota. "I take the pragmatic viewpoint that our whole population is at high risk. For example, we have simply gone too far in consuming egg fat, dairy fat, meat fat. I favor diet changes across the board—America's groaning board, if you will. We should not eliminate these foods, but we should swing back to moderation. It's a terrible extreme, eating two or three (Continued on page 190)

slaughtered, the cell extract manufactured, and the injection administered. The patient remained for a few additional days and then was sent home.

Cells from different parts of the animal's body were supposed to be especially helpful in the treatment of specific diseases. Placenta cells, for instance, were used for angina, high blood pressure, and "exhaustion after childbirth." Hypothalamus cells were recommended for impotence and lack of sexual responsiveness. Heart cells were used to combat heart disease (other than angina). Before his death in 1971 Niehans wrote that the "rejuvenation of the sex glands" was of prime importance as a protection against cancer. None of his theories has ever been subjected to the kinds of tests that the FDA requires before a drug can be marketed even for experimental purposes in the United States. One endocrinologist interviewed for this article said that, in his opinion, the cell extract would have to be processed to the point where it would be practically an inert substance. "Many patients when injected with a foreign protein could have a violent reaction," he added.

Although Professor Niehans is dead, his successors have kept the clinic booming. Cell therapy is also catching on in England and Germany where dried, rather than fresh, cells are used in the injections. The Swiss cell-therapy school considers this heresy, but most of the physicians who administer the injections can't afford to keep a herd of animals in their yards.

The other anti-aging miracle that in recent years has received a great deal of publicity in the lay and medical press is a drug named Gerovital (sometimes called H-3). This drug, in some circles, has a reputation for curing, or at least diminishing, almost all the afflictions of aging: high blood pressure, hardening of the arteries, wrinkled skin, grey hair, angina pectoris, and diminishing sexual potency. The discoverer and chief protagonist of Gerovital is a Rumanian physician, Dr. Ana Aslan, who says that she has treated more than 100,000 patients, many of whom have gone to her luxurious clinic in Bucharest to obtain the drug. The Rumanian government has put its seal of approval on the treatment and dispenses it through 144 centers throughout the country. (Dr. Aslan's own hospital is too expensive for most of her fellow citizens and is mainly for foreigners.) The drug is available in pill form without prescription in most European countries and is often brought back to the United States by travelers.

I was given a bottle of the pills, marked H-3, by a friend who bought them at a pharmacy in Switzerland. He insisted that the pills had "changed his whole life." The change was not physically apparent . . . but he did seem more cheerful than usual.

The principal ingredient in Gerovital is procaine hydrochloride, known over half a century under the trade name Novocain. Dentists use it to deaden pain temporarily for tooth extractions and drilling. Some physicians use it as a local anesthetic when suturing superficial wounds or performing minor surgery. Those who believed that Gerovital is truly the long-sought chemical fountain of youth argue that the product also con- (Continued on page 190)

Take 1000 Calories

and what do you have in weight, nutrition, energy, exercise?

BY JUDITH S. STERN, Sc. D.

You can do yourself a lot of good—and a lot of nonsense—with 1000 calories. Here, some suggestions, from sound to far-fetched, as to the advantages of even the wildest ideas, proving you can justify eating almost anything. For instance, in ½ pound of chocolates you get 90% of the RDA* of riboflavin—but, for the most part, you get empty, delicious calories. Remember: to lose 1 pound you must have a 3500 calorie deficit; to gain 1 pound you need a surplus of 3500 calories.

1000

A well-balanced diet day

(total calories for all 3 meals = 1000)

Breakfast

¾ cup cornflakes with ½ cup fresh strawberries
¾ cup skim milk
coffee or tea (no sugar/cream)

Lunch

turkey sandwich with sliced tomatoes, lettuce, and mustard on pumpernickel (2 slices)
iced tea with lemon and fresh mint (no sugar)

Dinner

consommé à la madrilène with dab of sour cream and caviar
fillet of sole Dugleré
fresh asparagus (no butter)
watercress and radish salad
½ tablespoon vinaigrette dressing
1 glass Pouilly-Fuissé
tangerine
demitasse, a sliver of lemon peel (no sugar/cream)

Advantage: Lose up to 2 or 3 pounds a week! But don't stay on this or any equally low-calorie diet for more than two weeks without consulting your physician.

1000

12½ glasses skim milk (8 oz. each)
advantage: 140% RDA magnesium
460% RDA calcium

1000

2 servings spaghetti with meat sauce
2 pieces garlic bread
advantage: 55% RDA vitamin A

1000

8 cantaloupes (5" melon)
advantage:
2700% RDA vitamin A
2300% RDA vitamin C

1000

9 shrimp cocktails with a little sauce (6 shrimp each)
advantage: 365% RDA protein
80% RDA iron

1000

100 large celery sticks
advantage: 555% RDA vitamin C

1000

duck à l'orange
sautéed potatoes
1 glass wine

advantage: 45% RDA iron

1000

1 banana split

advantage: 70% RDA vitamin A
55% RDA calcium

1000

50 carrots

advantage: 6900% RDA vitamin A

1000

½ lb. Godiva chocolates

advantage: 90% RDA riboflavin

1000

tournedos Rossini
asparagus tips
1 glass wine

advantage: 140% RDA protein

1000

6 oz. of freshly roasted peanuts at a baseball game

advantage: 220% RDA niacin

1000

11 glasses orange juice (6 oz. each)

advantage: 2400% RDA vitamin C

How to spend 1000 calories in exercise

| Activity | Time Spent |
|-------------------|------------|
| bicycling | 2½ hours |
| golf (walking) | 3½ hours |
| jogging | 1¼ hours |
| swimming | 2 hours |
| tennis | 2¼ hours |
| sex (no sleeping) | 3½ hours |

Caloric expenditure at any activity varies with body weight (the more you weigh the more calories you expend, the less you weigh the fewer calories you expend; the above figures are based on an average weight of 150 pounds). The vigor with which you pursue any activity will influence the caloric expenditure (i.e., for the above figures it was assumed that the speed of cycling was approximately 7 mph, the swimming speed . . . 1800 yards per hour).

*RDA = Recommended Daily Dietary Allowance

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Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



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**“For those who can't afford trips to Europe and cell therapists,
vitamin E is the rejuvenation fad of the year”**

LOOK YOUNG

(Continued from page 189)

tains other ingredients, including benzoic acid and salts of potassium, that somehow prolong the action of the procaine in the body and therefore alter its overall response. Until last year, the FDA did not permit even its experimental use, not because scientists felt that it might be harmful but because none of the extravagant claims for its rejuvenating powers had ever been tested in a reliable double-blind study.

In the spring of last year the FDA, under considerable pressure, agreed to allow a California manufacturer to investigate the drug under strictly controlled conditions. Dr. Nathan S. Kline, associate clinical professor of psychiatry at Columbia University, was to coordinate the research in several major medical centers. FDA spokesmen made it clear that the tests were to be conducted not for any miraculous rejuvenating properties that the drug might have but because, possibly, it might work as an *anti-depressant*. One of the major problems of middle and old age is depression; and certainly, if depression is alleviated, so will some other undesirable physical and psychological symptoms.

“There are several effective anti-depressant medications now available. If Gerovital also proves useful for this problem, it will join the list. But it is not an anti-aging treatment,” said Dr. Leslie S. Libow, associate clinical professor at The Mount Sinai School of Medicine and chief of geriatric medicine at Mount Sinai Hospital Services at Elmhurst, New York.

For those who can't afford Gerovital, trips to Europe, and cell therapists, vitamin E seems to be the rejuvenation fad of the year. It is available over-the-counter in unlimited quantities in any corner drugstore right along with at least three new paperback books praising its power to improve sexual potency, prevent heart attacks, and retard aging. Most of these claims seem to rest on an experiment done on mice that lived 25 percent longer than normal life-spans when fed vitamin E daily.

Scientists interviewed for this article indicated that this experiment proved very little. As one endocrinologist summed it up: “Mice are not men.” What's more, any substance, even a vitamin, taken in excessive quantity has to be regarded as a drug. Untested drugs may have unknown and undesirable side effects, so vitamin E therapy may prove to be not only useless but harmful.

A less fashionable tried-but-not-true anti-aging vitamin is B₁₂. It is usually given by injection, which makes it rather painful and expensive, as well as useless. The only known medical problem for which vitamin B₁₂ is a cure is a vitamin B₁₂ deficiency, a rare condition found in the United States almost exclusively among strict vegetarians who get all their protein from grain products.

Hormones, too, have been used in treating symptoms of aging. Testosterone injections used to be given to many men suffering from potency problems. According to Masters and Johnson, the extra hormone will actually only help if the man is suffering from a testosterone deficiency, a condition rarely found. If the hormone helps when no such deficiency is

evident, the man probably has benefited psychologically, with the hormone working as an effective placebo.

The female hormone estrogen, can be very helpful in preventing or even reversing some aging symptoms in menopausal women. Supplemental estrogen can prevent (or even cure) the thinning and drying out of vaginal tissues which makes sexual intercourse painful. Many physicians believe that it prevents a condition known as osteoporosis, a thinning of the bones, especially in the spine. There also seems to be a relationship between an adequate estrogen supply in a woman's system and a lower incidence of heart attacks. Estrogen is available, on prescription, in pill form. It may have undesirable side effects in some patients and is rarely prescribed for women with certain medical problems (i.e., migraines, varicose veins, etc.). Anyone on estrogen therapy should be checked by her physician at least twice a year.

Dr. Libow points out that while enormous efforts are being made by aging patients, promoters of patent medicines, food faddists, and others to find a miraculous remedy against the effects of advancing years, very little time and money are being spent on the actual scientific aspects of the aging process. “Geriatrics is a medical specialty that is understaffed, underfinanced, and underpublicized,” he said. “Of course, there's no mysterious Fountain of Youth . . . but there's a great deal that physicians and patients can do to retard the aging process and to help people live healthier, longer lives.”

Most of what scientists have found out is not as glamorous as

EAT YOUNG

(Continued from page 188)

eggs a day, drinking milk as if it were water instead of as the food it is, and then adding to it excessive quantities of meat.”

Opponents to Dr. Blackburn's views point out that in many careful studies made in America, no differences can be found in the regular eating habits of people who have heart attacks and those who remain free of heart disease. Even long-term research has failed to connect the diet habits of individuals with their risk of a heart attack. So why change?

A point to consider: when whole countries, with their differing diets, habits, and culture, are

compared, astonishing facts emerge. The Seven Countries Study, made by a team of trained investigators and reported to scientists and physicians in the American Heart Association journal, *Circulation*, by Minnesota's Dr. Ancel Keys, showed dramatic relationships between the heart-disease experience and the usual diets of different countries. In some countries, even modern, high-tension ones, heart-disease rates are low or virtually nonexistent. For example, Japan, with its overcrowding, its rushed and competitive life-style, has (of the seven countries) the fewest cases of heart disease; but Finland, a semi-rural, outdoor-living, calmly civilized country, has the most. Between these two, the United States and the Nether-

lands show alarmingly high heart-disease rates, while Greece, Yugoslavia, and Italy have significantly lower rates.

What is the connecting link? As Dr. Blackburn says, many factors make up the whole picture of health or disease; and an associated factor is not necessarily a cause. Yet one associated factor that speaks quite loudly is this: the Oriental and Mediterranean diets are distinctly lower in fats; and the fats present are proportionately more polyunsaturated than saturated. Where epidemic heart disease prevails, saturated fats and higher total fat levels are found.

Different opinions and clashing controversies prevail among the experts—as well as the not-so-expert—regarding healthy living

injections made from unborn lamb cells or mysterious Rumanian pills. Most findings concern such seemingly prosaic ingredients as diet, exercise, and, perhaps most importantly, psychological attitudes.

According to Dr. Libow there are several important factors that won't affect your chronological age (nothing can), but they may very well have a beneficial effect on your physiological age, which is after all most important. Or, as Ruth Winter, who has written one of the best medical books for lay readers on the aging process, *Ageless Aging* (Crown Publishers, 1973), puts it: "What we call aging is not the same for everyone. We all know people of forty who are old and people of eighty who are young. In fact, geriatricians cannot examine a person whose age is unknown and with any assurance determine that the person is thirty, fifty, or sixty years old. They may miss by as much as fifteen years."

Here are a few of the prosaic facts that influence the aging process, according to Dr. Libow and other experts in geriatrics interviewed for this article:

(1) If you keep your weight normal, you'll not only look younger but you may retard other aging symptoms such as diabetes, high blood pressure, or hardening of the arteries.

(2) If your blood pressure and/or serum cholesterol are much too high, you may be biologically up to ten years older than your contemporaries.

(3) Weight, blood cholesterol, some forms of diabetes, and possibly even high blood pressure usually respond to an appropriate, medically supervised diet. There are excellent drugs available to control high blood pressure and diabetes, but patients who don't know they have these conditions (and many don't, because they are symptomless in the

early stages when they can be most easily controlled) won't be getting treatment before they have done irreversible harm to their bodies.

(4) Smoking is detrimental not only to one's lungs but also to one's arteries, one's heart, and, according to the latest scientific information, one's skin. The skin of smokers usually wrinkles earlier than the skin of nonsmokers. Another wrinkle retardant is staying out of the sun . . . *all one's life*. Most women know that sun exposure tends to dry out and wrinkle their skin during their thirties, forties, and fifties. Recent research has shown that the drying-out process starts before a child has reached the age of ten.

(5) Lifelong exercise is important, not only in helping one's figure look young but in keeping one's circulation of blood healthy. Anyone who wants a thirty-year-old figure at age sixty should probably learn an active sport he or she enjoys during adolescence and keep in practice. Two sports are probably better than one: something for spring and summer and something for fall and winter. "Most people hate calisthenics and won't keep at them," Dr. Libow said. "But a combination of swimming for summer and cross-country skiing for winter is probably a fine idea. So is tennis, which has become a year-round sport, or bowling. The important thing is to find something you enjoy. If you don't, you'll drop the exercise when you most need it because you tell yourself you're too old."

(6) Contrary as it may seem, having a chronic but treatable disease (such as hypertension or diabetes) diagnosed in middle life often leads to better health. The patient makes an effort to follow good health habits, loses weight, eats a proper diet, has a regular checkup, etc.

(7) Remaining sexually active

is an important youth preserver. Most of the miracle youth restorers, whether they are pills or injections, promise, as part of the treatment, renewed sexual potency and interest. The clear implication is that in the natural course of aging sexual desire and ability to perform decline. Research by Kinsey, Masters and Johnson, and others has shown that this is a myth, although, unfortunately, a self-fulfilling one. If a man at forty-five or fifty feels that he *will* become less potent, he may well develop a potency problem. If a woman at forty-five or fifty feels that she is less desirable, or that sexual desire at her age is somehow unseemly, she may lose interest. As Masters and Johnson wrote, an individual with "an interesting and interested partner" can be sexually active into his or her eighties, and even nineties.

(8) One of the most novel points that has turned up in a recent study commissioned by the National Institutes of Health on the health and well-being of aging men is a psychological factor the researchers classified as "*a complex and variable life*." Those men who in their later years (after age forty) have complex and variable life-styles lived longer and healthier than those whose lives were more simplified and routine. According to Dr. Libow, there is no reason why the same benefits should not apply to women. The findings from this study, which was conducted over a number of years, suggest to the author that those who set goals and aim for them, who seek out new experiences, who start second careers will experience better physical and mental health and feel, act, and look younger than those who settle back to a routine, unvaried life. Apparently, boredom will age a person almost as quickly as a poor diet combined with lack of exercise. ▽

habits. Some scientists insist on real proof that a change will confer benefit or harm; disturbing well-established patterns, they feel, may set off unanticipated problems. Consider mass modification of American eating habits: Should we keep hands off the general diet of our infants and growing children? Isn't the United States the home of the world's most varied, plentiful, and nutritious diet?

On the opposing side—where Dr. Blackburn stands—is the school of thought that recommends action based on the best evidence, even where true proof is not yet established. Hear Dr. Blackburn: "The consistency and confluence of evidence from clinical, laboratory, and epidemiological studies indicate that . . .

serum cholesterol, arterial blood pressure, and cigarette smoking are universally strong influences on the risk . . . and that they are probably causally related to coronary heart disease." While scientific research carries on that quest for facts, he favors a switch to health-oriented attitudes, mores, and economy, for stronger, leaner, livelier living.

For example, while research is busy finding out whether strenuous physical training is of actual benefit in preventing disease, why not enjoy the heightened well-being of regular, brisk, bodily action? Dr. Blackburn adds that such activity is, after all, the real secret to long-term weight control.

From his travels, Dr. Blackburn has found the general diets

of the Mediterranean and the Orient "safe, generally palatable, and attractive." He thinks it reasonable for all Americans to adopt similar ways of eating; this amounts basically to holding down the amount of fat in the diet so that no more than 35 percent of the day's calories comes from fats, oils, and butter. The fat ration should further be about equally divided between saturated and unsaturated fats; a fairly easy trick when we know that animal fats are highly saturated, vegetable oils generally highly unsaturated.

"The widespread social changes needed to diminish this heart-disease epidemic won't occur until there are definitive results from intervention trials."

(Continued on page 198)

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"Lynn Fontanne's black eyes in a lily white face were almost unseeing, yet replete with some sensuous secret of their own"

THE LUNTS

(Continued from page 161)

of our rooms at the Ritz, Palace, Continental or Bristol—through which we had passed on our travels. Ship routine was immensely boring and the blended smells of linoleum, brass polish and salt air made me queasy. The slow, pitching motion that weighted one's feet at one step and lifted the next to giddy weightlessness added to the malaise.

In our group, only my father was well at all times. Even during a storm, when the waves swelled in leaden anger and the rest of us were laid low in our cabins, or pretending to be well on deck while we made nervous calculations about the behavior of our stomachs and the heaving sea outside—my father's small, compact person seemed to defy the elements. His step over a raised iron threshold was as sprightly as ever, his swarthy, smooth-shaven face never lost its glow and his bow tie remained at just the correct angle. On bad days he would even eat a many-course meal in the deserted dining room, heartlessly reciting the menu to us afterwards, enjoy a strong cigar in the Smoking Lounge or attend a tipsy showing of a movie in the Palm Court. Though uncomfortable, these storms were not exciting, and boredom held us fast. We seemed to be obeying, in sedated submission, the ship's routine that kept us all so busy doing nothing.

Before my father's innocent remark, "There go the Lunts," I had no inkling that this return voyage on the *Berengaria* would be any different from its predecessors. But from that moment, to the moment of my reluctant disembarkment, my life was to have purpose. The *art-nouveau* lounges were transformed into stage sets for the glamorous presences of Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt. The potted palms, brass railings, grand staircase and folding deck chairs were magical properties—and the curtain had just gone up. I was in love.

I estimated that the Lunts would be late risers, so starting about noon on our first day out, skillfully evading Mademoiselle and the company of my brother, I began my search. I was rewarded because I soon came upon Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt rounding a corner of the Promenade Deck. She was wearing a turban that hid her black hair and accentuated her eyes and

scarlet lips. The beautiful effect of her face appeared to be more art than nature. Under her chin, a flowing bow was tied like a ribbon to a hothouse plant. They were again arm in arm and he was still looking about him with that gaze, both ironic and conquering. He was a tall man with an imposing silhouette, but he could not have been called handsome. His dark hair, sleek as patent leather, was parted in the center, his nose was large and slightly hooked, his lips, thick. At that second encounter I was forced to revise the memory of my first glimpse of them which I had been hoarding overnight. The new view, though different, was no less fascinating and the lightning alteration was delightful work. I reversed my direction on the deck to follow them as closely as I dared, and, for the first time, I heard their voices—the famous voices of the Lunts, familiar to their audiences but new to me, became my miraculous finding. By this time I had gathered some information about them. She was English, he, from Wisconsin, of Scandinavian extraction. She spoke with a British accent, and a melodic teasing lilt. His speech was fluent, guttural, with a faintly foreign intonation. I was close enough to benefit from this duet, as moving to my ears as a dialogue between violin and piano. I do not know how many times I circled the deck, at a safe distance, like a sleuth. At length they turned inside and never losing them from sight, I followed as they descended into the maze of corridors. I spied them as they entered their cabin, and with the door closed between us, I made an important discovery: their cabin number was forty-seven, B Deck. Valhalla had been located.

When we gathered for our first lunch, I was abstracted, ignoring Mademoiselle's constant, low-toned instructions in French, my father's familiar jokes, my brother's noisy monologues and the perpetually anxious expression on my mother's lovely transparent face. Even my habitual curiosity about my fellow passengers had been neutralized. And though Mademoiselle was obliged to utter her usual remonstrances: "*Assie toi droite—ne met pas tes coudes sur la table—tiens tes yeux sur ton assiette*—" I was not looking for possible play fellows, nor staring at the ladies' costumes, but continuing my search for the Lunts. I could no longer remember a time when this had not been my preoccupation. They did not appear and the meal was

wasted. But I felt cheerful and optimistic. They could not escape the ship and the morning had added to their image many fascinating details that I would sort out later at my leisure.

I collected glimpses of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne from various parts of the ship. And those places where they had been became special, worthy of my notice even after they were no longer there. In my intensity I never stopped to wonder whether the Lunts noticed me—their shadow—skinny-legged, in golf socks, with scabby knees and round eyes, memorizing their renewed but shifting charms. My secret pleasure was a talisman against melancholy. Once I had envied the couples gyrating at the tea-dance hour when everyone seemed to have found someone else. Now I had no longer wished that my chronic state of childhood would end so that I, too, might be whirled about by my partner—my face bored and sophisticated, my limbs, rhythmic and nimble—to the strains of "Beautiful Blue Danube" or "Who." Music made me dream, but until now it had only produced longings for some vague future. Sometimes, on our travels, the hypnotic clatter of the train running across some foreign countryside at night evolved into a remembered snatch of song. And I would feel that I was being hurtled towards a featureless stranger waiting for me with his arms wide open. But when I looked out of the window, I was met merely by my own reflection against a chain of jiggling railroad lights.

Before long, I learned that the Lunts did not eat in the main dining room, but in the small *Veranda Café* on the top deck. This had been a disappointment, although it seemed fitting that they should not be exposed to the commotion and ostentation of shipboard meals. They belonged in their intimate, glass-enclosed showcase with what I supposed to be a chosen *élite*. They dined late, and my evenings were spent haunting the top deck, circling the *Veranda Café* like a night moth. On one occasion, I did not find them at their table and I climbed a ladder, higher, to where the smokestacks rose like Roman pillars, at once ghostly and solid, their white paint washed by shadows and moonlight. Along the deck, the lifeboats reminded me of mummies, swathed in canvas and bound by ropes. Only the sound of gently breaking waves, far below, broke

the silence. Suddenly I saw two shapes cut out against a smoke-stack. Had my thoughts, like a magic lantern, conjured them up? He was impeccable in his tuxedo, she was wearing a long, gauzy white dress with wings sprouting from her shoulders. Diamond pendants swung from her ears like constellations. Slowly, as though directed from outside, the figures came together. Two sleek, dark heads merged and the double shadow was magnified hugely against the smokestack. When they separated, I did not follow but sat down weakly at the vacated spot. Had the scene been real or imagined? To this day I cannot be sure. But the moonlit vision was mine, along with the instinctive desire for its preservation. Yet it was to be obliterated in time, until the coarse cry of sea gulls returned it to me, intact, across the intervening city and the unrolling of the years.

It was the sea gull's cry, also, that announced our arrival as the *Berengaria* moved slowly into harbor, nudged into its berth by the tugboats that worried its leviathan sides like swarming gnats. I had watched, with apathy, the usually heady appearance of the Statue of Liberty and the rise of the New York skyline, proclaiming both hope and menace, like a cluster of gigantic Druid stones.

Now our group was gathered in the Palm Lounge once more, ready for disembarkation. My father was dressed again in a business suit, my mother was nervously burrowing in the depths of her bulky bag, as though searching, for the last time, for passport, smelling salts and the playing cards she used for solitaire on our train trips—these traveling staples no longer necessary until summer came again. Tini was sitting with her plump, work-calloused hands folded on her lap, uncharacteristically idle, Mademoiselle was still issuing orders and her neck had turned a coxcomb red, due to the excitement of landing. My brother's tutor seemed to be already severed from our circle, as he would be returning to his college, medical school or physical education classes—his role with us was only summer stock. My brother, having collected all the literature on the Cunard Line for his pamphlet collection, was on deck, watching us nose into port. And I, usually impatient to get off, to find again the lost treasures of the winter season—(books, toys left behind, friends and school)—was clinging to the ship during those last minutes and experiencing the jagged pangs of parting. I longed for one more glimpse of the Lunts. I was nostalgic for that moment, a lifetime

ago, when I had first seen them in the Palm Lounge.

"Since we are all ready, we might as well go up on deck," my father ordered, taking charge of his troop for the last time. We followed his lead, I, scanning the crowd in vain. We inched our way to the gangplank. Ordinarily, I felt important, exultant, as I marched down its steep incline towards the upturned faces on the dock. I was an awaited emissary returning from a foreign mission. But today, my heart was leaden and my step, reluctant. I, alone, knew the secret of what I was leaving behind on the abandoned ship. My disembarking was an act of double disloyalty.

On the wharf the air was stale and sooty and it was difficult to breathe after the clean salt breezes of the crossing. We moved with the crowd towards the custom inspection shed, finding our place beneath the letter L. I was sitting on the edge of a steamer trunk, dangling my legs, when I spotted the Lunts. How could I have overlooked the startling fact that their name, also, began with L? They, too, were dressed unfamiliarly in city clothes. She, again, adorned with a floppy bow under her chin—blue and white polka dots—and a turban to match. She was following his stride with that sinuous motion that was her trademark. Their progress through the groups of weary travelers waiting for inspection should have been heralded by an operatic overture. I prayed that we would not be obliged to leave before they did. Thank heavens, we were many and our luggage numerous. My father was still busy collecting all the pieces, when the Lunts moved up to an inspector. I savored the moment. A look inside their bags would be an act of intimacy and, also, an archeological discovery. An open suitcase was overflowing with a pile of crumpled shirts, no different from my father's used linen, but for this very reason significant. Under the shirts, I detected some shoes and a dark glass bottle. Lynn Fontanne was unfastening her vanity case, revealing rows of jars and flacons, with pink enamel tops—liquids, unguents, paints, the raw materials for the composing of her face. I was so lost in my investigations that I failed to notice that Alfred Lunt was approaching me until he was standing beside the steamer trunk on which I was sitting. In a flash, I took in his face, closer than it had ever been before. The heavy, quizzically raised eyebrow, the yellow eyes, like a fox, the hooked nose, the full lips. I seemed to see every pore in his skin with unnatural clarity. For the first time, his eyes

(Continued on page 194)

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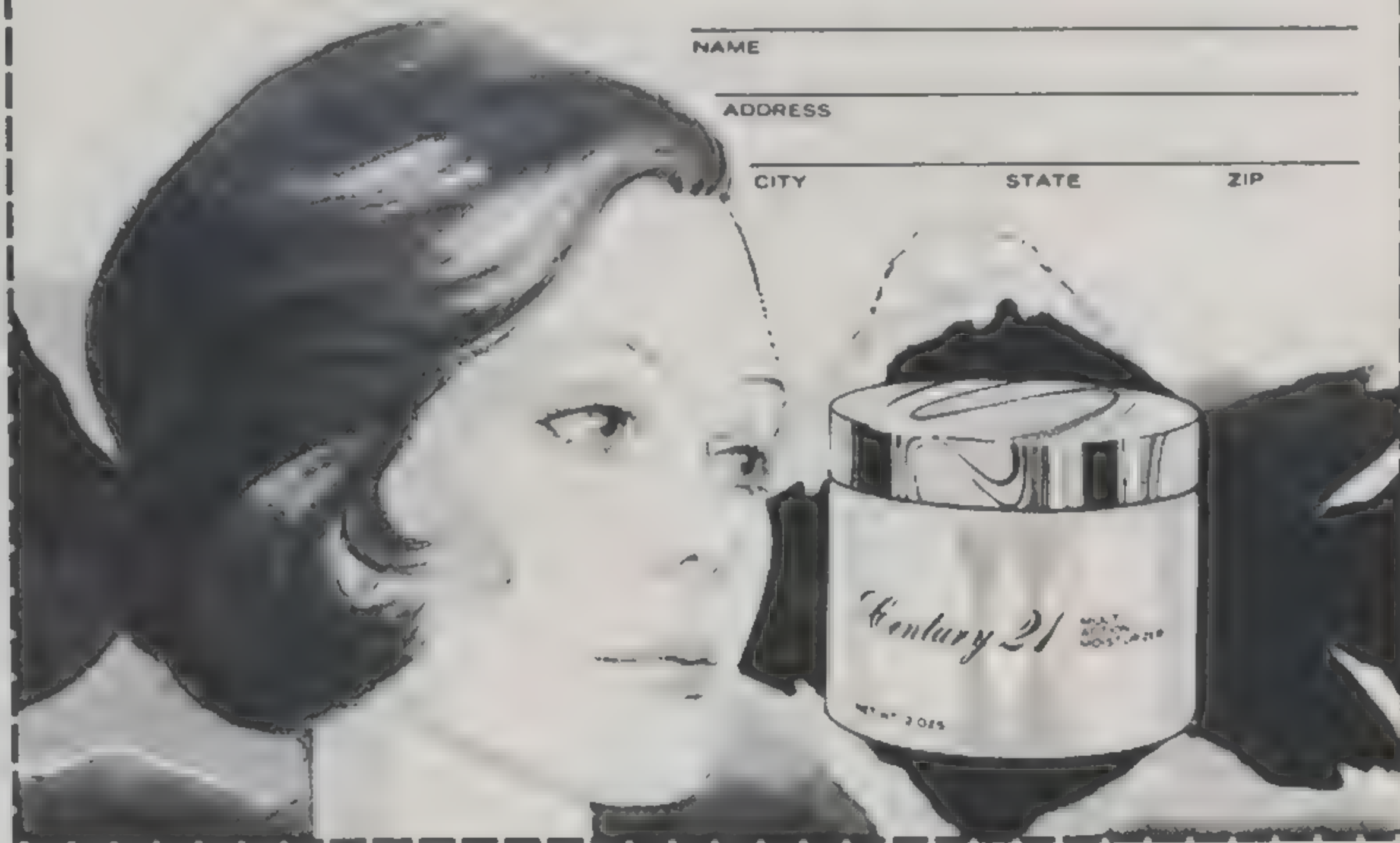
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"The Lunts' voices blended, with a questioning inflection that required no answer but the meeting of two bodies"

THE LUNTS

(Continued from page 193)

met mine, took note of my presence, as in slow motion, his lips parted to speak to me. Was this to be the reward for my adoration. Had my cloud of invisibility failed me? Perhaps, the Lunts had been aware of me all along, only pretending not to see me. And now that we were about to disperse, he thought it safe to talk to me—a famous actor condescending to a fan, a middle-aged man addressing a little girl. No, this was not to be the meager climax to my love. I would keep it unspoiled, as perfect as I had made it. I would not permit reality to damage it. Jumping down from my perch, I ran off, leaving Alfred Lunt standing there, his banal, rejected words unuttered.

My one-sided love affair with the Lunts did not end here. It was a triangle, with only one line—myself—drawn, the other sides formed a lofty pinnacle, but they were traced in invisible ink. Upon my return to New York, my way of life on board the *Berengaria* was left behind and I moved into a new phase. In reversal of a real relationship, proximity was the first stage, to be followed by admiration at a distance. I was introduced to the theatre world of the Lunts.

For several seasons I fervently followed their appearances on-stage, often part of a row of school girls celebrating a birthday at a matinee. No one divined the state of my heart. I would watch the Lunts disporting themselves behind the footlights—early gods at play. Looking back, how sophisticated and artful they were, yet how fleshy, with a sly sexuality that was all the more inflammatory because of its deviousness. Today, I sometimes think of them as I sit, unmoved, before a stage or screen writhing with nudity, grubby, blatant, yet clinical and sexless. The Lunts, deities themselves, had the gift for evoking the mischievous god.

I attended all their plays as many times as I could manage it. I learned the history of their career—its beginning (before my birth) in widely separated Wisconsin and London, their coming together in New York, their joint successes and their marriage. It was mythology, and then the gods materialized in human form, graciously allowing me to be witness to their sport on earth. Even the titles of their plays had magic, and, in a shoe box, I saved all the programs. On the covers were

photographs of the Lunts, in costumes and in modern clothes, full length, facing front or in profile, but always together, like a Janus-headed coin. I would study them in the privacy of my room but when I saw them onstage, I was always obliged to reconstruct them. The mobile image gained intensity behind the footlights, under layers of grease paint. How I drank in the suggestiveness of his prow, his well-known voice, guttural, wide in range, rich in implication, with its trace of Scandinavian accent—and her body, fluid, seemingly boneless and her long white throat that swiveled like a swan's. At the end of the play they would step forward to take their bows, hand in hand. They faced the audience as they had me, on the *Berengaria*, looking at us without seeing us. In the dark of the theatre, I would experience the returning thrill. I was again the Peeping Tom absorbing each alluring detail, without fear of detection. One season, playing Prince Rudolf of Hapsburg, Alfred Lunt had a seduction scene with Lynn Fontanne. The fact that they were actually husband and wife, added to my titillation. He would bend amorously over the back of a sofa, where she lay extended in clinging white satin, raising her glass of champagne to his. Piecing together my memories with what I could discern on the stage, I saw his raised eyebrow, his sentient glance, her dark eyes with their depth of secrets, guarded by sweeping artificial lashes. Their voices blended, teasing and erotic, with a questioning inflection that required no answer but the meeting of two bodies. No matter, that the curtain always came down to intercept them—their unconcluded games satisfied me.

In time, I lost my early wisdom; I longed to meet Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. My mother and father had a friend, "Uncle Victor," a failed concert pianist-music teacher, a mild blue-eyed, balding young-old homosexual. But he had glamour for me. He knew the Lunts. At my parents' dinner parties, he was frequently an "extra man," and I begged to attend and be allowed to sit next to him. Using every blandishment I could muster, I wheedled him into promises of an introduction. But several years passed, the programs in the shoe box multiplied, and the meeting never took place. Slowly, imperceptibly, I stopped caring. I still went to see them act, but the excitement had dwindled. I watched

Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt going through their antics, as proficient as ever, but they could no longer hold me. I was preoccupied, hunting for my former self and the emotions that had relinquished me before I was ready to relinquish them. I had been expelled from that world, born, in an instant, in the Palm Court of the *Berengaria*. In a different incarnation, I was on the verge of new creations.

Not long ago, in the crowded elevator of a store, I saw the Lunts again. By this time their age was legendary and they had retired to their farm in Wisconsin. How often, in my childhood, I had attempted to picture this domesticated Valhalla. It appeared to me both rural and theatrical, with a well-appointed kitchen, where he played master chef, and, in a garden, a wisteria-draped gazebo, with a *chaise longue* over which the figure of Rudolf of Hapsburg, in full dress military regalia, was perpetually bending towards Lynn Fontanne, stretched out in an unsuitable white satin evening gown, while a string orchestra played Viennese waltzes and champagne glittered in the moonlight—the same moonlight that also bathed the wide fields and silos of the Wisconsin farmlands. In the elevator I could only catch sight of their backs, still side by side. He was white haired, she, henna-dyed, in a scarlet raincoat. They were stooped, sadly diminished. But loyal to that other self, I pushed my way with the old expertise, towards a better view of them. Four eyes met mine, unchanged—his interrogating, arrogant ones, her houri black ones, still fringed with long artificial lashes. It was I who looked away first, as though I were apologizing—to whom and for what, I did not know. ▽

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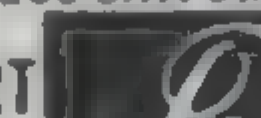
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BISEXUALITY

(Continued from page 163)

was talking to me about it. She said that she didn't care about people being homosexual or not homosexual, but she profoundly felt that—and I don't understand this—I don't really know what the word *karma* really means—but she said that she felt it was in the karma that men should be with women, and she's eighteen and sexually liberated. So do you know what karma is?

Well, essentially it's an occult philosophical concept. . . . The word is Sanskrit. I guess you'd call it the law of cause and effect . . . but that's an oversimplification.

All right.

I assume your daughter knows nothing about you.

No.

I suppose we haven't developed to such a degree where parents and children can talk about these things when they're too close to home.

Oh, I'd discuss it with her if it came up. If I felt any need for it. I would with her, but not with my son; he still has to contend with his own sexuality. He's only sixteen. I wouldn't want to rock the boat.

That's understandable. Your son is very young, and I've encountered a number of men who have difficulty facing the subject because they're having their own sexual identity problems. Which brings me to the question, where do you think it's all going from here?

Well, I think the world is pretty bisexual now. I think the problem now is to make it as unimportant as what one has for dinner. It has to be decharged. I think the whole sexual thing has to become just another part of life. We cannot continue to force people to worry about it so much.

That goes back to the matter of socially enforced roles.

Yes, but that's all breaking down too now. It really is. . . .

You see this on so many levels: just on the externals alone—dress and hair styles for example.

If people will really begin to relate to one another and not just, "I'm a man and I'm a woman" but rather, "what kind of man, and what kind of a woman. Do we like each other?" This will happen.

I think it is happening. Well, I guess we've about exhausted the subject, haven't we?

(Continued on page 198)

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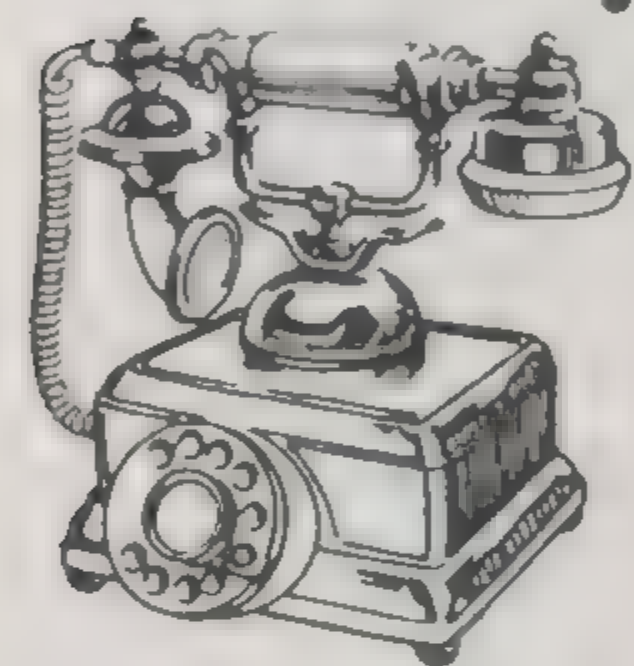
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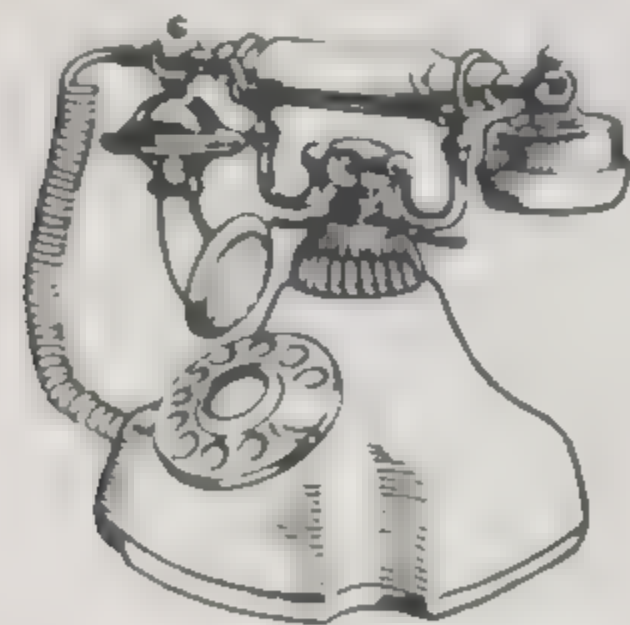
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FATHERS AND SONS

[Continued from page 147]

striding or standing figures—typical of his late style—express this sense of personal withdrawal, of the conditional relationship of modern man to his unstable world. In his surrealist works of the 'thirties and 'forties—which many critics consider his greatest sculptures—Giacometti frequently placed figures or objects that were often sexual metaphors in cages symbolizing the spiritual imprisonment and isolation of modern man.

Comparing the bleak world of Giacometti with the sunny scenes of happy family life painted by his father, Giovanni, one realizes how much family ties once meant and how much we have lost in human contact through the fragmentation of the family. Despite his obsession with isolated figures, Alberto Giacometti remained close to his family, who supported him both spiritually and financially. His brother Diego was his assistant and modeled for the sculptor's most celebrated colossal heads with narrow proportions and enlarged features reminiscent of the mysterious heads found on Easter Island. For although Giacometti did not represent men as "heroes" in the classical sense, his standing figures are defiantly upright, his portraits deliberately frontal, demanding confrontation, indicating that he identified dignity and courage as modern forms of heroism.

Modern painting and sculpture frequently deal with the human

condition in terms so general and universal they border on the abstract. Often Giacometti's generalized faces and bodies seem to lack individuality; it is difficult to identify the subject of his portraits, because his emphasis is on the universality of the human condition as opposed to the specificity of the features of any single individual. Because it records the fact of a specific person, portrait photography is by definition more concrete. To make a universal statement, the photographer must convince us that the subject represents Everyman—that we may, in some way, empathize with that person's experience.

Richard Avedon's portraits of his father are summations of the complex life of one man. In contrast with Giacometti's closeness to his father, which permitted him to follow his father's footsteps as an artist without conflict, Avedon's ruptured relationship with his father is typical of the American family.

Born in Russia, Jacob Israel Avedon was two when the family arrived in America in 1891. His childhood was spent in an orphanage, because his father deserted the family. Eventually, Jacob Israel changed his name to Allan Jack Avedon, made a considerable fortune in the dress business, suffered catastrophic reversals during the Depression, rebuilt the business, and retired to Florida in his seventies. The elder Avedon completely rejected his son's interest in art. "When I brought home a poem," Richard Avedon recalls, "my father said nothing, except to show me where

I had left out a comma."

"At forty I realized that I didn't know my father; in fact, that I felt I didn't have a father. For the next ten years I worked to know him and finally he worked with me. At first we talked in his language, the language of business; but six years ago it seemed necessary that he should understand me as I had come to understand him. He began to cooperate actively in this, to learn the techniques of my kind of photography as well as my intention in photographing him. Do you see the expression in his eyes? He is looking at you, confronting you. He was not looking at me. He was looking directly into the lens of the camera."

When photographer Avedon learned his father had a terminal illness, he stopped printing the photographs; the negatives were sealed and only opened recently after his father's death last fall. "My father taught me how to die. During the last year of his life, he put his affairs in perfect order; he arranged his own funeral, which was no funeral, and chose the box that would hold his ashes. He left the hospital to come swimming with me at a big Miami hotel. He was an ordinary man, but he was determined to die like a hero. I wanted these photographs to show him as he was: all the hunger, the anger, the courage, and, above all, the dignity."

Modern artists seem to be saying that to face man's fate with dignity and courage is the heroic act of our time. In this sense, Avedon chose to see his own father as Everyman. ▽

BISEXUALITY

[Continued from page 197]

Oh, there is one other thing I want to tell you. It's what my analyst gave as an explanation as to why I am bisexual. He said there was no such thing as bisexual, that I was really homosexual.

This was his problem.

My mother was an epileptic. A grand mal epileptic. And he said seeing her seizures aroused me sexually. All right?

Do you accept this?

I think it's as good an explanation as any. I have tried very hard to revisualize, but never, never with any sexual results... sexual feelings of any kind.

Did your psychiatrist explain what his reasoning about the origin of your bisexuality was?

Well, a seizure looked very much like a person involved in an orgasm, so that's the connection.

It's an interesting point, but a rather tenuous one.

That's what I thought. But it's acceptable to me as a life experience of my own, and if this is one of the results, okay.

Well, it's intriguing, whether it's valid or not.

But there are so many other things that happen, we can never really isolate anything. I don't know that my mother was an especially seductive mother. I don't think so, but I thought that you would find the idea interesting. ▽

EAT YOUNG

[Continued from page 191]

said Dr. Blackburn, and to this end he has become involved in a gigantic study called MR. FIT—an acronym for Multiple Risk Factor Intervention Trial. Under the U.S. Public Health Service's National Heart and Lung Institute (NHLI), this survey will cost

ten million dollars each year and is scheduled to take six years.

In an initial study group, several thousand people will receive proper, regular medical care to reduce their risk of at some time developing heart disease. An equal number will be given care, too, in a different style. They will undergo really strong intervention measures—nutrition counseling, stop-smoking clinics, drugs, and

diet control. The goal with this group, says Dr. Blackburn, is to reduce their smoking by at least 25 percent to 40 percent, to cut down blood-cholesterol levels by 10 percent, and to lower high blood pressure by 10 percent. And then to find by careful analysis whether these methods work. If they do, America's life-style must be changed if the heart-disease epidemic is to be conquered.

FASHION AND ACCESSORY DETAILS

Page 110: Hat: Hats by Lipp. Earrings by M&J Savitt. Scarf at neck by Robinson & Golluber.

Page 111: Hat: Hats by Lipp. Scarf around hat by Echo Scarfs. Pocket handkerchief by Herman Schmidt & Brendle. M&J Savitt bracelets. Belt: French Belt. Bag by Anne Klein for Calderon.

Page 112: Earrings and bracelet by M&J Savitt. Pin designed by J. David Hatzel; executed by Tom Steele. Hat: Don Anderson for Scheer Bros.

Page 113: Hat by Don Anderson for Scheer Bros. Earrings, bracelet by M&J Savitt. Pin designed by J. David Hatzel; executed by Tom Steele.

Page 114: Hat: Hats by Lipp. Earrings by Jules van Rouge. Hat and neck scarves by Doro. Pin (on neck scarf) by Celia Sebiri. Bracelet by Aurea Jewelry Creations. Belt by French Belt. Morris Moskowitz bag.

Page 115: Left: Hat: Hats by Lipp. Jules van Rouge earrings. Belt by French Belt (belt that comes with outfit, not shown). Piaget watch. Willie Woo bracelet. Bag by Anne Klein for Calderon. . . . Right: Hat: Hats by Lipp. Earrings by M&J Savitt. Scarves (on hat and at neck) by Echo Scarfs.

Page 116 and 117: Earrings: M&J Savitt. Keiser Sterling pin at neck. Bracelets by Jules van Rouge.

Page 118: 1. Hat: Hats by Lipp, at Henri Bendel. K.J.L. earrings. Murray Albert for Alart Associates clip. M&J Savitt bracelets. Clutch by Ben King, at Henri Bendel. Tights by Round-the-Clock. Sandals, at Mario Valentino. . . . 2. Hat: Hats by Lipp. Earrings by Michael Sklar for Childstar. Scarf by Echo Scarfs. Bracelets by Dieudonné for Ari's Jewels. Clutch: Morris Moskowitz, at Bergdorf Goodman. Round-the-Clock tights. Sandals: Mario Valentino. . . . 3. Hat: Hats by Lipp. Jules van Rouge earrings. Elegant belt. Clutch, handbags by Erik for Holiner Leather. Tights: Vanity Fair. Shoes by David Luis for Pankin International, at Neiman-Marcus. . . . 4. Beret by Don Kline, at Henri Bendel. Earrings by Dieudonné for Ari's Jewels. Bag, at Boutique Estancia. Shoes: Isabelle of Madrid for Pankin International.

Page 119: 5. Hat: Hats by Lipp, at Henri Bendel. Donald Stannard earrings. Sandals, at Mario Valentino. . . . 6. Beret by Veumont. Scarf by Doro. Morris Moskowitz clutch. Sandals, at Mario Valentino.

Page 120: 1. Hat: Don Anderson for Scheer Bros. M&J Savitt earrings and bracelet. Belt by Elegant. Robert

Webb bag. Tights by Burlington. Sandals: Arsho for Margaret Jerrold at Shoe Biz, at Henri Bendel. . . . 2. Hat: Hats by Lipp. Earrings: M&J Savitt. Watch by K.J.L. Robert Webb bag. Tights by Van Raalte. Mario Valentino sandals. . . . 3. Don Anderson for Scheer Bros. hat. Scarf (on hat) by Echo Scarfs. M&J Savitt bracelets. Robert Webb bag. Tights by Trimfit.

Page 121: 4. Don Anderson for Scheer Bros. hat. Tropic-Cal sunglasses. Neckerchief by Herman Schmidt & Brendle. M&J Savitt earrings and bracelets. Morris Moskowitz belt. Roman Stripe tights of Monville fibers by Monsanto. 5. Hat: Hats by Lipp. Tropic-Cal sunglasses. Neckerchief by Herman Schmidt & Brendle. Kayser Roth tights. Sandals from Mario Valentino. . . . 6. Hat: Hats by Lipp. Tropic-Cal sunglasses. M&J Savitt earrings. Doro scarf. Pin (on scarf) by Celia Sebiri. Elegant belt. Tights by Hanes. Mario Valentino sandals.

Page 122: 1. Don Anderson for Scheer Bros. hat, at Bloomingdale's. Scarf around hat by Echo Scarfs. Elegant belt. Bag at Henri Bendel. . . . 2. Beret by Veumont, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Grandoe gloves. . . . 3. Beret by Veumont. Rope belt by Morris Moskowitz. Clutch by Ben King.

Page 123: 4. Hat by Don Anderson for Scheer Bros. Scarf around hat by Echo Scarfs. Carlos Falchi clutch. Elegant belt. . . . 5. Hat: Hats by Lipp, at Henri Bendel. Scarf around hat by Echo Scarfs. Elegant belt. . . . 6. Hat: Hats by Lipp. Scarf: Robinson & Golluber for Givenchy. Elegant belt.

Page 124: Headband, men's shirt: Feron's Racquet and Tennis Shop.

Page 126: Bathing suit by Giorgio di Sant' Angelo. Comb at Caswell-Massey. Sunglasses: Riviera, at Bloomingdale's. Men's bathing trunks at Madonna.

Page 127: Earrings by Peter & Peggy for P.C. Designs, at Bloomingdale's.

Page 128: Giorgio di Sant' Angelo maillot of Antron nylon and Lycra (United Elastic fabric). At Kaufmann's; Marshall Field. His bathing suit from Madonna.

Page 129: Ralph Lauren T-shirt, at Garfinckel's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Jacobson's. Bracelets by Peter & Peggy for P.C. Designs, at Bloomingdale's.

Page 134: Doro scarf. Celia Sebiri necklace, at Bonwit Teller. Celia Sebiri cuff, at Henri Bendel. Men's bathing trunks, at Madonna.

Page 135: Top and bottom: Bathing cap by Kleinert's.

Page 140: Saks Fifth Avenue scarf. Jewelry by Guitou Knoop, at André

Emmerich Gallery.

Page 141: Top right: Bracelet and ring by Celia Sebiri, at Henri Bendel.

Page 165: Bottom right: Earrings by H & S Originals. K.J.L. rhinestone pin.

Page 166: Left: Donald Stannard earrings. Necklace by Jules van Rouge. Judith Leiber bag. Sandals from Beth's Bootery, at Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . Right: M&J Savitt earrings and necklace. Sandals by Larry Silverstein, at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman.

Page 167: Tiffany earrings and bracelets. Bag by Judith Leiber. Sandals by Larry Silverstein at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman.

Page 172: Visor: A. Brod.

Page 173: Wristbands, at Tennis Lady. . . . Top: Hat: Eleja. . . . Center: Headband, at Tennis Lady. Tennis socks by Bonnie Doon. Tennis shoes: Tretorn by Bancroft, at Abercrombie & Fitch.

Page 174: Bracelet by M&J Savitt.

Page 175: Left: Umbrella by Just Howard for American Umbrella. Bracelets: Superior Chain & Jewelry.

Page 176: Left: Scarf by C.F. Hathaway. Goldbar chain. Belt at De Noyer. . . . Right: Aurea Jewelry Creations chain.

Page 177: Left: Beret by Don Kline, at Henri Bendel. Chain by Aurea Jewelry Creations. M&J Savitt bracelets. . . . Right: Beret by Joan Vass, at Bloomingdale's. Scarf by Handcraft. Piaget watch.

Page 178: Halston hat. Necklace by Eva Graham for Graco Imports.

Page 179: Left: Madcaps hat. Bracelets by M&J Savitt. . . . Right: Halston hat. The fabric around hat by China Seas. Bracelet by M&J Savitt.

Page 180: Left: Handkerchief around head by Herman Schmidt & Brendle. M&J Savitt cuff bracelets. Sunglasses by Ultima Spectacle. Sandals by Palizzo, at Bonwit Teller. . . . Right: Eleja hat. K.J.L. pin. Belt by Ben King for Midtown Belts. Concord watch. Morris Moskowitz bag. Scarf by Tibetan Arts & Crafts. Sandals by Customcraft.

Page 181: Hat by Laurence of Aaron Howard. Scarves on hat and waist by Tibetan Arts & Crafts. Elegant handbag.

Page 182: Man's handkerchief by Herman Schmidt & Brendle.

Page 183: Left: Scarf at neck by C.F. Hathaway. Michael Moraux for Dubaux clip. . . . Right: Bracelets by Holly Dale for Hattie Carnegie.

Page 184: Earrings by Donald Stannard. Bracelets by Jules van Rouge.

Page 185: Jewels by M&J Savitt. Sandals by Julianelli.

Page 186: Scarf: Missoni, at Bloomingdale's. Jewelry: M&J Savitt.

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—RICHARD ALLEMAN

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"Something terrible was happening to Charlotte. At last!"

THE BRONTËS

(Continued from page 42)

consider Anne's lack of appearance an abeyance?

"He's imbibing again," Charlotte said. She bore the equine traces of spinsterhood with equanimity.

"It's the weather," Emily countered. "He really doesn't have enough to do."

"Do?" Charlotte was scornful. "What about the wainscoting? And the roof? And the drains?"

Emily paled. Anne entered the room with the elegance of a squatter.

"Hello," she said, lying down on the floor. "There's a leak in the drawing room."

"Don't be eccentric," Charlotte admonished.

"Is being comfortable eccentric?" Anne asked. "Is being happy?" She burst into tears and rushed from the room.

"Her devotional verses are going to her head," Charlotte said.

Her head? Emily thought. Your head.

"Where is he?" Charlotte went on.

"In the pantry. Estivating—if one considers summer a mitigation."

"I never have. Your twisting of language. . . ."

Emily rose to draw the curtains. She turned and spoke as if she were addressing air. "Of course, if I'd wanted to write a popular novel. . . ."

A thunderclap rendered human speech *de trop*.

"Shall we begin?"

"How can we without Branwell? This weather," Emily complained.

"What's the weather got to do with it? I say that Heathcliff was my character, that I wrote his name down in this notebook four years ago." She brandished the named object. "You've been filching, sneaking, plagiarizing. . . ."


Emily stiffened. "You know that's a lie."

Something terrible was happening to Charlotte. At last!

A flash of lightning revealed a figure swaying in the doorway. It was Branwell, intoxicated, menacing. . . .

"Where's my grog?" he screamed. "Where's my filthy, blasted grog?"

Rain fell steadily on Haworth.



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It's the really new face. The radiant finish of UltraLucent Whipped Creme Make-Up. Slow-whipped with built-in moisturizers to pamper your skin. So soft and sheer, it blends on instantly. And now there's a softly delicate coloring for cheeks, new Whipped Creme Blush. It's the ultra look. Experience it.



UltraLucent
Whipped Creme
Make-Up & Blush
MAX FACTOR